N. Maurin del.   Lith. de Villain.

MARIA LETIZIA RAMOLINO BONAPARTE,

Mother of the Emperor Napoleon.

The original of this picture painted in oils by Gerard, is to be found in the Gallery of Versailles.

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MEMOIRS

OF

CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF ALL COUNTRIES.

BY

MADAME JUNOT.

WITH PORTRAITS BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

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LIVES

OF

CELEBRATED WOMEN.

MARIA LETIZIA BONAPARTE,

MOTHER OF NAPOLEON EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Maria Letizia Ramolini Bonaparte was born in the year 1750, at Ajaccio, in Corsica. The Ramolini family is of noble origin; its descent is traced from the Counts of Colalto. The member of it who first settled in Corsica, had married the daughter of a doge of Genoa, and received great and honourable marks of distinction from that republic. Madame Letizia's mother contracted a second marriage with a Swiss, a native of Basle.[1] He was a Protestant; and when Madame Ramolini married him, she insisted upon his changing his religion. He accordingly abjured the Protestant faith, and became a member of the Roman church. Cardinal Fesch, who is only half-brother to Madame Letizia, was the sole issue of this marriage.

Mademoiselle Letizia Ramolini was one of the most celebrated beauties in Corsica. After the pacification of that island in

1768, she married Charles Bonaparte, who, though an intimate friend of Paolo, was always pure and honourable in his conduct. I shall not here repeat what I have written elsewhere[2] on the noble origin of the Bonaparte family. After the lustre given by Napoleon to his now immortal name, I think it would be out of place to hunt among genealogical parchments for the purpose of deciphering some old chronicle, or family legend, giving an account of his ancestors. What does it matter to posterity whether Napoleon was of gentle lineage or not? Noble birth is not indispensable to a conqueror, and Napoleon conquered the world! Nevertheless, it is true that his origin was not only noble, but of the highest class of nobility; and from Nicholas Bonaparte,[3] banished from Florence as a Gibelin in 1268, down to Charles Bonaparte, the genealogical tree of the Bonaparte family bears seventeen noble generations. I certainly should not here mention this useless nobility of Napoleon's family, did I not remember with feelings of bitter disgust, that the man who, during twenty years, had been the hero of the world, became, in 1814, under the poisoned tongues of those who in his reverse of fortune basely calumniated him, a man of unknown and obscure descent. He was, they said, the son of an usher, and his name was *Buonaparte*. When I consider, under the excitement of a contempt I cannot subdue, that such trash was first written and published by a man of superior talent, I prefer imitating the noble silence of the hero's mother.

It was almost amid civil war and its attendant horrors of strife and bloodshed, that Charles Bonaparte married the subject of this memoir. Letizia Ramolini followed her husband, and shared his dangers. Her mind is of a stamp to bear her through the most trying difficulties, and she overcomes them by her superior energy. Her eight children, who survived a much greater number born from this marriage, were all French subjects, for they came into being after the annexation of Corsica to France. I here give their names in the order of their birth:—

I. Joseph Bonaparte, at first King of the Two Sicilies, afterwards King of Spain and the Indies—and always an honest man.

II. NAPOLEON.—

III. Marie-Anne Eliza, Grand-Duchess of Tuscany.

IV. Lucien, who, though he remained in private life, was a man of as great and noble mind as his brothers who ascended thrones,—for he was free and independent.

V. Marie Paulette, Princess Borghese, Duchess of Guastalla.

VI. Louis, King of Holland, who preferred retirement and virtue, to a throne with despotism.

VII. Annonciade Caroline, Grand-Duchess of Berg and Cleves, and afterwards Queen of the Two Sicilies.

VIII. Jerome, King of Westphalia and Prince of Montford.

It was during one of Charles Bonaparte's journeys to the Court of France, as deputy of the Corsican nobles, that he was attacked with schirrus of the stomach. He was advised to go to Montpelier, where he died, in the arms of his eldest son Joseph and his brother-in-law Fesch, on the 24th of February 1785.[4] He left his widow and eight children totally unprovided for. Madame Bonaparte, whose fame has always been unsullied, devoted her whole life to the education of those of her children whom the Government did not take charge of; for it is well known that Napoleon was brought up at Brienne, and Eliza at St. Cyr.

Popular injustice, which always follows closely upon great political convulsions, having forced Madame Bonaparte to quit Corsica, she had to undergo all the anxiety which a mother experiences when her children are in danger. Obliged to leave Ajaccio in the middle of the night, in order to avoid the rage of an infuriated populace, from whom Napoleon, then an artillery officer, had already escaped—she crossed torrents and mountains, and penetrated through intricate forests, until at length she reached Calvy, and with her four children found an

asylum in the house of M. Laurenzo Giubeya. Hence she embarked for Provence, where she settled, first at Lavalette, near Toulon, and afterwards at Marseilles.

From this time her courage never failed. She is in my opinion a most remarkable woman—perhaps the most remarkable I ever knew—for her courageous firmness in misfortune, her dignified and admirable mildness in prosperity, and her resignation under the bitter affliction she has borne during the last eighteen years. For, knowing what she now suffers, I cannot at all compare this latter period with that during which she was only unfortunate. This is a different and more bitter trial; and if the accents of despair have sometimes been wrung from the lacerated bosom of Napoleon's mother, who among us can be surprised?

Oh! how often have I seen her, whose countenance is habitually so calm and serious, smile with sweet emotion as she related the birth of Napoleon! How would she dwell upon each remarkable particular of his entrance into the world, which took place almost without giving her pain! It seemed as if she would have said—"He will never give me a moment of pain; for I suffered none from him, even at the time when every woman is obliged to suffer!"[5]

Poor mother!—and she was doomed to weep over his death-throes of seven years' duration!—in her old age, when years of sorrow, rather than the hand of time, had bleached her locks and furrowed her lovely features, she was doomed to pine far from her native land, deprived even of the consolation of weeping over the grave of her son, buried on a rocky hill in the midst of the ocean, and at a distance of five or six thousand miles!

When Joseph Bonaparte was appointed ambassador to the Roman republic, his mother accompanied him on his mission. She afterwards returned to Paris, and lived at his house in the Rue du Rocher, the same in which he was residing on the famous 18th of Brumaire. She was always a kind mother, and a friend to the afflicted; and she defended, against the displeasure of her

son, those of his family whom she deemed oppressed. Thus, Jerome found her not only an affectionate parent, but a protectress; and when Lucien, exiled by his brother in consequence of his marriage with Madame Jouberton, withdrew to Rome, his kind mother followed him thither to afford him consolation. The Emperor, irritated at this preference, did not at first include her name in the titles given to the members of the imperial family. It was not till five months after, that she received the title of MADAME MÈRE, and her household was formed. She then returned to Paris, and inhabited the old Hotel de Brienne, which had formerly belonged to Lucien.[6] The Emperor gave her an appanage of five hundred thousand francs a year, which certainly was not a mine of wealth, as some have since stupidly asserted. It was not until 1808, when Jerome was created King of Westphalia, that MADAME MÈRE was allowed a million of francs for the expenses of her household. She maintained an honourable establishment: her ladies of honour alone cost her nearly a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year, and the rest of her household was in the same proportion. It was only, therefore, during the six years which followed her increase of income, that she could economise sums of sufficient magnitude to be worth attention. But when it is known that ever since the misfortunes of her family, she has constantly given pecuniary assistance to those of her children to whom France, in defiance of its obligations to them, does not blush to remain in debt, it may reasonably be asked how she could have laid by the seventy millions so liberally talked of, six months ago, in several of the French journals? Such reports are equally absurd and contemptible.

Ever since the disasters of 1815, MADAME MÈRE has resided at Rome, where she lives in a dignified and unassuming manner. Though wholly absorbed by her grief, she scarcely ever utters a complaint, and remains in strict seclusion. She sees only the members of her own family and such foreigners of the highest distinction as urgently request to be introduced to her. But

she leads a life of solitude, and it is untrue that she keeps open house. Her half-brother, the Cardinal, spends every evening with her. Whilst the Princess Borghese was alive, she was also a constant visitor to her mother,[7] as was likewise Lucien when at Rome; but he habitually resided at Tusculum.

The most poignant of her present afflictions, is the fact that the Emperor's remains have not been restored to France. It is a source of pain which embitters the last fleeting moments of her approach to eternity; and of this I will adduce a remarkable proof.

The news of the revolution of July 1830 gave her a mental shock which is easily accounted for; her grandson was still alive, and at Vienna! In a short time she became so dangerously ill, that she performed the last duties of religion, and received the extreme unction.

She was in that state which immediately precedes dissolution. Her family stood round her bed. Her brother, her children, and her daughters-in-law, looked upon her and wept as they perceived her praying; for they were but too well acquainted with the particular feeling which, in her dying bosom, absorbed every other. The Prince of Montford, having been detained by the arrival of a courier from France, had not yet joined this solemn family-meeting. Scarcely had he read in the Paris papers an account of the decree which would have done honour to the French nation had it been executed, when he ran to his mother's palace,[8] entered her bedchamber, and gently approaching the bed:

"Mother," said he in a whisper, "do you hear me?" She made a sign in the affirmative.

"Well! the Chamber has just issued a decree for the replacing of the Emperor's statue on the top of the column."

Madame Mère made no reply; but something extraordinary seemed passing within her. She clasped her hands—her eyes continued closed—she was evidently praying,—and big tears rolled down her cheeks! They were tears of joy! Alas! since this period, her eyelids have been long corroded by the burning tears of an indescribable and unparalleled grief.

An hour after she received this intelligence, she asked for some broth, and in two days quitted her bed.

The effect produced upon her by this circumstance, may give some idea of her feelings at finding no end to the anathema cast upon the cold and senseless clay of her son. Good God! ought not the tears of this venerable mother, now eighty-three years of age, to soften the hearts of those who have no longer any cause to tremble before the hero's bones, and might display their generosity at so very little cost?

MADAME LETIZIA has always been honoured and respected by all who have had an opportunity of knowing her and appreciating her worth. I now consider her only in the light of one of those high-minded Roman matrons—Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus, weeping over an urn and calling upon Heaven for vengeance—and Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi;—and when my thoughts associate her image with that of Lucien, her resemblance to Cornelia becomes still more striking.

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[1] The second husband of Madame Bonaparte's mother was captain in one of the Swiss regiments in the service of France, stationed in Corsica. This accounts for Cardinal Fesch being much younger than his half-sister.

[2] I gave every particular on this subject in the second and third volumes of my Memoirs.

[3] Nicholas Bonaparte is the founder of the Bonaparte family in Corsica.

[4] My father and mother were at Montpelier when Charles Bonaparte died, and their friendly attentions were of great use on that melancholy occasion.

[5] Madame Bonaparte had left home to go to mass on the morning of the 15th of August, but being seized with labour pains she was forced to return. There was no time to prepare her bed, and Napoleon was born upon a piece of tapestry representing a scene from the Iliad.

[6] This hotel is at present appropriated to the War-minister.

[7] When the present Duke of Hamilton, then Marquis of Douglas, was at Rome, he was very assiduous in his visits to MADAME MÈRE, who was extremely partial to him.

[8] MADAME MÈRE resides at present, and has resided for several years past, in a beautiful palace near the Palazzo di Venezia, on the *Corso* at Rome.

ZINGHA,

QUEEN OF MATAMBA AND ANGOLA.

Of all the studies to which we apply ourselves, that of history is perhaps the most attractive. There, man studies man, and learns to know himself. If we turn this immense mirror towards the past, towards distant countries, and towards nations almost unknown, and examine the events that have there succeeded each other, the mind is confounded at seeing the human passions appear under so many and such various forms. Whether the great lever of any moral or political convulsion be good or evil, the man who studies the brazen and imperishable leaves of history, will learn that, in all places and ages of the world, the mind possesses faculties ever ready to assume a new form in favour either of crime or of virtue.

Among the most remarkable periods which unfold their pages to us in the great book of time, there are some more particularly distinguished by their effect upon the ages which followed them. The sixteenth century is one of these.[1] The separation of the two Christian churches is of great importance, especially as regards the political state of Africa and Asia during the years which succeeded the Reformation; and the quarrels of the Dutch and Portuguese at Japan and Congo, the intrigues of both in Abyssinia and in the kingdoms of Matamba and Angola, exercised a fatal influence in increasing the difficulties afterwards experienced by Europeans in their attempts to introduce commerce and knowledge into those parts of Asia and Africa.

N. Maurin del.

Lith de Villain

ANN ZINGHA,

Queen of Matamba.

The original of this picture painted on parchment is to be found in Portugal in a convent of Coimbra.

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Neither did the missionaries, very respectable men, no doubt, in other respects, always fulfil their duty as ministers of peace, excited as they were by the opposition which they sometimes encountered from their fellow Christians.

Zingha, Queen of Matamba, whose portrait stands at the head of this Memoir, took an active part in the bloody strife which at this period afflicted Africa. Cruel and vindictive as the most savage of her nation, though a woman, and one too who had advanced beyond the knowledge of her times, she was apparently at first the tool of the missionaries; but she soon subjected them to her will, and forced them even to bend their necks to her formidable yoke.

Zingha, or Nzingha, as it is pronounced in the Abboudi language, was the daughter of Zingha-N-Baudi-Angola, eighth king of Matamba, by his favourite concubine Changuilla Caucamba. She was born in 1582. The horoscope of this extraordinary woman would almost make us believe in astrology. All the soothsayers of the country were assembled at her birth, and predicted that she would prove a monster of cruelty.

"*O aæ! mama aæ! ma aæ! o aæ!*"[2] cried, with terror in their countenances, all who had observed the signs indicated by the lines of her face.

But she had other signs, which announced that she would prove a woman far above the common standard. Her father perfectly understood this, and gave her an education more warlike than African princesses usually receive. Baudi-Angola, who was of the sect of the Giagas,[3] often blessed his daughter with all the ceremonies of his sanguinary religion; and it was when surrounded with the dead bodies of new-born babes, that, as he drank the warm blood of the human victim, he invoked the blessings of Heaven upon Zingha's head. This dreadful ceremony was not belied by her conduct when she grew up. Being naturally of a cruel disposition, this kind of education imparted to her the ferocity of a tigress; and while yet very young, she was called upon to furnish a testimony of

her piety towards the blood-besmeared gods which she worshipped. Her father died, and his funeral was such as became an African king professing the religion of the Giagas. Two hundred innocent human beings were put to death and eaten at the funeral banquet; and the glory of the deceased monarch was celebrated, during this *tombo*,[4] by the songs of the slayers, mingled with the cries and screams of the women, children, and old men serving as victims, many of whom fell by the hand of Zingha herself, who would sing praises to her gods as she pierced the bosom of a young girl and drank her blood.

Nevertheless, she assisted in these ceremonies with strong repugnance, as she afterwards declared. She had a horror of feasting on human flesh, and of libations of blood. But she was ambitious and vindictive: she would have both the throne and revenge on her enemies; and to obtain these she required strength, which, as she well knew, existed only in the people. She therefore flattered the passions and prejudices of the multitude. For a short time, however, she thought she might obtain support from the Christians; and here the extraordinary genius of this woman began to appear.

A few years before her father's death, Zingha bore a son[5] whom she tenderly loved—for does not even the hyæna love its young? The old king also was very fond of this child, because it was Zingha's—and he preferred Zingha to all his other children. Prince Ngolambaudi, heir to the throne of Angola and Matamba, fearing a competitor in his nephew, corrupted the slaves who had the care of the child, and the poor babe was stifled in a bath of hot water.[6] Zingha bitterly deplored the loss of her offspring—for she was a tender mother: but she made a vow not to shed a single tear until she had avenged this murder. Ngolambaudi shuddered when he heard of this oath; for he well knew that his sister swore not in vain, and that she was as resolute as implacable.

Baudi-Angola left four children: Ngolambaudi, Zingha, Cambo, and Fungi. I have already stated that Zingha had

received a warlike education: that of her sisters, Cambo and Fungi, was similar; but, whether from their not possessing an equal degree of energy and courage, or from some other cause, Zingha was the only one her brother feared when he ascended the throne.

Soon after the death of her father, she retired to a province at a considerable distance from Cabazzo, whence she excited the people of Matamba to insurrection. Ngolambaudi having detected several conspiracies against his life, punished the offenders with all the ferocity of his nation; and with a view to make a sort of diversion—believing at the same time that he was pleasing his subjects—he declared war against the Portuguese, in order to wrest from them the provinces of Angola, which they occupied. But what could hordes of undisciplined and naked savages, badly armed, do against troops so valiant as the Portuguese of that period? The negroes were defeated, their capital taken, and their king forced to seek safety in flight. The Queen, his consort, together with his two sisters, Fungi and Cambo, were carried away prisoners. As for Zingha, she owed her safety to her previous revolt. She was then far from Cabazzo. Ngolambaudi soon discovered that he was the weakest party, and, like a true African, felt that dissimulation alone could afford him the means, if not of conquering, at least of recovering what he had lost. He accordingly sent ambassadors to the Portuguese viceroy at Angola; and these made magnificent promises in his name. A treaty was entered into—the Portuguese withdrew their forces from the country, and set the royal prisoners at liberty; but when Ngolambaudi was called upon to fulfil his promises, he eluded them under various pretences.

The war was about to be resumed. A new viceroy had just reached Angola. Don Juan Correa de Souza was, like a number of his countrymen at that period, a man of great talents, high honour, fond of glory, and unwilling to allow his noble country to be disgraced by want of faith in a savage negro. He therefore spoke with such firmness, that Ngolambaudi was alarmed,

and sent a solemn embassy to soften the Viceroy; and knowing the talents, wit, and courage of his sister Zingha, he proposed to her a *fraternal* reconciliation, and entreated that she would save her country by going herself to negociate with the Portuguese government. Zingha smiled on receiving this message: "Yes," she replied, "I will certainly go."

She had long been desirous of knowing the Europeans; for she was well aware that she should find civilisation nowhere but among them, and that civilisation alone could form into a nation the numerous tribes that peopled the sandy deserts of Africa. It was, therefore, from this secret motive that she undertook her brother's mission. A greater dissembler still than he, she pretended to place entire faith in his repentance, because the hour of her revenge was not yet come, and the proposal made to her was an infallible means of accelerating the fulfilment of her vow.

She accordingly set out for Angola with a magnificent suite. Her brother had added to her usual train, all the additional splendour which his vanity prompted him to give, in order that his sister might be treated with greater respect by those Europeans who, as they declared, had quitted their smiling and fertile Europe only from the hope of obtaining the precious stones and mines of gold buried under the burning sands of Africa. From Cabazzo to Angola, a distance of three hundred miles, Zingha was carried upon the shoulders of her slaves.

On her arrival at Angola, she was received at the gates of the city by the magistrates, attended by the militia and troops of the line under arms. At the same time the artillery of the garrison fired a salute equal to that of the viceroy.

She had apartments provided for her in the palace of Don Ruix Avagazzo; and she and her numerous retinue were treated with the greatest magnificence, at the expense of the King of Portugal.

On her admittance to an audience of the Viceroy, she perceived, on entering the throne-room, a splendid arm-chair placed

for His Excellency, and opposite to it a beautiful foot carpet, upon which were only two brocade cushions. She immediately understood that this latter accommodation was intended for her; and this difference, which seemed to indicate that she was considered a mere *savage*, displeased her much. She however said nothing; but on a sign which she made, a young girl in her train knelt upon the carpet, and placing her elbows upon the ground, presented her back to her mistress, who seated herself upon it as upon a chair, and remained in this posture during the audience.

In the conference which followed, Zingha displayed superior talent and sagacity. She excused, without meanness, her brother's want of faith, and begged for peace—but with dignity; observing to the Viceroy that if the Portuguese had obtained the advantage on account of their superior civilization, and by means of a discipline unknown to the Africans, the latter had in their favour the circumstance of being in their own country, and in the enjoyment of resources which all the power of the King of Portugal could not procure for his subjects. She surprised the council, convinced the Viceroy, and concluded with a line of reasoning worthy of the most able diplomatist. The Viceroy strongly insisted upon a yearly tribute from the King of Matamba, in order, as he said, to bind this prince more strongly, he having already violated his engagements. But this clause was too humiliating for Zingha to agree to: her ambitious pride led her to defend the interests of the crown of Matamba, as if she already wore it, and she resolved to obtain it unsullied.

"My lord," said she to the Viceroy, "we will *never* consent to this condition; neither ought you to insist upon it from a people whom you have driven to the last extremity. If the tribute were paid the first year, peace would be violated the next, in order to free ourselves from it. Content yourself with asking at present, *but all at once*, to the full extent of what we can grant you. To this shall be added the freedom of the

Portuguese slaves, and the offer of a powerful king's alliance. This is all I can consent to promise you in my brother's name."

The treaty was discussed and concluded at the same audience. When it was terminated, the Viceroy, as he led away the princess, remarked that the young girl who had served as a seat, still remained in the same attitude. He made the observation to Zingha.

"The ambassadress of a great king," she haughtily replied, "never uses the same thing twice. The girl who served as my seat, is no longer mine."

It was during this period, that, being obliged to wait at Angola until the treaty was ratified, she caused herself to be instructed in the Christian religion, in order to attach the Portuguese to her cause. Several Portuguese missionaries, then at Angola, the seat of the African mission, and who spoke the Abboudi tongue, instructed the princess. She sent to desire that her brother would not take umbrage at this, because the object she had in view was to acquire a better knowledge of the Portuguese nation. Ngolambaudi, on the contrary, approved of her conduct, and Zingha was christened in the principal church of Loando, the Viceroy and Vice-queen acting as sponsors.[7] She received the name of Anna, which was that of the Vice-queen. Zingha then set out on her return, loaded with marks of honour and distinction by the Viceroy, who accompanied her several miles.

Ngolambaudi received her with apparent gratitude; but the brother and sister hated, and therefore naturally mistrusted each other. He assumed a kindness of manner which he was far from feeling, talked of embracing his sister's new religion, and even received the first instructions in Christianity. But in the mean time he was secretly preparing for war. He however sent his two other sisters to Angola to be baptized;[8] but scarcely had the two princesses returned to Cabazzo, ere he commenced his incursions on the Portuguese territory, thus

declaring war without any motive. It is said that his sister Zingha having bribed the Singhisse[9] whom the king consulted, the prophet had foretold a decisive victory over the Portuguese. The unhappy monarch was however completely defeated; and his sister having seduced his troops, they deserted him. He narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and had only just time to jump into an arm of the Coanza, swim across, and seek refuge in a desert island, whither he was followed by a few servants whom he thought faithful, but who proved to be ministers of death, in the pay of Zingha. Being blockaded in this island, he was soon reduced to the last extremity. The depth and width of the river prevented his departure on the side opposite to that occupied by the enemy; and the forests of the island were overrun with ferocious beasts of prey. In this extremity, he died by poison, not voluntarily taken by himself, but administered by his treacherous servants. He was buried in the island, and his obsequies were attended with the same sanguinary ceremonies as those of his father.

The moment Zingha received intimation of this commencement of her revenge, she hastened to Cabazzo; and, taking advantage of the people's affection for her, seized upon the crown, abjured Christianity, offered incense and sacrifices to the idols of her former worship, and made vows of blood and slaughter upon human hecatombs.

Her brother had, however, left a son. This child had been confided, by his dying father, to the care of the Giaga Kasa, a man of superior merit, and worthy of the trust. Zingha wanted the boy's life: it had become necessary to make the crown sit securely upon her head; and she also required it in order that her own son, murdered by the boy's father, might sleep peaceably in his grave.

But the infant king was safe in the midst of a camp of warriors formed by the Giaga Kasa, who had assembled such of the late King's subjects as remained faithful to his memory. Zingha saw that stratagem alone could effect the consummation

she desired; and she offered to marry the Giaga, stating that she had long loved him, and was anxious to place the crown upon his head.

Zingha was the loveliest of the daughters of her country, and the Giaga was at first tempted by the offer; but the safety of his ward rendered him prudent, and he declined it. Zingha might have employed force to carry her point, but she was fearful of a revolt among her new subjects; for she knew that her throne could never be secure whilst her nephew was alive. At length she suddenly came to a determination which no ordinary woman could have adopted. She left Cabazzo and proceeded to her nephew's camp, without retinue, and accompanied by only two or three slaves. She loaded the child with caresses, and seduced the Giaga. The marriage took place, and in the midst of the bridal festivities, she succeeded in enticing her husband and his infant ward to Cabazzo. There lay her strength, and she availed herself of it; for the moment they reached the great square of the city, she drew her poniard with one hand, as she led her nephew with the other, and stabbed the poor child to the heart; then taking up the body, threw it into the river which flows close to the city walls.

"I have done," said she after this bloody feat, "that which the Singhisses commanded me to do: I have killed the son of Ngolambaudi, as he killed mine." And casting her ferocious and blood-shot eyes around, she seemed to defy every one present. No one dared to speak: the people bowed their heads, and tremblingly submitted to this formidable woman. She was, moreover, greatly beloved by them, for she was valiant, and a woman of surpassing genius: in short, worthy to be their queen.

Free from the uneasiness lately caused by the rights of her nephew, she now ordered every individual to be executed who had the remotest claim to the throne, sparing only her two sisters, and one besides. Her motive for this act of clemency is unknown; it was, perhaps, because from their want of capa-

city she entertained no fears of them, certainly not from any feeling of humanity.

To secure her power, she made use of the Portuguese alliance, and her intrigues are fully related in every history of the kingdoms of Angola and Matamba. Being now seated on the throne without a competitor, it became necessary, in order to keep the crown upon her head, that she should command the love of her subjects. She knew that they hated the Christians; she therefore, by a baptism of human blood, made them forget her baptism of redemption, and revived the monstrous rites of the sect of the Giagas, scrupulously following the Quixiles,[10] and surpassing even the ferocious Tem-Ban-Dumba, their legislatress.

Unable, like the latter, to sacrifice to her sanguinary divinities a new-born male infant of her own, she adopted one, which she herself killed immediately after the ceremony of adoption, in order to compose with the body an execrable ointment which was to preserve her from every misfortune.

Like all African women, she led an impure life; but in dissoluteness of conduct she surpassed them all. Yet she was anxious to be respected; and one of her officers having proved indiscreet, she ordered him to be executed, and his body thrown outside the ramparts, to be devoured by wild beasts.

A young girl who waited upon her, had the misfortune to become attached to a man upon whom the Queen had herself cast an eye of affection. Having discovered that the feeling was mutual between the youthful lovers, Zingha had them brought before her; and giving her poniard to the young man, ordered him to plunge it into the bosom of his mistress, to open her bosom, and eat her heart! The moment he had obeyed this cruel order, she turned to the wretched man, who perhaps expected his pardon, and looked at him as if to confirm this expectation. But she ordered his head to be severed from his body, and it fell upon the mutilated corpse of his mistress.[11]

Being at length freed from all fear of a revolt among her subjects, Zingha resolved to wrest from the Portuguese the provinces of the kingdom of Angola which they had retained. She forgot her obligations to them, as she had previously forgotten those of her Christian baptism; and declared war, on the Viceroy giving her to understand that as a *Christian* she was *tributary* to the King of Portugal.

"I am tributary to no one," she replied. "Arms shall decide whether I am tributary to the Portuguese, or they to me."

She then openly, and by a public declaration, embraced the religion of the Giagas, and called to her assistance all the Giagan tribes in the interior of Africa. They lost no time in rallying round a queen, "whose arrow," they said, "always hit the mark." By rejecting, like these cruel anthropophagi, every feeling of humanity, she succeeded in becoming their sovereign, and from that period her power was formidable. In this manner she spent thirty years of her life, always at war, and always victorious. Though doubtless cruel and vindictive, she was great from her talents and heroic courage; and proved to the world that, in a savage and far distant land, there existed a being who preferred death to slavery. She was certainly too much actuated by the love of revenge; but the nation to which she belonged, and the age in which she lived, ought to be placed in the opposite scale of the balance. Passionate and revengeful like all negro women, she must necessarily, in a country where the absolute will of the sovereign is the only law, have carried these passions to excess.

One of the most powerful means she employed to govern, was that of pretending to be inspired, and to know, through a familiar spirit, every plot against herself and the state. During her residence among the Portuguese, she had conceived the idea of civilizing her nation; and this she carried into execution, imperfectly it is true, but in a sufficient degree to procure great advantages to the inhabitants of Angola and Matamba. Nature

had endowed her with remarkable quickness of perception, and the Missionaries, who were constantly near her person, state that it was wonderful how she contrived to dovetail into African manners whatever she had observed to be advantageous in those of Europe. Her subjects venerated her, and considered her almost a deity. One day, after her return to the superstition of her fathers, a slave who worked in the garden of the hospital fled precipitately on hearing that the Queen was coming. Father Antonio de Gaëte, then at Cabazzo, having asked him why he did so:

"Because," he replied, "I had stolen something from one of my companions; and if the Queen had only looked at me, she would have discovered it, and have had me punished; *for she has a spirit that informs her of every thing.*"

Having imposed this belief upon the nation she governed, she made the infliction of personal vengeance serve also her projects of ambition. She carefully collected the bones of her brother, placed them in a portable shrine covered with plates of chased silver, and attached a singhisse to their worship. On every important occasion she pretended to consult the spirit of her murdered brother!

Her vengeance, as I have already stated, was terrible as the thunderbolt from heaven. It was often not confined to a single individual, a single family, a single village, or a single city: a whole province was often ravaged with fire and sword, and utterly depopulated. In this manner she revenged herself upon the chief of the province of Sono, who had ventured to call her a despicable woman. Another chief paid the same penalty, for having uttered a single word; two hundred and thirty of his officers perished with him, and their bodies were shared and devoured at a feast of rejoicing.[12]

It is customary at Angola, on the death of a man of consequence, for one of his concubines to be buried with him, in order to serve him in a better world. The master of the queen's household died at a period when Zingha entertained a strong

passion for his son. Two concubines belonging to the deceased, disputed the honour of accompanying him to the grave. On being made acquainted with this singular dispute, Zingha summoned the two women before her, that she might adjudicate on the case. She designated the victim; but perceiving the son of the deceased cast a look by far too tender upon the woman whose life was to be spared, she recalled, by a sign, the officer directed to execute her commands, and coldly said, — "Take this woman also, and throw her into the grave with her companion."

Zingha was of an extremely warlike disposition. At the head of the numerous Giagan tribes whom she had enticed into her dominions, she constantly overran the provinces opposed to her, like a raging torrent, ravaging and destroying every thing she met with, and converting the most fertile countries into deserts. The Portuguese at length resolved to drive her into the interior of Africa. But they employed Zingha's own means, and did not at first openly wage war; they contented themselves with raising up enemies against her among her own allies, and succeeded even beyond their most sanguine hopes.

The life of Ngola-Aary had been spared at the massacre of the royal family: the Portuguese now proclaimed him King of Dongo, and promised him their support, if he would declare war against Zingha. He did so, and the Portuguese, thinking they had done sufficient to alarm the African Queen, offered her their assistance to subdue Ngola-Aary, provided she agreed to pay a tribute to the King of Portugal. On this occasion Zingha gave a proof of a great and noble mind.

"I am a queen," she said, with bitter anger, to the Christian envoy; "and your Viceroy has insulted me. How dare he, who is but a governor, talk thus to me, who am an independent sovereign? Has he vanquished me, that he should presume to demand from me a tribute to his king? No, sir, I am not vanquished," she continued, repeating the last words several times, and striking the ground with a javelin, which she always

carried in her hand; "I have valiant troops, I have courage, and I will fight to the very last. As for the tribute, tell your governor that if he will have one, he must ask it of my corpse, for he shall never have one whilst I am alive."[13]

The Portuguese knew her well, and perceiving that war was inevitable, levied troops, overran the banks of the Coanza, attacked the seventeen islands in that river, two of which they took, and blockaded the Queen in the island of Dangy. It was here that her unhappy brother had died, poisoned by her agents. But she felt no remorse. Being soon reduced to extremities by the musketry of the Portuguese—the negroes having no fire-arms—a flag of truce was sent to her, giving her twelve hours to surrender. She surrender!—never! Having called her brother's singhisse before her, she directed him to interrogate the spirit, which replied in a manner to raise the courage, not of the Queen, for hers was never shaken, but of the persons around her, whose dismay was but too evident. This took place in the evening. The night passed, and on the morrow the Portuguese saw not a human being on the island, neither did they hear the least noise. They at first suspected some stratagem; but having at length penetrated into the island, they found it abandoned; only near the tomb erected to the memory of Ngolambaudi, lay the bodies of four young girls, whom Zingha had butchered as a mark of gratitude to her brother's spirit. She herself had left the island during the night, and, with her followers, swam across the river at a place which appeared so impracticable to the Portuguese, that they did not place a guard there. By forced marches she reached the province of Cacco in safety.

Zingha was furious at these reverses, and went even into the remotest deserts to raise up enemies against the Portuguese. She ravaged those of her own provinces which they occupied; retook Matamba; had Queen Matamba-Muongo, who had defended it for the Portuguese, branded with a red-hot iron; and raging, like a hyæna from the forest, with hunger and thirst of human flesh and blood, became the terror of the most valiant.

It was at this period that the Giaga Cassangee,[14] taking advantage of her absence, seized upon the provinces that remained to her, ruined the cities, burnt the houses, and did that which his cruel sovereign was doing elsewhere. On receiving intelligence of this fresh aggression, Zingha returned by forced marches, and drove the Giaga from her dominions. He retreated, valiantly fighting the whole way. It was now that Zingha displayed the whole strength of her character, and showed the world what she was. She felt that in order to maintain her power over the barbarous tribes whom she governed, it was necessary that she and the Europeans should be united in one common interest; she therefore sought the means of making peace, and forming an alliance with the Portuguese. There was only one mode of effecting this, and she resolved to adopt it. Her late victories had placed her in a situation to obtain honourable conditions of peace; and she hinted that she might possibly return to Christianity. The Portuguese viceroy, who had orders from his court to obtain, *at any price*, Zingha's conversion, whether *sincere* or *feigned*, immediately sent to her several missionaries and an ambassador. The capuchin, Antonio dê Gaëte, received her abjuration, and reconciled her to the Church. Zingha, convinced that the barbarous manners of her subjects would never be softened except through the religion of Christ, now embraced that faith with a determination to adhere to it. She yielded to the King of Portugal, by treaty, her just claims to the kingdom of Angola; and this monarch concluded with her an offensive and defensive alliance to maintain her upon the throne of Matamba. At this period Zingha was seventy-five years of age.[15] She issued an edict, abolishing the abominable religion of the sect of the Giagas, and their frightful superstitions. This extraordinary woman now conceived the most noble projects for the improvement of her nation; though by nature sanguinary and cruel, she was, nevertheless, a great ruler, and could display the most elevated virtues in juxtaposition with the most execrable crimes. Without

losing her throne, she performed that which no other would have dared to attempt. She struggled against a people who wanted to subdue her nation, displaying a degree of energy which showed the force and stamp of her mind, and the immense effect of her influence; and this she did, because her heroic soul made her consider it a duty to the crown she wore. She was striving arduously to introduce civilisation into her dominions when death overtook her, on the 17th of December 1663, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. The nature of the disease of which she died was little known at that period; according to father Antonio de Gaëte, it was a neglected inflammation of the lungs.

Queen Zingha quitted this life with high feelings of repentant piety, leaving her nation half civilised and inconsolable for her loss.

"On reaching the palace," says father Antonio, "I found the deceased Queen dressed in the most costly of her royal robes. She was lying on a litter covered with cloth of gold, the ends of which were fastened across her bosom by a clasp of precious stones. On her head she had a small helmet surmounted with a crown of gold, and adorned with feathers of various colours. She had several rows of coral beads and large pearls round her neck, and rich ear-rings. Her arms, up to the elbows, and her legs from the knees to the feet, were covered with gold rings enriched with jewels, and elephant's hair ingeniously platted—the latter being considered one of the most splendid ornaments in the country. She had on her feet small sandals of red velvet fastened with coral buttons; and was surrounded with flowers.

"About the middle of the day she was conveyed to the audience portico, where she was placed upon a state bed, and exposed to public view. The bed was covered with a cloth called Gabu, manufactured in the country. She was almost in a sitting posture, with a rosary in her hand, and leaning upon a cushion, which one of her pages, who might have been

taken for a statue, supported during several successive hours without making the slightest motion."

The same author relates, that the moment she appeared, "the people, seeing her in her state dress with the crown upon her head, showed the strongest marks of joy; they imagined that she had risen from the dead. But when they found that she did not give them her blessing, which she was in the habit of doing whenever she appeared before them, they burst forth into lamentations and cries of distress, rolled themselves upon the ground, tore their hair, and covered their heads with dust,[16] thus displaying their grief at the loss of their incomparable queen."

Zingha was always magnificent in her dress. She usually wore stuffs manufactured in the country from the bark of trees. Their texture was so fine that it surpassed that of the most beautiful satins of Europe. She always wore two pieces, one of which went round her body, and the other served as a mantle. But on days of ceremony, her royal mantle was formed of the richest brocades of Asia; and she wore a crown of gold over a sort of helmet. Her arms and neck were loaded with magnificent pearls, chains of gold, and coral beads; and her legs were encircled with anklets of gold. Her sceptre was a rod covered with red velvet embroidered with pearls, and adorned with small bells of gold and silver. Sometimes, but seldom, she wore a Portuguese dress, "in order," as she said, "to become entirely a Doña Anna."

She was fond of hunting, and preferred the most perilous kind. She kept in her "apartment," as Father Antonio terms it, though it was but a hut more ornamented and better fitted up than others, the spoils of lions and tigers killed by her own hand; and these she took great pride in showing.

She had three hundred women to wait upon her; ten were always about her person, and were not to lose sight of her for a single moment.

She always took her meals in public. A large mat was spread upon the ground, and covered with a table-cloth of European

linen. Zingha seated herself upon a cushion, and used, as may easily be imagined, neither knife nor fork. She gave large pieces of meat to her officers and female attendants, who, from respect alone, and whether hungry or not, were forced immediately to swallow, to the very last morsel, whatever she gave them. Father Antonio saw as many as twenty dishes served up, even on ordinary occasions. "There were," he says, "lizards, locusts, crickets, and often mice roasted with the skin and hair on." Zingha offered him some, but he declined the honour. "You Europeans," she observed, "know not what good eating is."

Sometimes she dined in great state, and after the European fashion. She had then gold and silver plate admirably wrought, and was waited upon by her officers with the same ceremonial as was observed at the courts of Spain and Portugal. This however occurred but seldom; for notwithstanding her decided taste for learning that of which she was ignorant, she was not fond of restraint, or of things not in general use.

She had no stables, because there were neither horses nor mules at Matamba and Angola.[17] Instead of horses, she had robust slaves, who were kept in particular huts under the direction of a superintendent: they were used for the same work as horses. The activity of this race of men is so great, that they sometimes carry a heavy burthen fifty miles in a day.

This memoir, which is strictly true, may lead to much reflection in those who so bitterly attack the whites for their treatment of negro slaves. The latter in our Colonies have never yet undergone such degradation. Add to this the horrible superstitions of the Giagas, and our colonial slaves must have but little to regret in their native country.

The Princess Cambo (Doña Barbara) succeeded her sister Zingha. In vain were the bow and arrows, and the javelin put into her hands as the symbols of sovereignty: the kingdom of Angola, by the death of Zingha, had lost a great ruler, and the loss was irreparable. Cambo was infirm, blind, and, moreover,

married to a wretch who, though a Christian, soon brought back the impious ceremonies which Zingha had abolished with so much difficulty, and the love of which had never been wholly eradicated from the hearts of her subjects. Such cruel rites belonged to that age of ignorance; but Zingha, though cruel and sanguinary, had soared into futurity. Had she been born in Europe, she might have proved a Catherine II., an Elizabeth, or a Catherine de Medicis.

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[1] To the sixteenth century I might have added the first part of the seventeenth; but I consider the events of this last period as a necessary consequence of those of the sixteenth century.

[2] *O aœ! mama aœ! ma aœ! o aœ!*—"Oh! what a monster will this child be!"

[3] See "Rélation des Royaumes de Matamba et d'Angola;" also "Lettres Edifiantes;" and "Rélation Historique de l'Ethiopie Occidentale," vol. ii.

[4] *Tombo* means a sacrifice. The more honourable the victims, the more agreeable was the tombo to the sanguinary deities of the Giagas. See, for a description of these horrid rites, the second volume of a work by J. B. Labat, entitled "Rélation Historique de l'Ethiopie Occidentale;" see also "Lettres Edifiantes," and all the travels in Africa.

[5] It is well known that, prior to the introduction of Christianity, the ceremony of marriage was very little used at Congo and in the kingdom of Angola. None of the histories of Africa, not even those which give most particulars concerning the death of Zingha's son, say a word about the father of this child, or even state who he was.

[6] According to another account his eyes were first put out with a red-hot iron, and he was afterwards butchered; but the version of the hot water passes for the most authentic. This crime was the cause of many others of the most frightful kind, so true is it that reprisals are always worse than the original provocation.

[7] Don Juan Correa de Souza. The name of the Vice-queen was Doña Anna Meneses.

[8] They received the names of their godmothers, Doña Barbara de Sylva, and Doña Garcia Ferreja.

[9] Singhisses are prophets who speak in the name of the spirits of the dead relatives of those who consult them. These men are greatly venerated in Africa.

[10] Quixiles are the laws of the Giagas, given to them by their legislatress, Tem-Ban-Dumba. These laws are written in letters of blood much more than those of Draco.

[11] The cruelties of Zingha are related in great detail in the "Rélation Historique du Royaume d'Angola," but they are so monstrous that I was unwilling to sully my pages with such disgusting enormities. Thus I have omitted her butchering pregnant women, her mode of torture by the application of aquafortis and salt to the stumps of limbs which she had cut off, and a thousand other atrocities, the bare mention of which must make every human being shudder.

[12] To drown the cries of the unhappy victims of a tombo in the camp, Zingha had all the military instruments in her army played at once; and to clear away the blood stains, she employed means which no one else would have imagined: she had the blood licked up from the ground by her slaves.

[13] See "Rélation Historique de l'Ethiopie," vol. iv. p. 63; also "Lettres Edifiantes," and "History of Angola."

[14] The Giaga Cassengee was a very extraordinary man. The missionaries, in their histories, termed him an unbelieving heretic, and relate a great many stories of him utterly devoid of truth.

[15] Zingha, before her last peace with the Portuguese, being anxious to try another alliance, entered into a treaty with the Dutch; but she soon got tired of them and returned to the Portuguese. The missionaries pretend that it was because the latter were *Catholics*. The fact is, Zingha, having tried both, deemed the Portuguese much better allies than the Dutch. This certainly might have been the case at the period alluded to; for it was about the time when the Dutch obtained leave from the Emperor of Japan to trade in his dominions, on condition that they would spit upon the crucifix and the image of the Virgin Mary, and trample them under foot.

[16] See "Rélation Historique de l'Ethiopie." See also "History of Queen Anna Zingha," by Father Labat, and also that by Father Antonio Gaëte.

[17] It is only as a luxury, according to every traveller who has visited this part of Africa, that the Portuguese have mules brought to Loando.

LADY JANE GRAY.

Ambition punished, seldom excites pity; but can a tribute of commiseration be refused to a beautiful woman, only seventeen years of age, who laid her head upon the block to expiate the ambition of another? Such was the fate of Lady Jane Gray! A crown had no attractions for her—she had no desire to reign! It seemed as if this unfortunate and lovely young creature felt her feet slip on the very steps of that throne which the Duke of Northumberland forced her to ascend. A warning presentiment told her that a life of quiet seclusion was the only means she had of escaping a violent death. She long resisted the fatal counsel of her father-in-law; but she was dragged on by her evil destiny.

Lady Jane Gray, born in 1537, was the grand-daughter of Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII. This princess being left a widow by the death of her husband, Louis XII. King of France, and having no children by this marriage, returned to England and married Brandon Duke of Suffolk, whom she had long loved, and who was Lady Jane's grandfather. The subject of this memoir, when she was scarcely sixteen, married Lord Guildford Dudley, fourth son of John Dudley Duke of Northumberland. Lady Jane Gray was beyond measure lovely: her features were beautifully regular, and her large and mild eyes were the reflection of a pure and energetic soul, though peaceful and unambitious. She had a strong passion for study, especially that of abstruse science. Though young, she had acquired vast learning, and was deeply read in the ancients: she was very familiar with Greek, and extremely partial to Plato. Living at one of her country seats, she divided her time between her books and her husband, until political events of high importance troubled her peaceful life and destroyed her happiness.

LADY JANE GREY.

The original of this picture by hans holbein, is to be found in the Collection of Col.^l Elliot of Nottingham.

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Edward Seymour Duke of Somerset, Protector of England, exercised over that kingdom a despotic sway to which the nobles would no longer submit. The latter, equally disgusted with the pride of Thomas Lord Seymour, the Protector's brother, applauded the Duke of Northumberland when he succeeded in successively removing these two favourites from the King's person; and Northumberland thought himself popular, when he was only loved on account of his hatred towards the Seymours. Edward VI. a weak and sickly child, who could ill bear the weight of the crown that encircled his pallid brow, always bestowed his favour upon those near his person, and Northumberland succeeded Somerset. But the new favourite, fearing, and with good reason, that he should not long retain this station, as the King might die, and was indeed then dying though only sixteen years of age, employed, with considerable address, the prejudices of religion to gain his ends. He described to Edward, in hideous colours, the character of his sister, Mary the Catholic; and represented in an equally unfavourable light, Elizabeth, daughter of that Anna Boleyn who was condemned and executed for adultery. Could then the crown of England, he asked, be placed upon a dishonoured brow, or the welfare of the English nation be entrusted to an intolerant fanatic? Northumberland was a man of ability: he shook the timid conscience of Edward, who fearing Mary's violence, and prejudiced against Elizabeth, changed the order of succession, and designated as his successor, Jane Gray, the eldest daughter of Henry Gray. On the King's death, Lady Jane was, through the exertions of Northumberland, proclaimed Queen. In vain did the lovely young creature entreat her father-in-law to allow her to retain her freedom: the obstinate Duke, always at the head of intrigues, determined to gain his point with her whom he deemed a child. "Shall it be for nothing," said he, "that I have caused the daughters of two queens to be declared illegitimate in order to place the crown upon the head of my daughter-in-law? No indeed!" The ambitious old man sent for the princesses Mary and Elizabeth to London, without informing them of the King's death, which he kept concealed. But Mary,

being acquainted with Northumberland's projects, escaped the snare; and steel made her triumph over the obstacles which he placed between the throne and herself. Steel!—steel, flames, and scaffolds, were about to constitute the laws of Mary the Catholic—of Mary the blood-thirsty!

She soon entered London, with prayers on her tongue and vengeance in her heart. In vain did Northumberland resist her: he was vanquished, deserted by every one, and, together with Lady Jane Gray and his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, imprisoned in the Tower.

Poor Jane Gray!—she had resisted her father-in-law's wishes only to yield to them and die after a reign of nine days!—for the unfortunate and lovely woman reigned no longer. Scarcely had she placed upon her head that crown so fatal to the touch—which falls but to drag the heads of kings along with it—ere she was shut up in a dungeon, soon to lay her head on the block! Alas! she had a presentiment of her fate, when she refused to exchange her diadem of flowers for the regal crown of England.

Meanwhile, Mary considered that the death of Northumberland alone was sufficient to appease her vengeance and secure her peaceful possession of the throne. Lady Jane Gray and her husband were confined in the Tower of London;—in the same place as that Elizabeth, who was destined at a later period to show the world that a woman may become a great sovereign. For a time, Mary suffered Lady Jane Gray to live, because she thought that, being Queen of England both by right and force, she might reign in future without taking away the lives of all her enemies. But such are the dreadful consequences of violence, that, when once adopted, the only road left open is one of bloodshed; and to deviate from it then is impossible!

Mary was a Catholic and a bigot; and being betrothed to Philip of Spain, she was anxious to offer a nuptial present worthy of him who was one day to become the father of Don Carlos. She therefore commanded that all her subjects throughout England should submit to the see of Rome; and as the English

then professed the reformed religion, and were attached to it, Mary directed also that scaffolds should be erected, and piles of faggots raised for burning heretics. On the issuing of these orders, insurrections broke out in every part of the kingdom. The Queen shuddered whenever she heard the names of her sister and her cousin; she stormed with rage at the people who called for Lady Jane Gray; and to silence them—to answer their call—she threw them the head of that unhappy lady!

Poor Jane! Thou wert dragged from thy peaceful retirement to be placed against thy will upon a throne, and to fall from it into a dungeon! The ministers of vengeance and fanaticism are now come to drag thee from thy prison, and force thee upon a scaffold!

Mary was alarmed at the cries of sedition uttered by the people. Lady Jane and her husband were brought before an iniquitous council, who condemned them both to die; and the Mayor of London having begged that a public example might be made, obtained that Lord Guildford Dudley should be executed in public. The unfortunate nobleman, on his sentence being communicated to him, requested an interview with his wife. She refused to see him, but wrote him a letter to the following purport:—

"Do not let us meet, Guildford—we must see each other no more until we are united in a better world. We must forget our joys so sweet, Guildford, our loves so tender and so happy. You must now devote yourself to none but serious thoughts. No more love, no more happiness here upon earth!—we must now think of nothing but death! Remember, my Guildford, that the people are waiting for you, to see how a man can die. Show no weakness as you approach the scaffold; your fortitude would be overcome, perhaps, were you to see me. You could not quit your poor Jane without tears; and tears and weakness must be left to us women. Adieu, my Guildford, adieu! be a man—be firm at the last hour—let me be proud of you."

Guildford died like a hero, and Jane was proud of him. Ah! it was not from weakness that this noble-minded creature re-

fused the crown ; she was happy with her books, her affection, and her beloved husband, under her arbours of flowers. It was the absence of happiness in a crown, not its weight, that alarmed her.

She saw her husband leave the Tower and proceed to the place of execution. She prayed a long time for him ; her own turn then came, and she prepared for death. Mary, desirous of increasing her sufferings, pretended to convert her, and offered to pardon her if she would abjure the reformed religion. But with a sweet smile of sadness, she refused. For at that time what was life to her ? — nothing but a vast solitude through which she should have to wander alone and deserted. She preferred death !

For three days she was assailed by the importunities of Catholic priests, who thought they had shaken her faith. Jane made them no reply, but continued her prayers. Having written a last letter of adieu* to her sister, the Countess of Pembroke, she took off her mourning, dressed herself in white, had her long and beautiful hair cut off by her female attendants, and walked boldly to the place of execution. When, however, she saw the sparkling of the steel axe, she turned pale. She knelt, prayed again, lifted up her eyes and looked at the heavens !—then placing her head upon the block, she received the stroke that conferred upon her a crown of which no human passions could deprive her—the crown of martyrdom !

This was the third time in London, within a period of twenty years, that the blood of a queen had stained a scaffold. The reign of Elizabeth was to present a fourth act of the same tragedy.

Catherine Gray, Countess of Pembroke, was more to be pitied than her sister Jane ; for, after all, what is death to one who has lost every thing that makes life valuable ? But Catherine, separated from a world in which the man she loved still lived, must often have prayed to God to give her the sleep of the grave.

Catherine Gray had married the Earl of Pembroke ; but their union was so unhappy that both demanded a separation, and their marriage was dissolved by a judicial act. She then became

* This letter was written in Greek. A good translation of it into French is to be found in Larrey's History of England.

the wife of the Earl of Hertford, who set out for France, leaving her pregnant. Catherine Gray being of the royal blood of Tudor, her marriage without the consent of her sovereign was imputed to her as a crime; and on ascending the throne, Mary, as happy in having to inflict punishment as another would have been to show clemency, condemned her to imprisonment for life. The Earl of Hertford, on his return from France, was also sentenced to imprisonment, and the Archbishop of Canterbury declared the marriage null and void. Nevertheless the Earl protested against the sentence of the Archbishop, as well as against that of his other judges. He loved Catherine with the tenderest affection; and still looking upon her as his wife, bribed the keeper of the Tower, and obtained access to her prison. Catherine became a mother a second time; and Mary persecuted the Earl of Hertford with all the vindictive hatred of a queen whose authority is despised, and of a woman already past the age of inspiring love, who cannot forgive young people for their superiority in this respect. The Earl's accusation consisted of three counts: First, of having seduced a princess of the royal blood; secondly, of having violated a state prison; and thirdly, of having approached a woman from whom the law had separated him. He was condemned to a fine of five thousand pounds sterling for each offence. He paid the fifteen thousand pounds, and after a long confinement consented to sign a voluntary act of separation from Catherine; but not till after a long struggle, and a resistance which bore ample testimony of the strength of his attachment.

The unfortunate Catherine Gray died in prison, in 1562, after a long and painful captivity. Like her sister Jane, she was learned and fond of study. Both were young and lovely, and the fate of both showed that royal birth is no security against misfortune. Tears are shed in the palaces of kings, as well as the peasant's hovel; and arms loaded with jewels often bear the chains of captivity. Poison is sometimes drunk in a cup of gold, and the crowned head severed by the executioner's axe!

DOÑA CATALINA DE ERAUSO,

OR THE MONJA-ALFEREZ, (THE NUN-ENSIGN.)

After examining with attention the portrait at the head of this memoir, there will be no difficulty in believing what is here related of the original. The harsh and even ferocious expression of the portrait recalls the features of this woman only to render her more execrable; and on looking at it, the workings of a mind enclosed in such a covering, may easily be anticipated.

Dona Catalina de Erauso was born at St. Sebastian, in the province of Guipuscoa, on the 10th of February 1585. She was the daughter of Captain Miguel de Erauso and Doña Maria Perez de Galarraga y Arce, his wife. As in every large family in Spain at that period, the daughters of Don Miguel de Erauso were, from their birth, destined for the cloister. Catalina, as the eldest, was the first sacrificed; and she was scarcely four years old when she was sent to her maternal aunt, Soror Ursula de Unza y Sarasti, prioress of a convent of Dominicans, called St. Sebastian l'Antiguo. Catalina remained in this convent with tolerable resignation, until she was fifteen. At this period she felt the first inspiration of the life of danger and adventure which she afterwards led. Its seductions haunted her day-dreams, and her excited imagination depicted to her the delights of freedom, such as they might be conceived by a young girl who all her life had perceived no other light and shade in the existence to which her parents had doomed her, than a greater or less proportion of severity, and a captivity more or less rigorous.

She has herself stated, in a sort of journal which she kept of

[illegible] del — Lith. de Villain.

DOÑA CATILINA DE ERAUSO.

Monja Alferez. The Nun Standard-bearer.

The original of this portrait painted in oils by the celebrated Pacheco in 1630 is to be found in Germany in the gallery of Colonel Berthold Sheppeler.

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her life, and which, were it of greater extent, might be termed her memoirs, how unhappy she was among the Dominican nuns of St. Sebastian, although the prioress was her aunt. The discontent of the young novice did not proceed from the actual conventual rules to which she was subjected, but from a more serious cause: the bent of her mind, nay of her very existence, was thwarted, and hence, she experienced positive unhappiness instead of content.

Though the young girl was unable to explain this distinction, she strongly felt it; and she yearned for freedom, which she invoked with her whole soul, without knowing what it was. Yet at this period she did not conceive even the thought of ever being able to pass the brazen walls which cut her off from the world. She knew not precisely what she wanted; but she wept because she was unhappy. She had already taken the white veil, her noviciate was almost expired, and the moment was at hand when her own act would convert an already detested abode into an eternal prison.

About this time she had a violent quarrel with a nun named Catalina d'Aliri, who had lately arrived at the convent. The consequences of this dispute were terrible. The nun was at least as passionate as the novice, and being stronger, beat Catalina, who was unable to avenge the affront.

When I have made known Catalina's character, and shown in what manner this inconceivable woman afterwards received an offence and pursued her cruel vengeance, it will scarcely be understood how on this occasion she could have allowed her vindictiveness to slumber during a whole day. But such was the fact: she remained silent—she dared not trust herself to speak, lest the tempest which raged within her should burst with too great violence. On the 18th of March 1600, at the vigils of St. Joseph, all the nuns had entered the choir at midnight to perform the service of matins. The whole convent was assembled, and each was at prayers, when the prioress called Catalina, to whom she gave a key, with directions to go and fetch her bre-

viary, which she had forgotten. The novice obeyed at first slowly, and seemed overwhelmed with grief. Her footsteps were heavy, her looks gloomy. On a sudden her fiery black eyes sparkled with an expression of savage delight—a smile of triumph, but bitterly sardonic, unclosed her lips, and bent her falcon nose—her whole frame thrilled with joy. She returned with the breviary, tripping lightly with it to her aunt, and then kneeling by the side of her venerable relative, prayed—yes! she prayed, and never with greater fervency.

A few minutes after her return, she complained of a violent headach, and asked permission, which was seldom refused to the novices, to be allowed to withdraw before the service was over.

As soon as she had left the church and closed behind her the old and ponderous door which now separated her from the assembled nuns of St. Dominic, she drew her breath forcibly as if to take possession of a new existence in the surrounding air. Now that she knew precisely what she was going to do, it seemed as if God had given her another life and fresh strength to execute her wishes;—and in truth, it required courage far above the common standard to go through with her undertaking. For in this cast of the dice played against fate by a girl of fifteen, she staked her life; but fate, indifferent and unmoved, staked nothing.

A single moment had sufficed to make a new light break upon the senses of Catalina. It was like the hospitable lantern which suddenly appears to guide the benighted and bewildered traveller to a place of shelter.

When she went to her aunt's cell, after taking the breviary from the desk on which it stood, she was about to return to the church, when her eyes met an object that made the blood rush with impetuosity to her heart: she beheld the keys of the convent, which the portress of the convent always deposited, before matins, in the cell of the prioress. At this sight the novice felt her bard contract upon her brow as if it were a circle of iron—her spirit caught a glimpse of the world—she saw the blue heavens—she saw the fields and forests of

the earth—she saw liberty—sweet, unrestrained liberty within her grasp! A few moments more and nothing would intervene between her will, whatever it might be, and its execution. That which she had long sighed for, she could now obtain; and in an instant her mind was made up. She then became, what she ever after proved herself to be, a woman of resolution, never wavering in her resolve, and always cutting the knots which she could not untie.

As she left the choir, matins had only just begun, so that she had ample time to carry her plan of flight into execution. She lost not an instant in unnecessary preparations, but immediately returned to her aunt's cell, the door of which she had taken care not to lock. Here she took a supply of money, a needle, some thread, and a pair of scissors, and lastly, the keys of the convent; and then descended gently, shutting each door behind her without noise. When she had reached the last, she stopped a moment to take off her scapulary, and left it in the room of the portress. She then opened the door which separated her from the world, into which, alone, unprotected, and quite ignorant of all its evils as well as joys, she was about to plunge at the age of fifteen.[1] But all she wanted, was her freedom. She ran forward without stopping, until she came to a chestnut grove at some distance from the city.[2]

On reaching this retreat, she entered the thickest part of it, and remained there three days without being perceived by any human being. She had entered the wood dressed as a novice of St. Dominic; she left it in the garb of a boy, and from that period till the day of her death, did not resume, except for a very short time, the dress of her own sex. In the middle of the third night after her flight from the convent, she quitted her place of concealment, and followed the first road before her without knowing whither it led. It led her to Vittoria. During the three days she had spent in the chestnut grove, she had taken no food but wild roots and grass, which, as she herself states, she gathered in the road.

On her arrival at Vittoria, she had the good fortune to be hired as secretary to her uncle, Don Francisco de Cerralta, who had never seen her. He took care of her, under the supposition that she was an orphan boy; and was even anxious to give her a good education. But Catalina had not left her convent to impose a voluntary imprisonment upon herself: her roving disposition, and her desire of becoming acquainted with that boundless world which seemed open before her, led her to Valladolid, where the Court then resided. Here fortune was again propitious, and she entered as page into the service of Don Juan de Idiaquez, secretary to the king, and the patron of her family. She had served Don Juan only a few months, when one evening as she stood at the gate of his palace, her father, Captain Don Miguel de Erauso, arrived. The night was too dark for her to see him, but she recognised him by his voice. The unhappy old man had come to beg Don Juan's assistance in recovering his daughter, who, as he stated, had fled from her convent. Catalina had gently followed her father in order to catch a few words that might regulate her conduct. Those uttered by her venerable parent in the overflowings of his grief, ought to have impelled her to throw herself at his feet; but Catalina was not one of those who are stopped, in a career such as she was pursuing, by a word or a regret, unless produced by a change in their own views and feelings. The words which the daughter of Don Miguel heard on this occasion, had no other effect than to induce her to leave Don Juan's palace that very instant, and make a bargain with a muleteer. Before daybreak she was on the road to Bilboa. She bore at that time the name of Francisco de Loyola.

At Bilboa, she found herself in the midst of a crowd of men, who from her dress felt authorised to treat her as an equal; and in a short time she acquired habits as foreign to her birth as to the education she had received. That which the prejudices of society would no doubt have overcome, assumed the most despotic sway over her mind: she yielded to the full violence of her

disposition, and this ardent lover of freedom signed, nevertheless, a disgraceful pact of slavery with the most ungovernable passions. One day at Bilboa, she had a quarrel with some young men, and being the aggressor, was imprisoned a whole month.

From Bilboa, she proceeded to Estella de Navarra, where she entered the service of a knight of St. Jago, named Don Carlos de Arellano, with whom she remained two years, "during which," says Don Maria Ferrer, the editor of her Life, "she was well clothed, well fed, and well paid." At the expiration of this time, ennui fixed its fangs upon her, and a whim of her unbridled imagination carried her back to St. Sebastian, where she attended mass at the church of her own convent, saw her mother at a distance during the service, and actually spoke to her old companions the nuns, who only considered her a young lad, as she herself expresses it, "*bien vestido et galan*" (well dressed and fashionable.) She then, without feeling any further emotion at the sight of her mother and her conversation with those among whom she had passed her childhood, left St. Sebastian, and proceeded to Los Passages, whence she embarked for Seville. On reaching San Lucar-la-mayor, she found the famous Spanish expedition against the Dutch, at the Punta de Araya, ready to sail under the joint command of Don Luis Fernandez de Cordova, and the celebrated Don Luis Tajardo.[3] Ever whimsical even in her most ordinary resolves, she proceeded to the Spanish Indies, under the name of Pedro de Orive, on board a ship commanded by Don Estevan Equiño, one of her mother's brothers. She entered her uncle's service under pretence of learning the profession of a sailor. The Dutch fleet, consisting of nineteen ships of the line, was burned by the Spaniards, and there it was that Catalina first heard those sounds which afterwards pursued her in her dreams,—namely, the notes of the shrill bugle, the roar of musketry, and the din of battle. But with her love of glory, nature had not gifted her with the generosity of soul usually attendant upon

true valour; and with all her superiority of physical courage, she was a monster among her fellow-beings.

The Spanish fleet was about to sail for Spain; but Catalina, anxious to remain in America, left her uncle clandestinely, and in the middle of the night, after robbing him of twenty-five *pesos*.

She then became, in reality, a new being, and her metamorphosis was dreadful. Her character, naturally energetic, was now tempered afresh by her voluntary rejection of all support and protection from others; and from iron it became steel. After the departure of the Spanish army, she obtained employment in the house of Don Juan de Ibarra, the king's factor at Panama. Amid the conflict produced in her ardent mind by the numerous strange incidents which had passed before her, she had not yet settled the plan of her future life, and she was, moreover, eager to acquire wealth. Don Juan de Ibarra being a miser, she quitted his service, entered into an engagement with a Truxillo merchant named Juan de Urquiza, left Panama for the port of Paita, was shipwrecked, and with great difficulty saved herself and her master, who afterwards placed her at the head of a commercial establishment which he possessed at Saña.

She was here fortunate and happy, when her uneasy and violent temper led her into a quarrel with an inhabitant of the town. High words passed on both sides, but Catalina was the most abusive and the most angry. Bent upon revenge, she had a long knife sharpened—that description of knife which is termed *cuchillo*; then taking a sword—the first, she said, that she ever girded—she proceeded next day to waylay her antagonist, whose name was Los Reyes. As he passed the church, in which she had hid herself, she sprang upon him, and making a dreadful gash in his face, said, in allusion to a threat he had uttered during their quarrel the day before: "That is the face which is to be cut."[4]

A friend of the wounded man came to his assistance, but Catalina drew her sword and dangerously wounded this new

adversary. Alarmed, however, at what she had done, she took refuge in the church; but the corregidor, who happened to be passing at the time, did not consider this sanctuary as inviolable; Catalina was therefore dragged from her retreat and taken to prison.

From this period, her life became a continued series of atrocious crimes and dreadful misfortunes; for her hand inflicted death the moment it touched any human being.

She was delivered from her captivity at Saña by the exertions of her master Urquiza, whom she joined at Truxillo. There a fresh quarrel arose between her and a friend of the individual whom she had wounded at Saña. This new adversary she killed.

"The point of my sword," she says, "entered his body—I know not through what part."

The cathedral of Truxillo became her sanctuary after this second murder.[5] It seemed as if Catalina sought to brave the God whom she had so often offended: her quarrelsome disposition was developed every day in darker and more ferocious colours. Urquiza at length thought proper to part with her. By his influence he settled the Saña business, and he gave her letters of recommendation to his correspondent at Lima; then putting a considerable sum into her hand to form a commercial establishment wherever she pleased, he advised her to leave Truxillo. Catalina accordingly set out for Lima, with a strong recommendation to Don Diego Solarte, a rich merchant of that city.

On reaching Lima, she took up her abode at Don Diego's house, but did not live there long in peace. It was in her nature to bring trouble into every family that received her as an inmate, and to place the spell of her strange existence upon all who came in contact with her. In Don Diego's house resided two young girls, the sisters of his wife. Catalina, in one of the singular whims of her imagination, and under the protection of her male attire, thought proper to make love to one of them. This mystification was so successful, that Don Diego de

Solarte one day proposed the celebration of this impossible marriage. Catalina, pressed to perform an engagement which was out of her power, and knowing that the consequence of her non-compliance would be the loss of her protector, resolved, from that moment, to be her own master, and to serve as her own protector. She accordingly followed her first inclinations—those of war and battle. A corps for the government of Chili was then raising at Lima. She enlisted in one of the companies, and left Lima for La Concepción, about five hundred and forty leagues distant.

This change in her life, far from being salutary, became, on the contrary, fatal to her. Her passions, already too ardent, were much increased by the horrible vice constantly before her eyes. Far from being shocked at those scenes, she became their apologist, and at the same time their victim. The most disastrous events found her always ready to execute any atrocity, and she never acquired the right of complaining of the rigour of her destiny.

Don Alonzo de Rebeira was governor of Chili when Catalina arrived there. He had a secretary whose name caused a thrill through her frame: this name was Don Miguel de Erauso. It reminded her that during her childhood she had sometimes played with one of her brothers whose name was Miguel, and who, at the age of fifteen, had embarked for the Spanish Indies. Was it then this brother whom her singular fate was about to make her meet in this distant land? She made inquiries, and found that it was indeed her brother. He was captain of one of the new companies levied for Chili. Catalina, attracted towards him by an inexplicable feeling—for this singular woman seems to have rejected every sentiment which nature usually implants in the most ferocious hearts — soon became intimate with Don Miguel de Erauso, who, seeing in Raminez de Gusman, the name she then bore, only a young countryman of daring bravery, at an age scarcely beyond adolescence, gave her not only his friendship, but his protection, and greatly con-

tributed to her obtaining the title of *alferez*, or ensign, after the battle of Puren, at which she displayed prodigies of valour. It is truly marvellous to follow this woman into the thickest of the battle when she saw the Indians surrounding the Company's banner.

"Forward!" she cried to her companions.

Two only were bold enough to follow her. In a few moments one of the two fell with five arrows in his body. Catalina pressed forward her remaining companion, cutting her way with her sword and poniard to the Cacique, who had seized upon the Spanish banner. The soldier who followed her fell stricken with a death wound. She was then quite alone—yet alone she attacked, alone fought, and alone retook the banner from the Cacique, whom she killed. When her companions advanced to her assistance, they found her returning in triumph, but wounded and covered with the blood of the enemy, as well as her own. She had been struck by three arrows, had received a wound in her side from a lance, and a sabre cut on one of her legs.

The banner she had retaken belonged to the company commanded by Don Alonzo Moreno. It was given to her as her reward.

The following interesting extract relative to this battle, and the valour displayed by Doña Catalina, is taken from the "*Tablas Cronologicas de la Historia de España*," by Don Jose de Sabau y Blanco.

"The Araucanos again revolted in 1608, in the kingdom of Chili. They were at length reduced to submission, after several battles, the principal of which took place in the valley of Puren. The Indians were commanded by Caupolican, (the second.) Their shouts at first made the Spaniards fall back: but the latter, being animated by Francisco Perez Navarrete, a captain of great valour, returned to the charge, and completely routed the enemy, leaving their camp covered with slain. Among those who gave proofs of valour in this battle, Catalina de Erauso, native of St. Sebastian, in the province of

Guipuscoa, greatly distinguished herself. She fought in the dress of a soldier, and was promoted to the rank of *alferez* (ensign.) She afterwards went to Madrid to solicit the grade of captain. To justify her claim she furnished proofs of her bravery in several battles, in which she was always the first to advance in the face of the enemy. The wounds with which she was covered gave ample testimony of the truth of her statements."

At the second battle—that of Puren, alluded to by Don Jose—Doña Catalina happened to find herself just opposite to an Indian chief, whom she attacked with such energy that he was obliged to yield himself prisoner. He was a Spanish renegado ; a price had long been set upon his head by the governor, and in compliance with the orders of the Inquisition, Don Alonzo de Rebeira was anxious to get him alive in order to send him to Spain. Catalina, however, fancying that a renegado was but little better than a dog, hanged him to the first tree she met with. The name of this man was Francisco Quispiguancha. The governor, vexed at the death of this prisoner, would not confer upon Alferez Alonzo Diaz (Catalina) the command of her company, then vacant by the death of its captain, who had been killed : on the contrary, she fell into disgrace, and was sent with a very few men to the *Nacinisento*, a dangerous garrison, where she had never a moment's rest, and could not lie down to sleep without being armed. Nevertheless, according to the statements of her contemporaries, and indeed of herself, she was happy amid alarms and dangers which any other person would have considered intolerable. To her ears, the shrieks of the dying wretch had nothing repulsive—the sight of blood nothing horrible.

She loved play with a sort of frenzy ; and the violence of her temper rendered her disgusting to those who only sought amusement in it. She was therefore dreaded in the gaming-houses, which she always made a point of visiting whenever she arrived at a town in which any existed. One day, after her return to La Concepción, she was at play, and out of temper because she was losing. A dispute arose about a throw ; the banker wanted to

speak, but she ordered him to be silent. He replied with a word so insulting that Catalina became frantic with rage.

"Dare to repeat that word," she said.

The unhappy man did so, and had scarcely uttered it ere Catalina's sword was buried in his heart. At this moment a young and noble Castilian, Don Francisco Parraga, auditor-general of Chili, entered the room. With the authority of his rank and office, he ordered the ensign to leave the house. Catalina cast a glance of bitter contempt at him, and made no other reply than to draw her dagger with her left hand, whilst in her right she held her sword, still reeking with the blood of the unfortunate banker. Don Francisco repeated his order in a louder and more commanding voice, and at the same time seized Catalina by the upper part of her doublet, in order to enforce her obedience. As she felt his hand touch her bosom, she for a moment became an indignant woman;[6] but the stern and cruel soldier soon avenged the outraged female. Raising her left arm, she stabbed Don Francisco in the face, and her dagger penetrated through his two cheeks. Then brandishing her sword and dagger, and casting a terrible look round the room, she sprang upon the stairs and disappeared before the terrified spectators could summon resolution to stop her.

But though Catalina had succeeded in getting out of the house, she was not yet safe. She knew that the vengeance of the man she had wounded, would be dreadful. She fully understood her situation; and the moment her fury was appeased, perceived the whole extent of the danger she had brought upon herself. There was only one mode of averting it: this was to seek the sanctuary of the cathedral, and thence retire to the adjoining convent of San Francisco. She had scarcely reached her asylum, when the governor arrived there in pursuit of her. Not daring to violate the sanctuary, he had it surrounded by his soldiers, and Catalina was thus blockaded during six months. It seemed, no doubt, singular to her—but to her alone who knew herself to be an apostate nun—that she should be thus besieged

in a monastery, not for the violation of her first vows, but for having killed two men with her woman's hand and her tiger's heart.

She had a friend in her regiment: Don Juan de Silva, ensign of another company. One day he came to see her. She was walking, alone and sad, under the gloomy arcades of the church, uttering blasphemies against a seclusion which was becoming insupportable to her. Don Juan had just had a quarrel of so serious a nature that the satisfaction he required could not be deferred till the morrow, but was to be given at eleven o'clock the same night. On the rising of the moon, the two adversaries were to meet in a wood at a short distance from the ramparts.

"But I have no second," said Don Juan, "and I am come to request you will perform that office for me."

The nun started at this appeal—this confidence in her courage sent a thrill through her heart. But a cloud suddenly crossed her brow—a thought had come betwixt her and her friend—she frowned as she looked at Don Juan with suspicion—she thought he wanted to betray her.

"Why fight beyond the walls, and at such an hour?" said she, fixing upon his countenance those eyes which always sparkled with a flame of the darkest ferocity.

Don Juan made no reply. From her look and the tone of her voice, he had guessed her suspicions.

"Alonzo!" he said at length, "since you refuse me your services, I will go unattended; for I have confidence in no one but you."

"I will go! I will attend you!" cried Catalina.

The clock of the convent had just struck ten, when Don Juan came to fetch her. Both were wrapped in large brown *capas*, under which they carried their swords, whilst the *sombrero* concealed their faces.

"These precautions would be more necessary at any other time," observed Catalina, as they both continually stumbled from the darkness of the night.

The moon had not yet risen; the sky was overcast, the weather stormy, and not a star to be seen. They found Don Juan's adversary, with his second, waiting for them. He who was to fight with Don Juan was a knight of St. Jago named Don Francisco de Rojas. The moment he perceived them coming towards him, he advanced to the skirt of the wood, took off his cloak, threw down his *sombrero*, and addressing Don Juan, observed, that all reconciliation between them being impossible, they had better not waste in useless words the time which might be more advantageously employed in the work of vengeance. Don Juan bowed in silence, drew his sword, and the combat began.

Meanwhile, the two seconds, on the skirt of the wood, and close to the combatants, took care of the *capas* and *sombreros*, concealing, however, their faces from each other, which Catalina seemed the most anxious to do. They would perhaps have quitted each other without recognition, had not Catalina, on seeing Don Juan receive a wound and stagger, cried out:

"That was the blow of a base and cowardly traitor."

"Thou liest!" replied the second of Don Francisco de Rojas.

Catalina approached the stranger with her dagger in her hand—in an instant two blades of steel sparkled in the shade, and the silence of the forest, which had been interrupted by the strife of the two principals only, was broken in upon by a second deadly combat, arising from no other cause than the insatiable thirst of a woman for blood. Scarcely were the hostile weapons opposed to each other, ere Don Francisco's friend fell, mortally wounded. He asked for a priest. On hearing the agonized cry of her victim, Catalina's heart became vulnerable for the first time. She thought she knew the voice, and leaning over the dying man, recognized by the uncertain light of the moon which had just risen, features which struck her with horror and remorse.

"Who are you, then?" she asked, as if reproaching her victim with the crime she had just committed.

"Captain Miguel de Erauso," replied the dying man.

The unhappy woman had killed her brother.

Pursued by the furies, she fled from the wood, where nothing now remained but prostrate bodies; for just as this last catastrophe took place, Don Juan and Don Francisco had fallen, pierced by each other's sword, and both expired with curses against each other on their lips. Catalina ran back to the convent and prevailed upon two monks to hasten to the fatal spot with assistance both for the soul and body. They found Don Miguel still alive; but his wound had been inflicted by too sure a hand to allow any hopes of his recovery. He was conveyed to the governor's palace, where he expired soon after his arrival, but not until he had named his murderer, whom he had also recognized.

"The person who wounded me," he said to the governor, who was leaning over him to hear the words which he uttered with difficulty, "is Alferez Alonzo Diaz."

The governor was much attached to Don Miguel de Erauso; and being already much incensed against Diaz (Catalina) for the two preceding murders of the banker and the Auditor General, pretended, and with great reason, that the right of sanctuary ought to have its limits. He therefore placed himself at the head of a company of soldiers, and summoned the superior of the convent of San Francisco to deliver up Alferez Diaz to his justice. The monks, jealous of their privileges, replied by a positive refusal. The governor was determined to insist upon his demand; but the superior of the convent, Fray Francisco de Otalora, showed an intention of making so determined a resistance, that the governor deemed it prudent to withdraw. He, however, had the convent invested by his guards. What would the superior have said, however, had he known that the being for whom he was braving the anger of so powerful a man, was a woman,—and more than that—a nun?

Don Miguel was buried in this convent, and his unhappy sister often went to pray upon his tomb. These moments were

dreadful to her: remorse, in a bosom like her's, must have been a most horrible feeling amid the uncontrolable passions which filled her soul.

Her situation became at length so wretched, that on the expiration of the eighth month of her singular captivity, she determined to obtain her freedom at any price. I have already stated that she was a woman whom no danger could intimidate.

To secure her safety, it was necessary that she should inhabit another territory, and the province of Tucuman was the only one in which she could find an asylum. But to reach it, she had only one road open to her, because a description of her person had been sent to every other. This road was considered impracticable; — it led across the wildest and most inaccessible part of the Andes, through eternal snow, where death might perhaps overtake her. "I know all that," she replied to Don Juan Pouce de Leon, who urged these objections to her; "but if death may *perhaps* overtake me there, it is *sure* to overtake me if I remain here: I cannot therefore hesitate."

Pouce de Leon secured her escape from the convent, and having received from him a horse, arms, ammunition, some provisions, and a small sum of money, she advanced boldly into the desert, where she felt almost sure of perishing. Three days after the commencement of her journey, she overtook two soldiers on horseback. Such a meeting, and in such a place, was well calculated to excite her apprehensions. The soldiers had equal reason to fear her, and the travellers accosted each other with mutual mistrust. These two men were malefactors who had fled from justice; but Catalina saw in them only two men resolved to die rather than be taken. This was just what she wanted. She had the advantage of intellect over them, and made use of it to subdue them to her will.

They long followed the sea coast. In these dreary wilds, the presence of man is almost unknown. The temporary hut of the nomadic shepherd, even at immense intervals of distance, is not to be seen. There is no fisherman's hut to offer its hospitable

roof to the weary traveller; no inhabitant to welcome him, even in an extent of territory equal to a European kingdom. Nothing strikes the eye but arid sand, intersected with vast sheets of water, displaying here and there tufts of seaweed;—the hand of man is nowhere visible. And yet this was the easiest part of their journey.

The provisions of the travellers soon beginning to fail, they killed one of their horses, then a second, and afterwards the third. This last resource was soon exhausted. They were at this time in the wildest part of the Andes. Ever since the preceding day, they had reached the frozen regions, and piercing cold added to the sufferings they already endured. They walked with great difficulty, and often dragged themselves on by seizing the frozen rocks. Catalina was by far the strongest of the three.

On a sudden, one of her companions uttered a shout of joy; he saw a man smiling at him. The soldier had only strength to point out the stranger to his companions: he then fell upon the snow and called for help; but he was past all human aid. Catalina, who had immediately perceived the stranger, ran forward, and saw a second close to him. She called to them in the language of the country, for they were Indians. But neither answered—both remained motionless, leaning against a block of ice. She approached them, they stirred not—there they stood with a smile upon their lips. But it was the smile of death—they were frozen to the block—they were stiff and cold. Catalina ran from this horrible sight to another that awaited her. Her companion who had fallen was to rise no more—death had overtaken him also. But Catalina's heart was not to be softened by misfortune: casting an unmeaning glance at the body, she cried out to the survivor: "Come along!"

Next day the air was still colder. Catalina suffered so dreadfully, that she thought her end also approaching. But she had still many years to live;—the sacrifice which God's justice might claim, was not yet accomplished for her. Towards evening, as the sun, with mockery in his bright cold beams, disappeared behind the mountain peaks, Catalina's remaining com-

panion, weeping from the excess of his sufferings, laid himself upon the ground, and died, invoking the mercy of God.

Alone in this horrible desert, Catalina was at length stricken with terror and despair. She shuddered as she looked around her. All was still and silent as the grave. No sound replied to her sighs. She was alone in this vast solitude,—she alone moved and breathed. Remorse began to stir within the heart of the apostate nun—she sat down and wept. It was the *first time* during her whole life that she had shed tears, and she was then nearly twenty-eight years old. But in such a situation, emotion, even at her own sufferings, could not long affect a mind like hers. She rose, and approaching the dead body, looked at it for a few seconds with cold attention, then, as if struck with a sudden thought, she stooped, searched the corpse, took from it all the money she could find, and resumed her journey, telling her beads—

"Recommending myself," as she states in her journal, "to the holy Mother of God, and to St. Joseph her glorious spouse."

She had scarcely proceeded a league farther when she perceived a sensible difference in the temperature. The cold was much less intense, and a warm breeze blew upon her face. She soon after saw trees, and a cultivated country at a little distance. She had at last quitted the kingdom of Chili, and entered the province of Tucuman. In a short time she perceived two men on horseback advancing towards her.

"It did not for a moment enter my thoughts," she says, "whether these men were friends or foes; they were human beings. But when I spoke to them and found that they were Christians, I thought I saw heaven open before me."

The men took her to their mistress, a widow residing upon her estate with her two daughters. Catalina was kindly received and hospitably entertained by this family, and soon forgot the good resolutions formed during her short-lived repentance. She amused herself by trifling with the happiness of one of the girls. The poor mother, who thought that Catalina

was in reality the *alferez* Alonzo Diaz, proposed his becoming her son-in-law. Catalina accepted the offer, and preparations were made for the wedding. All the family proceeded to Tucuman, there to remain until the celebration of the marriage. But one morning Catalina mounted her mule and disappeared.

From Tucuman she went to Potosi. Here she embraced a new profession, and the better to conceal herself from those who might be in search of her, engaged herself as steward to Don Juan Lopez de Arguijo, a rich and powerful nobleman. But though she had thrown aside the soldier's garb, she could not change her disposition. One day there was a battle in the streets, and she must needs be of the party. Obliged, in consequence, to leave Potosi, she again entered the army with superior rank, and set out on an expedition against an Indian tribe. After several battles, in which she obtained sufficient plunder to make her desirous of repose, she applied for leave of absence. Being refused, she deserted with several others, proceeded to the province of Charcas, and thence to Rio de la Plata. Here, after having squandered her money, probably at play, she was implicated in an affair of great importance in its consequences. Two women of high rank had a quarrel. One of them, Doña Francisca Marmolejo, niece to the Count de Lemos, received a wound in the face from an unknown hand, a short time after a violent dispute which she had had with the Marchioness of Chaves, Catalina's patroness, or rather the patroness of Alferez Alonzo Diaz. This was a serious matter, and the real truth was never known. Catalina was imprisoned and put to the torture, but she confessed nothing; and in the history of her life, she only leaves matter for conjecture. At length she was liberated from prison, and being banished from Chili and La Plata, returned to Charcas. Being one day at the house of Don Antonio Calderon, the bishop's nephew, and at play with her host, the principal of the college there, and a rich merchant from Seville, a dispute arose about the game. High words soon ensued, and on all such occasions Catalina was

prompt with her sword and dagger. She drew them on this occasion, as she had formerly done in her quarrel with the auditor-general, and the unfortunate Seville merchant was killed. The officers of justice came; but Catalina defended herself like a tiger at bay, and after receiving two wounds succeeded in making her escape. She sought refuge, as usual, under the shadow of the Cross; and yet she never felt the slightest remorse, when invoking the protection of this holy sign of the redemption of mankind.

She at length escaped, and proceeded to Piscobamba, where she had another quarrel at the gaming-table with Don Fernando d'Acosta, a Portuguese nobleman. The love of play had in this woman, it seems, become a species of raging madness, which, joined to her ferocious disposition, rendered her as loathsome as she was dangerous. Abuse and threats were the only marks she left of her anger at the moment; for the Portuguese hung back. Two days after this incident, as Catalina was returning home in the middle of the night, she was attacked by a man whom she recognised as Don Fernando d'Acosta. She received no hurt, but inflicted a mortal wound upon her aggressor. Being apprehended for this murder, she was again put to the rack, but denied the truth of the accusation with a firmness unequalled even in a man of the strongest mind. Her judges condemned her to be hanged. Still she did not reveal her sex, which would have saved her life; but displayed at the very foot of the gallows, the same indomitable courage. Addressing the executioner, who was bungling with the rope:

"Put it well on, or let me alone; these holy fathers will do it," she said, pointing to the priests who attended her, but to whom she had previously refused to make any confession.

Just as she was about to be launched into eternity, her pardon arrived from La Plata, where she had powerful friends ever since Doña Francisca's adventure. It was urged that she had been condemned upon false evidence, and orders were immediately dispatched to set her at liberty.

So many misfortunes, and the dreadful dangers she had incurred, might naturally be supposed to have induced her to alter her mode of life. No such thing: her evil destiny urged her on. New travels led to fresh crimes; and this woman, after abjuring her mission upon earth, had become a strange and terrible being, whose human nature was lost in brutal ferocity. She was by nature so cruel, that when an action had a praiseworthy object, she performed it with regret.

Being at Cochabamba, she was one evening riding on her mule past the house of Don Pedro de Chavarria, whose wife, Doña Maria Davalos, was a beautiful and fascinating woman. As she passed, she heard a great noise in the house, and at the same instant two monks rapidly issuing from it, stopped under a small balcony. A window was opened at the same instant, and having assisted Doña Maria in descending from it into the street, they immediately placed her upon the mule behind Catalina, crying out,

"For God's sake save her! Her husband has surprised her with Don Antonio Calderon, the bishop's nephew. He has killed this *caballéro*, and wants to kill his wife. For God's sake, Señor Captain, take her out of his reach!"

Without waiting for Catalina's answer one of the monks struck the mule with his cord, and off the poor beast set at a gallop. Thus was the nun-soldier engaged in the adventure without her own consent. As they went along, Catalina heard the poor woman sobbing behind her; and the tears of the guilty wife fell upon the fresh stains of her lover's blood—of that lover who had been killed in her arms! "Great God!" she cried, why should I be saved? I should wish to die also."

Catalina felt a sort of pity. Her lips were but little formed for words of consolation; but on this occasion she found expressions of mildness, and they were heard by the unhappy wife, whom by degrees Catalina soothed and brought to think of her immediate safety. On asking Doña Maria whither she wished to go, she requested to be taken to her mother, who was a nun in a convent founded by herself, at La Plata. Catalina ac-

cordingly took the road to this city; but on reaching the banks of the river La Plata they found neither boat nor boatmen. It was, however, necessary to cross the river immediately; for since they had been stopped for want of a boat, the practised ear of the *alferez* had caught sounds from a distance borne on the fresh breeze in one of those beautiful nights in the New World where Nature is at the same time so peaceful and so animated. They had not an instant to lose, for these sounds might proceed from the galloping of Don Pedro's horse

"Commend your soul to God," said Catalina to Doña Maria, "for we are going to cross."

At the same moment she urged her mule into the stream, which they fortunately crossed in safety. After a short rest in a *venta*, they continued their journey to La Plata. Just as Doña Maria perceived the cathedral, and was giving thanks to God for her safety, the galloping of a horse was heard behind them, and two shots from a carbine sent a ball through Catalina's collar, and another among Doña Maria's hair, a lock of which it carried away. Don Pedro was close at their heels; but his horse appeared completely worn out.

"*Vamos! vamos!*" cried Catalina, urging her mule forward. At length they reached the convent.

The *alferez* was now ready to give Don Pedro satisfaction; but prudent perhaps for the first time, she neither sought nor avoided him. On leaving the convent, she walked up and down the aisle of the church. She had been there but a few minutes when a man approached her, who seemed foaming with rage. Without respect for the sanctity of the place, the stranger drew his sword and violently attacked Catalina, uttering at the same time the most horrible imprecations. Taken thus unawares, she was severely wounded ere she could defend herself; but having retreated a few paces, she drew her sword and returned like a raging tiger to her assailant, who turned out to be Don Pedro, and she soon inflicted so dreadful a wound upon him that he fell almost dead upon

the steps of the altar, which was covered with his blood;—for the combatants, in the blindness of rage, had both forgotten that they were in a temple of God. Catalina also was losing blood. The people began to murmur, and she was about to be led away to prison, when two Franciscan monks, sent by Doña Maria's mother, placed her between them, and conducted her to their convent, where she remained until her wounds were healed.

It is a remarkable fact that this is the only action of Catalina's adventurous life in which she had no personal object to attain; it was, in a manner, forced upon her.

It was probably the absence of good intention that prevented her from receiving the reward of this action. Some time after it occurred, she went to Cuzco, where she was thrown into prison on suspicion of having murdered the Corregidor, Don Luis Godoy, a man of high birth and great attainments. But the guilty person having been discovered, she was liberated, after a captivity of five months.

From this unjust detention her ungovernable temper became doubly ferocious; and she plunged into the most horrible excesses, conceiving that she was now justified in contending with fate, and committing a crime for every unjust punishment inflicted on her. Providence, however, had an awful trial in store for her.

In this state of mind she was liberated from her confinement. Being one day with the treasurer of the crown, at whose house she lived as Alferez Alonzo Diaz Ramirez de Gusman, a man entered the room who had a great reputation at Cuzco for the elegance of his manners, and his success in society. He was young, handsome, and proud, and enjoyed so high a reputation for bravery, that he bore the name of the *New Cid*. It was this title, no doubt, that displeased Catalina. She hated the Cid, for she was jealous of him; and every time they met, an unpleasant altercation took place.

On the evening alluded to, the Cid having approached the table at which Catalina was playing, she frowned dreadfully, and

her countenance, naturally dark and sinister, assumed a most hideous expression. The Cid remained close to her, and his hand, whether from inattention or for the purpose of braving her, was placed upon her money. At first she said nothing, and continued her game; but on a sudden she drew her dirk, and with a terrible blow pinned the Cid's hand to the table.

"Let no one approach," she cried, drawing her sword; "he was robbing me—I perceived it, and have punished him."

She was, however, soon overpowered by numbers, and received three wounds before she could reach the door. She nevertheless succeeded in getting into the street, where she mustered the strongest party, all her friends rallying around her.

There was now army against army; for the Cid breathing nothing but death and revenge, had come forth at the head of his supporters, in search of Alferez Diaz.

The two parties agreed to settle their quarrel in a more retired spot; but as, on their way thither, they passed the church of San Francisco, the Cid suddenly sprang upon Catalina, and with his dagger pierced her shoulder through and through. At the same time one of the Cid's friends ran his sword into her left side. This last wound brought her to the ground; the blood gushed from her in torrents, and she fainted.

Her friends, meanwhile, fought over her prostrate body. The sound of *estocadas* and *puñeladas* recalled her to her senses. She opened her eyes, and looking round her, perceived the Cid standing with folded arms upon the steps of the church, and regarding her defeated friends with a smile of triumph. In this attitude he seemed like a victorious archangel! Catalina was roused to desperation at the sight, and collected the remains of her strength for a single and last effort. As if by an act of her will, the blood ceased to flow from her wounds. She dragged herself along among the dead bodies, until she reached the foot of the steps upon which the Cid stood; and then suddenly rising, appeared covered with blood before her enemy. He started back in horror.

"Ah!" he cried, "are you still alive?" and raised his dagger to plunge it into her bosom. But before his arm could descend, she sprang upon him like lightning, and stabbed him to the heart. He fell, and his body rolled down the steps of the cathedral among those of his friends and enemies. Catalina, who seemed to have waited but for the consummation of her revenge, fell also, her blood mingling with that of her dead adversary.

She however survived, and was taken care of, and her wounds healed, by the monk Fray Luis Ferrer de Valencia, to whom, under the secrecy of confession, she declared her sex. Her recovery was tedious; during five long months she lingered upon a bed of sickness. At length she was completely cured; but she was beset with dangers which made death stare her in the face under a thousand different forms. This was calculated to strike terror even into a heart like her's; for a secret attack, behind which death lies in ambuscade, is always, even to the boldest, an object of alarm. The friends of the Cid had sworn to avenge his death; they had taken the oath over his still bleeding corpse, and Catalina had little chance of escape. But she also had friends; they urged her to quit Cuzco; and one night she set out in a litter—for she was still very weak—escorted by her slaves, well armed, and took the direction of the southern provinces.

In this manner she travelled several months, and much more peaceably than she was wont. It was evident that this long and painful illness had greatly changed, not only her habits, but her temper. She was melancholy, and was often seen at prayers and in deep meditation. It is very probable that the sight of death, so long seated at her bedside, and which had left her only after a cruel and arduous struggle, had wrought a great change in her mind. It was at this period of her life, and while suffering under the prolonged weakness resulting from the eight wounds she had received in this last conflict, that she resolved to go to Guamanga, and see the bishop of that place, a man of high renown in the Spanish Indies.

In the several accounts of the *Monja-Alferez*, an incident is related truly characteristic of her energy and presence of mind: it occurred on her way to Guamanga.

Being at Guancavelica, she was one day walking through the streets of the town, and had just bowed to Dr. Solorzano the *Alcade de Corte* of Lima, when she observed an *alguacil* turn his head and examine her as he passed, and then join the *alcade*, to whom he showed a paper: this they both read, and then looked towards her. As Catalina was in a situation to dread everything unusual, she paid great attention to what was going on. The *alguacil* at length approached her and bowed profoundly; she returned his civility, as she herself states, with a still lower bow. But she soon perceived that she was followed; for on advancing towards the gates of the town, she found a negro constantly at her elbow: he did not quit her an instant. Her danger being now manifest, and the *alguacil* already in sight with two of his companions, she determined on getting rid of the negro. The sight of a small pistol which she drew forth, was sufficient for this; the black fell with his face in the dust. Catalina then ran forward and got outside the town. At about a hundred yards from the gates, she met a negro leading a horse by the bridle; the animal, as she afterwards discovered, belonged to the *alcade*. Having pushed the black aside, she mounted the horse, and set off at full speed on the road to Guamanga; and when the officers of justice arrived to seize her, they saw nothing but a distant cloud of dust.

Having crossed the river Balsas, she thought she might with safety take a little rest; she therefore alighted, and seated herself upon the river bank. A short time after, three men coming from Guancavelica reached the opposite bank, and entered the ford of the river. These individuals were unknown to her; nevertheless, when they had reached the middle of the passage, a sort of instinct induced her to question them, and they replied with great civility.

"Whither are you going, brave men?" she asked.

"*Señor Capitan*," replied one of them, "we are come to take you."

"Oh, oh!" returned Catalina, rising, "that is not easily done." And pulling out a brace of pistols, she cocked them. "I will not be taken alive," she continued: "do your worst."

"We will do nothing to displease you, *Señor Capitan*—nothing but our duty: only we have been sent after you."

"Oh! is that all? wait a moment."

As this conversation passed, the three officers of justice stood in the water, at the risk of having their legs bitten off by alligators. They thirsted not for the death of any one: all they wanted was money. This Catalina fully understood; and taking three doubloons of gold from her purse, placed the money upon a stone at the water's edge, politely bowed to the three constables, who were by no means behindhand in returning the civility, and lightly vaulting upon the horse belonging to the *Alcade de Corte* of Lima, pursued her road to Guamanga.

On reaching that city, she could not make up her mind to go immediately to the bishop; and she hesitated for some days as to the line of conduct she should adopt in her critical situation. But the danger was pressing, and a safe asylum urgent. She had been signalled as a murderer, and a dangerous man, throughout every government in Spanish America; and soon after her arrival, the *corregidor* of Guamanga received orders from the Viceroy of Lima, to arrest Alferez Alonzo Diaz Ramirez de Gusman. The magistrate attempted to obey this order; but Catalina, determined to die rather than fall into the hands of justice, defended herself like a lion attacked in its lair. The conflict became so dreadful that the bishop, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, interfered as mediator, and it was agreed that the *alferez* should have his palace for a prison. When Catalina found herself safe in the bishop's residence, whether from true repentance, or because she saw that it was the only way of escaping the gallows, she confessed everything to the venerable prelate, who gave her absolution on condition that

she should resume, not only the dress of her sex, but that of a nun, and enter a convent at Guamanga. To this she consented; she was reconciled to the church, and entered the convent of Santa Clara, in the year 1620, being then twenty-eight years of age.

On the death of the bishop, which occurred soon after, the Archbishop of Lima sent to Guamanga for her, and a magnificent suite came to accompany her. She travelled in a splendid litter, escorted by six *clerigos*, four monks, and six noblemen. On her arrival at Lima, she was conveyed to the archiepiscopal palace; and next day the Viceroy, Don Francisco de Borja, Count of Magalde, and Prince of Esquilaci, came to see her.

The archbishop told her she must enter a convent. She requested to see all the convents at Lima before she selected one. The prelate having consented, she visited them all, remained five days in each, and at length fixed upon that of Santa Trinidad, of the order of St. Bernard. There she remained two years, at the expiration of which time she received an answer to a letter she had written to Spain, informing her, that if she had not yet taken the veil, and would pledge herself to leave the convent with a proper sense of her religious duties, she was at liberty to return to her native country.

She immediately quitted America. She sailed from Carthagena, in 1624, in the fleet commanded by Thomas Larraspura. During the voyage to Spain, she had a quarrel at play, and was obliged to go on board another ship. Her strength of body had returned, and with it her former passions and hatred of restraint.

On the 1st of November 1624, she landed at Cadiz,[7] whence she proceeded to Seville; and wherever she went, the crowd pressed upon her so as to impede her progress. "*La Monja-Alferez! la Monja-Alferez!* (the nun-ensign!)" every one exclaimed.

Anxious to go first to Rome, she passed through Madrid without discovering herself to any one, proceeded to Pampeluna, and crossed a part of the French territory; but on her arrival in Piedmont, she was robbed, thrown into prison, and

afterwards compelled to return to Spain. She went straight to Madrid, and presented a memorial to Philip IV. soliciting assistance and a recompense for her military services in the Indies. Her claims being referred to the council of the Indies, she followed them up with the same perseverance which she displayed in everything she undertook, and obtained a pension of eighteen hundred crowns, with permission to call herself the "Alferez Dona Catalina de Erauso."

She again set out for Rome, and reached it this time in safety. Having presented a petition to Urban VIII. who then filled the pontifical chair, a brief was expedited which reconciled her entirely with the Church, and authorized her to wear man's clothes during the remainder of her life, on condition that she never used any offensive weapon, that she respected God's image in her neighbour, and feared God's vengeance—"*Temiendo*," as she herself says, "*la ulcion de Dios*."

She also relates how kindly she was entertained by the cardinals and Roman nobility. At Rome she spent a month, during which she dined every day with one or other of the princes of the church. At length, after having seen the Pope officiate at St. Peter's, she departed on the 29th of June 1626, and returned to Spain by way of Naples, exciting everywhere the most intense curiosity.

The last years of her life are somewhat involved in obscurity. It is however certain that she resumed her wanderings, and returned to America in 1630, in the fleet commanded by Don Miguel de Echezarretta. Just before her departure, the celebrated Pacheco painted her portrait at Seville, and from this portrait, now in the gallery of Colonel Bertold Sheppeler, at Aix-la Chapelle, is copied that of the *Monja-Alferez* at the head of this memoir. The documents which prove her existence and extraordinary adventures are numerous and authentic. Don Maria de Ferrer, who edited her Life written by herself, has collected every proof that her existence is not one of those extraordinary dreams of the imagination which sometimes convert his-

tory into romance. Recently again at Madrid, Don Juan Perez de Montalvan, a celebrated Spanish dramatist, wrote a comedy in three acts, entitled "La Monja-Alferez."

After reading the life of this extraordinary woman, the mind is struck not only with astonishment, but with a stronger feeling. The study of the human heart seems incomplete in the presence of such a phenomenon, combining a strange assemblage of all the hardy qualities required in the chivalry of the middle ages, even strength of body, but devoid of the slightest quality belonging to a woman. She was, nevertheless, admirably chaste in her conduct: she perfectly understood the feeling of inherent modesty born with woman, and it was never violated by her. It was only in this that she preserved a shade of the character of the sex. She kept her person pure and undefiled amid the vices and disorders of a soldier's life, which she led from her very entrance into the world; and this remarkable feature of her life is not the least important in rendering her one of the most extraordinary beings in the history of Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

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[1] It is curious to read her own account of it in her journal, which, as I have already stated, might pass for memoirs of her life. I will here extract the passage in which she relates her flight from the convent. The careless brevity with which she mentions every thing likely to excite emotion in a girl of her age, is really remarkable :—

"Sali del coro, tomé una luz; fuime a la celda de mi tia, tomé alli unas tijéras, y hilo, y una aguja. Tomé unos reales de â ochos, que alli estaban, tomé las llaves del convento y sali, y fui abriendo puertas y empare jandolas, y en la ultima que fué la dela calle, déjé mi escapulario y mi sali á la calle, sin haber visto ni saber por donde echar, ni a donde me ir. Tiré non so por donde, y fui á dar en un castañar que esta fuera."

(I left the choir—I took a light and went to my aunt's cell, where I took a pair of scissors, some thread, and a needle. I also took some pieces of eight which were there, and the keys of the convent, and then left the cell. I opened and shut the doors gently, and when I had reached the last, opening into the street, I threw off my scapulary and went out into the street, without having the least idea what road to take or whither to go. I, however, ran forward until I reached a chestnut grove.)

[2] Without the scapulary, and with her veil over her eyes, a nun at that period might have passed unnoticed through the crowd. She has not however stated, in any part of her journal, how she obtained the materials to make her male attire. I think, from the particular description she gives of this new dress, that she must have made it out of her petticoats; for in those days females wore eight or nine petticoats, extremely full and wide, and made precisely of the *perpetuan*, or strong woollen stuff, of which she speaks.

[3] See "Las Tablas Cronológicas de la Historia de España," by Don Jose de Sabau y Blanco.

[4] Y dijomé que mi cortaria la cara. (He told me he would cut my face.)

[5] It is well known that at this period convents and churches were sacred places of refuge which temporal justice dared not violate.

[6] As a woman, Catalina's conduct was always extremely correct. During her long residence in camps, her fellow-soldiers never had the slightest suspicion of her sex.

[7] Her arrival at Cadiz is mentioned in a *diario* of the period, now in the archives of the Indies at Seville, as is also the original of her memorial presented to the King and to the Count d'Olivares, then prime minister.

BEATRICE CENCI.

From the original portrait painted by Guido Reni which is to be found in Rome in the Gallery Barbarini.

BEATRICE CENCI.

In an obscure part of Rome, near the Ghetto, or quarter of the Jews, stands a large gloomy pile, which, though partially modernized, retains all the characteristics of a feudal palace. Its foundations are seated upon the ruins of an ancient amphitheatre, and its walls were probably raised, like most of the palaces in the Christian capital, at the expense of some noble monument of antiquity. A darkly tragic history, involving the fate of one of the oldest Patrician families of Rome, and ending in its extinction, is connected with this building. It is a tale of suffering and of blood — one in which the most monstrous perversity distorts the best and gentlest feelings of human nature, and converts a mild and lovely woman into a parricide.[1]

The record of such crimes, though it raises a thrill of breathless horror, conveys at the same time a useful lesson. To watch the effects of a continued career of vice, or to trace the warping of an ardent but virtuous mind under the pressure of accumulated and unheard-of injuries, is to study a most important page in the book of mankind. Precept is powerful, no doubt; but when a terrific picture is placed before us, and the fearful reality brought home to the senses, it leaves a much more lasting impression.

Such is my object in relating the events which follow; as well as to show, that even the production of a positive good is not only no justification for crime, but that such crime leads to certain and irreparable evil. Here we have a daughter inflicting death upon an iniquitous father; and while a deep and soul-stirring interest is awakened by the sorrows and sufferings of Beatrice Cenci, a horror of the crime she committed will ever couple her name with infamy.

Count Nicolo Cenci was the last living descendant of an ancient and noble house. In early life he had entered the ecclesiastical state, risen to the prelacy, and held, under the Pontificate of Pius V., the office of Treasurer to the Apostolic chamber. Being at length the sole survivor of his race, he resolved, though somewhat advanced in years, to return to secular life and marry—a practice not uncommon in the sixteenth century. At his death he left an only son, the inheritor of his honours and immense wealth.

This son, the child of his old age and of his ambition, was Francesco Cenci, the father of Beatrice. The curse of iniquity seemed entailed upon him from his cradle. He was one of those human monsters which, bad as man may be, are the anomalies of the species; woe and despair were the ministers to his enjoyments, and the very atmosphere tainted with his breath was pregnant with death or misfortune to all who came within its influence. Before he had reached his twentieth year, he married a woman of great beauty and noble birth, who, after bearing him seven children, and while still young, died a violent and mysterious death. Very soon after, he married Lucrezia Strozzi, by whom he had no family.

Count Francesco Cenci was a stranger to every redeeming virtue of the human heart. His whole life was spent in debauchery, and in the commission of crimes of the most unspeakable kind. He had several times incurred the penalty of death, but had purchased his pardon from the papal government at the cost of a hundred thousand Roman crowns for each offence. As he advanced in years, he conceived a most implacable hatred towards his children. To get rid of his three eldest sons, he sent them to Spain, where he kept them without the common necessaries of life. They contrived, however, to return to Rome, and throw themselves at the feet of the Pope, who compelled their unnatural father to make them an allowance suitable to their rank. Their eldest sister, cruelly tortured at home, likewise succeeded, though with great difficulty, in mak-

ing an appeal to the Pontiff, and was removed from her father's roof. She died a few years after.

When these victims of Count Cenci's hatred were thus placed beyond his reach, the vindictive old man became almost frantic with passion. But his wife, his daughter Beatrice, his son Bernardino, and a boy still younger, were yet in his power; and upon them he resolved to wreak his vengeance by the infliction of tenfold wretchedness.

To prevent Beatrice from following her sister's example, he shut her up in a remote and unfrequented room of his palace, no longer the seat of princely magnificence and hospitality, but a gloomy and appalling solitude, the silence of which was never disturbed, except by shouts of loose revelry, or shrieks of despair.

So long as Beatrice remained a child, her father treated her with extreme cruelty. But years sped on; the ill-used child grew up into a woman of surpassing loveliness, and the hand raised to fell her to the earth, became gradually relaxed, and at last fell powerless. The soul of the stern father had melted before her matchless beauty, and his ferocious nature seemed subdued. But it was only the deceitful calm that precedes the tempest.

Just before this change took place, Beatrice's two brothers, Cristoforo and Vocio, were found murdered in the neighbourhood of Rome. The crime was ascribed to banditti, but it was generally believed that a parent's hand had directed the assassin's dagger. Be that as it may, the wicked old Count refused the money necessary to bury his sons, alleging that he would wait until the other members of his hated family were cut off, and then spend the whole of his fortune in giving them all a magnificent funeral.

Count Cenci's unusual mildness towards his daughter, seemed at first to have its origin in a redeeming virtue which had imperceptibly stolen into his heart. Beatrice received the marks of his assumed kindness as a blessing of Providence; they

called forth the kindliest emotions of her nature, and her heart overflowed with gratitude. But the real cause of the Count's change of conduct was soon revealed. He had indeed been moved by his daughter's beauty, though not by paternal affection. The wretched man had dared to contemplate the most unhallowed crime that ever blackened the annals of human depravity; and when this became manifest to Beatrice, she shrank back in horror and affright, her features were convulsed with agony, and the most appalling thoughts shot through her brain. Now began that mental struggle which ended in the perversion of her nature, and led to the frightful catastrophe that ensued.

Beatrice Cenci, though the most gentle and affectionate of her sex, had nevertheless a firm and energetic soul. With all the attributes of feminine loveliness, with endowments that rendered her the ornament of society, she had a resoluteness of purpose, and an energy of courage, which nothing could shake. To this may be added a keen sense of injury. A mind of such a stamp, goaded by years of the most revolting cruelty, and recently outraged by a loathsome and unutterable attempt, was the more likely, upon taking a wrong bias, to advance recklessly on to crime. Beatrice was, besides, excited by a powerful and all-absorbing idea. Strongly imbued with the religious fanaticism of the age in which she lived, she imagined that, if her father persevered in his monstrous course, her soul would be for ever contaminated, and both parent and child excluded from eternal salvation. Hence despair fixed its fangs upon her heart, and smothered her better feelings. She at first contemplated the possibility of her father's death as the only chance of averting the threatened evil; and as her mind became familiarized with this idea, she gradually brought herself to think that she was called upon, if not to anticipate the will of Providence, at least to act as its instrument. It is probable that her resolution was strengthened, by witnessing the cruelties daily inflicted upon her step-mother and her two youngest brothers.

Ever since Count Cenci's hatred of Beatrice had yielded to a more atrocious sentiment, she had enjoyed greater freedom, and the fame of her beauty soon spread through Rome. Numerous suitors offered themselves to her notice; but she beheld them all with indifference, except Monsignore Guerra, an intimate friend of Giacomo, her eldest brother. This young man was handsome, valiant, accomplished, and her equal in rank. He had entered the church, and was then a prelate; but he intended to obtain a dispensation to marry, as Beatrice's grandfather had done. He loved Beatrice with the most devoted affection, which she as warmly returned. Count Cenci was jealous of all who approached his daughter, and the lovers could only converse in private when the Count was from home. For some months, he had seldom left his palace, and the cause of this sedentary life was but too apparent, not only to Beatrice, but to the Countess.

Lucrezia was a kind step-mother. There is a bond in the fellowship of suffering which begets affection, and Beatrice had always found sympathy and consolation in her father's wife. Into the bosom of the Countess she now poured the tale of her despair, forcibly directed her attention to the abyss upon the brink of which they all stood, and ultimately succeeded in making her mother-in-law a convert to her views and purposes. For the first time, perhaps, a wife and her step-daughter conspired the death of a husband and father. Trembling for their safety, and dreading the most fearful violence,—led, moreover, by the superstitious fanaticism with which, in those days of blindness, Christianity was debased, to take a false view of futurity, two feeble women dared to conceive a crime that would have appalled the stoutest-hearted villain.

The lover of Beatrice was made the depositary of this dreadful secret, and his assistance solicited. Guerra loved his beautiful mistress too ardently to question the propriety of anything she resolved upon, and, as her blind slave, he readily assumed the management of the plot. Having first communicated

the matter to Giacomo, and wrung from him a perhaps reluctant concurrence, he next undertook to provide the murderers. These were soon found. The vassals of Count Cenci abhorred him as an insufferable tyrant; among them were Marzio and Olimpio, both of whom burned with Italian vindictiveness and hatred of their feudal lord. Marzio, besides, madly and hopelessly loved Beatrice. He was sent for to the Cenci palace, where, after a few gentle words from the syren, and the promise of a princely reward, he accepted the bloody mission; and Olimpio was induced to join him from a desire of avenging some personal wrongs.

The first plan fixed upon by the conspirators was one likely to escape detection; nevertheless, from some cause now unknown, it was abandoned. Count Cenci intended spending a year at Rocca-di-Petrella, a castle situated among the Apulian Apennines. It belonged to his friend Marzio Colunna, who had placed it at his disposal. A number of banditti posted in the woods near the castle were to have attacked the Count on his way thither, seized his person, and demanded so heavy a ransom that he could not possibly have the sum with him. His sons were to propose fetching the money, and, after remaining some time absent, to return and declare that they had been unable to raise so large an amount. The Count was then to be put to death.

The difficulties which arose to prevent the adoption of this plan, certainly offering the best chances of escape from the consequences of the crime, are involved in obscurity; but the hand of Providence is here apparent. The murder was adjourned to some more convenient opportunity, and Count Cenci set out with his wife, his daughter, and his two youngest sons, for Rocca-di-Petrella.

It raises feelings of horror and disgust, as we follow this family party in their slow progress across the Pontine marshes, meditating against each other, as they journeyed on, crimes the most revolting to human nature. They moved forward like a

funeral procession. On reaching Rocca-di-Petrella, the Count immediately began to carry his designs against Beatrice into execution.

Day after day, the most violent scenes took place, and they but strengthened Beatrice in her desperate resolution. At length she could hold out no longer; and the rage of madness took possession of her mind. One day—it was the 4th of September 1598—after a most trying interview with her father, she threw herself, in an agony of horror, into the arms of Lucrezia, and exclaimed in a hoarse, broken voice:

"We can delay no longer:—he must die."

An express was that instant despatched to Monsignore Guerra; the murderers received immediate instructions, and on the evening of the 8th, reached Rocca-di-Petrella. Beatrice turned pale on hearing the signal which announced their arrival.

"This is the Nativity of the Virgin," said she to the Countess, "we must wait till to-morrow; for why should we commit a double crime?"

Thus was a most heinous offence, no less than the murder of a father and a husband, deferred because the Church prohibited *all kind of work* on the day of the Virgin Mary's nativity. Such were the feelings of these two women; and such, I may safely aver, were the feelings of every desperate villain in Italy, at that period. Even Francesco Cenci, whose atrocities have found no parallel in ancient or modern times, built a chapel and established masses for the repose of his soul. Religion was no check: it was only a refuge or sanctuary against punishment; and it served but to convince the dying criminal who had strictly observed its outward forms, of his certain passport to heaven.

On the following evening, Beatrice and Lucrezia administered an opiate to Count Cenci, of sufficient strength to prevent him from defending his life. A short time after he had taken it, he fell into a heavy sleep.

When all was silent in the castle, the murderers were admitted by Beatrice, who conducted them into a long gallery, leading to

the Count's bed-room. The women were soon left to themselves; and strong as was their determination, and deep the sense of their wrongs, this moment must have been appalling to both. They listened in breathless anxiety—not a sound was audible. At length the door of the Count's room was opened, and the murderers rushed out horror-stricken.

"Oh God!" said Marzio, in dreadful agitation, "I cannot kill that old man.—His peaceful sleep—his venerable white locks—Oh! I cannot do it!"

The cheeks of Beatrice became of an ashy paleness, and she trembled with anger. Her eyes flashed with fury, as her colour returned, and the passions which shook her whole frame served but to give additional lustre to her beauty.

"Coward!" she exclaimed with bitterness, seizing Marzio by the arm: "thy valour lies only in words. Base murderer! thou hast sold thy soul to the devil, and yet thou lackest energy to fulfil thy hellish contract. Return to that room, vile slave, and do thy duty; or, by the seven pains of our Lady!—" and as she said this, she drew a dagger from under the folds of her dress, "thy dastardly soul shall go prematurely to its long account."

The men shrank beneath the scowl of this girl. Completely abashed, they returned to their work of death, followed by Beatrice and Lucrezia. The Count had not been disturbed from his sleep. His head appeared above the coverlid; it was surrounded by flowing white hair, which, reflecting the moon-beams as they fell upon it through the large painted window, formed a silvery halo round his brow. Marzio shuddered as he approached the bed—(the passage from sleep to eternity was brief.)—

The crime being consummated, Beatrice herself paid the promised reward, and presented Marzio with a cloak richly trimmed with gold lace. The murderers immediately left the castle through a ruined postern long out of use, and partly walled up.

Beatrice and Lucrezia then returned to the murdered Count, and drawing the weapon from the wound—for the old man had

been deprived of life by means of a long and sharply pointed piece of iron, driven into the brain through the corner of the right eye—clothed the body in a dressing-gown, and dragging it to the further end of the gallery, precipitated it from a window then under repair, the balcony of which had been taken down. Beneath, stood a huge mulberry-tree with strong and luxuriant branches, which so dreadfully mutilated the corpse in its fall, that when found in the morning, it presented every appearance of accidental death. It is probable that no suspicion would ever have been excited, had not Beatrice, with strict injunctions to secrecy, given the blood-stained sheets and coverlid to a woman of the village for the purpose of being washed.

Rocca-di-Petrella being situated in the Neapolitan territory, the Court of Naples received the first intimation of the suspected crime. An inquiry was immediately set on foot; but, notwithstanding every search, the deposition of the woman who had washed the bed-clothes, was the only evidence that could be obtained.

Meantime, Giacomo had assumed the title of Count Cenci; and his step-mother and sister, accompanied by Bernardino—for the youngest boy had died soon after the murder—had quitted Rocca-di-Petrella, and taken up their abode at the Cenci palace, there to enjoy the few peaceful months which Providence allowed to intervene betwixt the crime and its punishment. Here they received the first intelligence of the inquiry instituted by the Neapolitan Government; and they trembled at the thought of being betrayed by their accomplices.

Monsignore Guerra, equally interested in the concealment of the crime, resolved to make sure of the discretion of Marzio and Olimpio, and hired a bravo to despatch them. Olimpio was accordingly murdered near Turin; but Marzio, being arrested at Naples for a fresh crime, declared himself guilty of Count Cenci's death, and related every particular. This new evidence being instantly forwarded to the papal government, by that of Naples, Beatrice and Lucrezia were put under arrest in the Cenci pa-

lace, and Giacomo and Bernardino imprisoned at Corte-Savella. Marzio was soon after brought to Rome and confronted with the members of the Cenci family. But when he beheld that Beatrice, whom he so fondly loved, standing before him as a prisoner—her fate hanging upon the words he should utter—he retracted his confession, and boldly declared that his former statement at Naples was totally false. He was put to the most cruel torture; but he persisted in his denial, and expired upon the rack.

The Cenci now seemed absolved from the accusation. But the murderer of Olimpio being arrested, as Marzio had been, for a different offence, voluntarily accused himself of this murder, which he had perpetrated, he said, in obedience to the commands of Monsignore Guerra. As Olimpio had also made some disclosures before he died, the confession of his assassin was considered so conclusive, that the whole of the prisoners were conveyed to the castle of St. Angelo. Guerra, seriously alarmed at the declaration of the bravo, fled from Rome in disguise, and, after encountering many perils, succeeded in leaving Italy. His flight was a confirmation of the evidence, and proceedings against the Cenci family were immediately commenced.

Criminal process in those days, as in the two succeeding centuries, was the mere application of physical torture to extort an avowal of the crime imputed; for the law had *humanely* provided that no criminal could be convicted but upon his own confession. The rack was therefore termed *the question;* and was, in fact, the only form of interrogatory. Thus, if an accused was innocent, and had energy of soul to brave the torture, he must bear it till he died: but if nature was subdued by pain, he accused himself falsely, and was put to death on the scaffold. Such was the justice administered by men calling themselves Christian prelates!

The question was applied to the Cenci. Lucrezia, Giacomo, and Bernardino, unable to bear the agony, made a full confes-

sion; but Beatrice strenuously persisted in a denial of the murder. Her beautiful limbs were torn by the instruments of torture; but by her eloquence and address she completely foiled the tribunal. The judges were greatly embarrassed: they dared not pronounce judgment, and their president, Ulisse Moscatino, reported the state of the proceedings to the Pope, then Clement VIII.

The Pontiff, fearing that Moscatino had been touched by the extreme beauty of Beatrice, appointed a new president, and the question was again applied. The unhappy girl bore the most intense agony without flinching; nothing could be elicited from her but a denial of the crime with which she was charged. At length the judges ordered her hair to be cut off. This last indignity broke her spirit, and her resolution gave way. She now declared that she was ready to confess, but only in the presence of her family. Lucrezia and Giacomo were immediately introduced; and when they saw her stretched upon the rack, pale and exhausted, her delicate limbs mangled and bleeding, they threw themselves beside her, and wept bitterly.

"Dear sister!" said Giacomo, "we committed the crime, and have confessed it. There is now no further use in your allowing yourself to be so cruelly tortured."

"It is not of sufferings such as these, that we ought to complain," Beatrice replied, in a faint voice. "I felt much greater anguish on the day I first saw a foul stain cast upon our ancient and honourable house. As you must die, would it not have been better to have died under the most acute tortures, than to endure the disgrace of a public execution!"

This idea threw her into strong convulsions. She soon however recovered, and thus resumed: "God's will be done! It is your wish that I should confess; well! be it so." Then turning to the tribunal, "Read me," she said, "the confession of my family, and I will add what is necessary."

She was now unbound, and the whole proceedings read to her. She, however, signed the confession without adding a word.

The four prisoners were now conveyed to Corte-Savella, where a room had been prepared for their reception. Here they were allowed to dine together, and in the evening the two brothers were removed to the prison of Tardinova.

The Pope condemned the Cenci to be dragged through the streets of Rome by wild horses. This was a cruel sentence; more especially as it emanated from the head of the Catholic Church, and was quite arbitrary. The prelates and Roman nobility were struck with pity and indignation. A species of sophistry which did much more honour to their humanity than to their judgment, led them to urge in extenuation, nay, almost in justification of the crime, the provocation received, and the series of monstrous atrocities committed by the late Count Cenci. They made the most energetic remonstrances to the Pope, who, much against his will, granted a respite of three days and a hearing by counsel.

The most celebrated advocates at Rome offered their services on this occasion, and Nicolo di Angeli, the most eloquent among them, pleaded the cause of the Cenci so powerfully, that Clement was roused to anger.

"What!" he exclaimed indignantly, "shall children murder their parent and a Christian advocate attempt to justify such a crime, before the head of the Church?"

The counsel were intimidated; but Farinacci, another advocate, rose and addressing the Pope,

"Holy Father!" said he with firmness, "we come not hither to employ our talents in making so odious a crime appear a virtue, but to defend the innocent, if it please your Holiness to give us a hearing."

The Pope made no reply, but listened to Farinacci with great patience, during four hours. He then dismissed the advocates, and withdrew with Cardinal Marcello, to reconsider the case.

Doubtless, the parricide can find no extenuation of his crime; nevertheless the circumstances between Beatrice and her father were so monstrous, the latter was such a fiend upon earth, and

each of the prisoners had been so cruelly tortured by him, that the Pope determined to mitigate the severity of his sentence. He was about to commute it into imprisonment for life, when news reached Rome that the Princess Costanza di Santa-Croce had been murdered at Subiaco by her son, because she had refused to make a will in his favour. This event again roused Clement's severity, and on the 10th of September 1599, he directed Monsignore Taberna, governor of Rome, to resume proceedings against the Cenci, and let the law take its course.

The whole family were to be publicly beheaded in three days. Farinacci again came forward and pleaded the cause of Bernardino, who had not been an accomplice or even privy to the crime, and succeeded in obtaining his pardon; but on the horrible condition that he should attend the execution of the others.

The day before the execution, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the ministers of justice arrived at Corte-Savella to read the sentence of the law to the wife and daughter of the murdered Count Cenci. Beatrice was in a sound sleep; the judges surrounded her in silence, and the solemn voice of the *segretario* roused her from her last slumber in this world.

The idea of a public exposure upon the scaffold threw her into an agony of grief; but her mind soon recovered its tone, and she calmly prepared for death.

She began by making her will, in which she directed that her body should be buried in the church of San-Pietro in Montorio. She bequeathed three hundred Roman crowns to the congregation of the Sante-Piaghe, and her own dower as a marriage portion to fifty portionless girls.

There is a strange serenity in this contemplation of conjugal life from the brink of the grave, especially by a young girl about to expiate, on the scaffold, the murder of her father. But the history of Beatrice Cenci is still involved in mystery, and it is therefore difficult to trace the workings of her mind.

"Now," said she to Lucrezia, "let us prepare to meet death with decency."

The fatal hour struck, and the nuns of the congregation of the Sette-Dolori came to conduct the prisoners to the place of death. They found Beatrice at prayers, but firm and resolute.

Meanwhile, her two brothers had left Tardinova, escorted by the congregation of Penitents. The celebrated picture of Piety, presented by Michael Angelo for the sole use of dying criminals, was borne before them. They were thus taken before a judge, who, after reading Giacomo's sentence to him, turned to Bernardino,

"Signor Cenci," he said, "our most Holy Father grants you your life. Return thanks for his clemency. *You are condemned to proceed to the place of execution, and witness the death of your family.*"

The moment the judge had done speaking, the Penitents struck up a hymn of thanksgiving, and withdrew the picture from before Bernardino, who was now placed in a separate cart, and the procession again moved forward. During the whole of the route, Giacomo was tortured with red-hot pincers. He bore the pain with marvellous fortitude,—not a sigh escaped him.

They stopped at the gate of Corte-Savella to take Beatrice and Lucrezia, who came forth covered with their veils. That of Beatrice was of grey muslin, embroidered with silver. She wore a purple petticoat, white shoes, and a very high dress of grey silk, with wide sleeves, which she had made during the night. Both held a crucifix in one hand and a white pocket handkerchief in the other; for though their arms were lightly bound with cords, their hands were perfectly free. Beatrice had just entered her twentieth year: never had she appeared more lovely. There was, in her suffering countenance, an expression of resignation and fortitude, a calmness of religious hope, that drew tears from the spectators. She kept up her step-mother's courage as they proceeded, and whenever they passed a church or a Madonna, she prayed aloud with great fervency.

On reaching the Ponte St. Angelo, near which the scaffold was erected, the prisoners were placed in a small temporary

chapel prepared for them, where they spent a short time in prayer. Giacomo, though the last executed, was the first to ascend the scaffold, and Bernardino was placed by his side. The unhappy youth fainted, and was firmly bound to a chair. Beatrice and Lucrezia were then led forth from the chapel. An immense concourse of people had assembled, and each bosom throbbed with painful interest.

At this moment three guns were fired from the castle of St. Angelo. It was a signal to inform the Pope that the prisoners were ready for execution. On hearing it, Clement became agitated, and wept; then falling on his knees, he gave the Cenci full absolution, which was communicated to them in his name. The assembled spectators knelt, and prayed aloud; and thousands of hands were lifted up in deprecation of God's wrath upon the blood-stained criminals about to appear before his eternal throne.

Lucrezia was the first led forward for execution. The minister of the law stripped her to the waist. The unfortunate woman trembled excessively; not indeed from fear, but from the gross violation of decency, in thus exposing her to the gaze of the multitude.

"Great God!" she cried, "spare me this. Oh! mercy, mercy!"

The particulars of Lucrezia's execution are disgusting and horrible; for the sake of human nature, such atrocities should be buried in eternal silence. When her head fell, it made three bounds, as if appealing against such cruelty. The *boja*, after holding it up to the terrified spectators, covered it with a silk veil, and placed it in the coffin with her body. He then reset the axe for Beatrice, who was on her knees in fervent prayer. Having prepared the instrument of death, he rudely seized her arm, with hands besmeared with the blood of her step-mother. She instantly arose, and said, in a firm and strongly accentuated voice:—

"O my divine Saviour, who didst die upon the cross for me and for all mankind; grant, I beseech thee, that one drop of

thy precious blood may insure my salvation, and that, guilty as I am, thou wilt admit me into thy heavenly paradise."

Then presenting her arms for the *boja* to bind them :

"Thou art about," she said, "to bind my body for its punishment, mayest thou likewise unbind my soul for its eternal salvation !"

She walked to the block with a firm step, and, as she knelt, took every precaution that female delicacy could suggest ; then calmly laying down her head, it was severed by a single stroke.

Bernardino was two years younger than his sister Beatrice, whom he tenderly loved. When he saw her head roll upon the scaffold, he again fainted. But cruelty is ever active ; and he was recalled to life, that he might witness the death of his brother.

Giacomo was covered with a mourning cloak. Upon its removal, a cry of horror issued from the spectators, at the sight of his mangled and bleeding body. He approached Bernardino—

"Dear brother," said he, "if, on the rack, I said any thing to criminate you, it was drawn from me by the intense agony I endured ; and, although I have already contradicted it, I here solemnly declare that you are entirely innocent, and that your being brought hither to witness our execution, is a wanton and atrocious piece of cruelty. Pardon me, my brother, and pray for us all."

He then knelt upon the scaffold, and began to pray. The *boja* placed a bandage over his eyes, and struck him a violent blow across the right temple, with a bar of iron. He fell without a groan, and his body was torn into four parts.

The congregation of the Sante-Piaghe conveyed Bernardino back to his prison, where, during four days, he remained in dreadful convulsions ; and for a long time after, not only was his reason despaired of, but his life. The bodies of Beatrice and Lucrezia, together with the severed quarters of Giacomo,

were exposed till the evening, at the foot of St. Paul's statue, on the Ponte St. Angelo. The congregations then took them away. The body of Beatrice was received by venerable matrons, who, after washing and perfuming it, clothed it in white, and surrounded it with flowers, consecrated candles, and vases of incense. It was ultimately placed in a magnificent coffin, conveyed to the church of San-Pietro in Montorio, by the light of more than five hundred torches, and there buried, at the foot of the great altar, close under the celebrated Transfiguration by Raphael.

Bernardino was the only survivor of this unhappy family, and the last male heir of his race. He married a Bologuetti, and left an only daughter, who changed the name of the Cenci palace; and from this marriage, the building came into the possession of the Bologuetti family, to whom it still belongs.

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[1] It is upon this deplorable history that Shelley founded his tragedy of "The Cenci."—Ed.

CATHERINE ALEXIEWNA,

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

On the morning of the 20th of August 1702, the Russian cannon began to batter in breach the old ramparts of Marienburg. Sheremetoff commanded the besieging army. He had been sent by Peter the Great to avenge the humiliations inflicted upon the Russians, during the preceding year, at Narva and in Poland: and about a month before the period at which this narrative commences, he had defeated the Swedish army under the command of Slippembach. Marienburg surrendered at discretion in a few hours, and the Russians, exasperated at the store-houses and magazines having been set on fire, put the Swedish garrison to the sword, and made the inhabitants prisoners,—a lot much worse in those days than death; for it was a condition of slavery. Among the captives, all of whom were casting a lingering look at the homes from which they were now driven, was a Lutheran minister, attended by three young girls. One of these was strikingly handsome. She had just been discovered by the Russian soldiers concealed in an oven, in which her fright had led her to seek refuge. The family was brought before General Bauër, Sheremetoff's lieutenant, who was surprised at the beauty of the eldest girl.

"Thy name?" said he, in a harsh voice to the minister.

"Gluck."

"Thy religion?"

"Lutheran."

"Why did thy daughter hide herself? Thinkest thou that we refuse our protection to the weak and innocent?"

"The young girl of whom you speak," the trembling minister replied, "is not a member of my family. I love her as my child; but she is a stranger to my blood."

CATHERINE THE 1st.

Czarina of Russia.

The Original of this picture is in the Royal library of Paris from [illegible]

[illegible] published by [illegible] & Co. [illegible] Cavendish Square

"Oh! oh!" muttered the general with an expressive look. "Who is she then?"

"The daughter of poor peasants, who dwelt in the neighbourhood of Derpt in Livonia. I took charge of her when her mother died, and have taught her the little I know. Her name is Martha Alfendey."

"'Tis well! You may retire. As for you," said the general, addressing the young girl, "remain here."

Instead of obeying this command, she clung to the arm of her protector.

"General," said the minister, "Martha was married this morning; the ceremony had just been performed when the firing began."

Bauër laughed, and repeated his order. Resistance was impossible. The pastor withdrew, and the poor girl remained with her future master; for she was now a slave, and the slave too of a man who in a few years was to become her subject.

This young female, as the reader may have already anticipated, was Catherine—a name she afterwards assumed, together with that of Alexiewna, when she embraced the tenets of the Greek church. In the present narrative, I shall give her no other.

Catherine was eminently beautiful; and there was an extreme fascination in her look and smile. After a short period of service, Bauër thought he might advance his own interests by making a present of his fair slave to Sheremetoff. He accordingly dressed her after the Russian fashion, and presented her to the marshal, with whom she remained some time. But Menzicoff, then all powerful with the Czar, having seen her by chance, offered to purchase her; and Sheremetoff, whether from indifference, or because he was desirous of making a merit of his compliance, sent her as a free offering to the prince. Thus, in less than two years, Catherine became the property of three different masters.

Menzicoff, one day, had to entertain the Czar. Peter loved to give such marks of his royal favour; they cost him nothing,

and, in a country like Russia, were highly prized. Seated at a table loaded with a profusion of gold plate, sparkling crystal, and the finest linen of Holland and Saxony trimmed with Brussels lace, the Czar was in that joyous mood to which he sometimes yielded when the thorns of his diadem tore his brow, or the weight of his sceptre tired his arm. He wore on that day a coat of very coarse cloth, cut after his own fashion ; for he affected a simplicity of attire very much out of keeping with the oriental magnificence he was sometimes fond of displaying. His mirth was always boisterous ; and in the midst of a loud peal of laughter he suddenly stopped, replaced upon the table the chased goblet he held in his hand, and followed with his eyes a young, beautiful, and elegantly dressed female, who had just poured wine into his cup, smiling with respectful modesty as she performed the office. Peter thought he had never beheld so fascinating a creature.

"Who is that woman?" said he to the favourite.

"My slave, dread lord," replied the trembling prince.

"Thy slave!" cried Peter in a voice of thunder ; then in a mild tone, almost in a whisper, he added : "I will purchase thy slave. What is her price?"

"I shall consider myself most fortunate," Menzicoff replied, "if your Majesty will vouchsafe to accept her."

The same day, Catherine was taken to a house in a remote part of Moscow. Menzicoff, who was really attached to her, was in hopes that the Czar would take but little notice of his new acquisition, and that his slave would ultimately be sent back to him ; but the fair captive had caught a glimpse of her future greatness, and soon brought into play that energy of genius which ultimately placed the imperial crown upon her head. The powers of her mind, and her extraordinary talents, became known throughout Russia long before she appeared as the saviour not only of the empire, but of the honour of Peter's throne. At first the Czar visited her only occasionally ; soon, however, not a day passed without his seeing her ; and ultimately he took his minis-

ters to her house, and transacted all the business of the state in her presence, frequently consulting her and taking her advice upon the most knotty difficulties. Her cheerfulness, her mildness of temper, and especially her energy of mind, so congenial with his own, filled up the void left in his heart by former disappointments. His first wife, Eudocia Lapoukin, had proved faithless, and he had repudiated her. He afterwards wished to wed the beautiful Anna Moëns, who refused the proferred honour because she still considered him the husband of another. In his intercourse with Catherine, he therefore freely yielded to a deep and overwhelming passion, which seemed likely to compensate for former sufferings. It was not long before he contracted a secret marriage with his lovely slave; and in the enjoyment of her affection his heart recovered its tone, and he was happy.

In this almost unknown retreat, Catherine bore him two daughters: Anna, born in 1708, and Elizabeth, born in 1709. From this time, the power of the fair captive of Marienburg was acknowledged throughout the empire, and she found herself strong enough to show Russia that she was indeed its sovereign. She was aware that the Czarowitz Alexis, Peter's son by Eudocia, hated her; yet she never attempted to widen the breach between him and the Czar: she also knew that Eudocia was intriguing against her, but she never thought of revenge; for she had a soul worthy of her high destiny: a soul truly great, and standing out in such prominent relief as to throw many of her errors into the shade.

Her power over the Czar was greatly strengthened by her having become necessary to his existence. From his infancy, Peter had been subject to convulsions which often endangered his life: this complaint was attributed to the effects of poison administered by an ambitious sister. During these attacks, his sufferings were intense; and before and after they came on, he was seized with a mental uneasiness and throbbing of the heart, which threw him into a state of the most gloomy

despondency. Catherine found means, by her attentions, to assuage his sufferings; she had also magic words at command to soothe his mind:—whenever, therefore, he found one of his attacks coming on, he sought the society of the sorceress, whose voice and look charmed away his pain; and he ever found her kind, and affectionate, ready to minister to his comfort, and pour balm upon his anguish.

Hitherto Catherine had appeared to Peter only as a fond and fascinating woman; but the time was near at hand when he found that she had a soul of the most dauntless heroism.

The battle of Pultawa had been fought, and Charles XII. defeated, abandoned, and almost unattended, was in rapid flight towards Turkey. The Swedish monarch had left Saxony at the head of forty-five thousand men, and was afterwards joined by the Livonian army under Lewenhaupt, amounting to sixteen thousand more. But the Russians were superior in numbers. The slaughter on this memorable day was dreadful. The Swedes seemed panic-struck: they lost nine thousand killed, and sixteen thousand prisoners. Lewenhaupt, with fourteen thousand men, laid down his arms to ten thousand Russians.

Peter followed up his victory; but, like a great and generous monarch, wrote to Charles XII. entreating him not to go to Turkey in search of assistance from the enemies of Christianity, but to trust to him, and he would prove a good brother. This letter, it is said, concluding with an offer of peace, was dictated by Catherine. But it was despatched too late—Charles had already crossed the Dnieper.

The Czar soon seized upon the advantages which this success of his arms placed at his disposal. He concluded a treaty with Prussia, laid siege to Riga, restored the kingdom of Poland to the Elector of Saxony, and ratified the treaty with Denmark. Having at length completed his measures for the further humiliation of Sweden, he returned to Moscow, to make preparations for the triumphal entry of his army into that capital.

The year 1710 was opened with this solemnity. It was truly a noble sight, and calculated to give the Russian people an exalted idea of their strength as a nation. The greatest magnificence was displayed in the ceremony. Seven splendid triumphal arches were erected for the vanquished to pass under; and as *an act of presence*, and to prove the defeat not only of a rival monarch but of a whole nation, the Swedish artillery and standards, and the litter of the fugitive king, appeared in the procession. The Swedish ministers and troops who had been made prisoners, advanced on foot, followed by the most favoured troops of Peter's army on horseback, the generals each according to his rank, and the Czar in his place as major-general. A deputation from the different bodies of the state was stationed at each triumphal arch, and at the last came a troop of young noblemen, the sons of the principal boyards, clad in Roman dresses, who presented crowns of laurel to the Emperor.

"You are truly a great and powerful sovereign," said Catherine, when the ceremony was over. "I have only one regret, that of not having been by your side."

"You should have come in a litter," Peter replied; "for you surely could not have followed me on horseback."

Catherine smiled.

"Ask Sheremetoff and Menzicoff," said she, "whether or not I can manage a horse, and they will tell you that I can ride as well as any of your officers."

The Emperor's brow contracted, his features became convulsed, and his eyes shot a glance of ferocious and malignant anger that made Catherine shudder. He sprang towards her, and squeezing her left wrist with extreme violence,

"Never pronounce," said he with vehemence, "the names of those two men."

He then rushed out of the room like a madman. Catherine saw that he was in a delirium of jealousy, and trembled as she thought of the fate of Kleboff.[1] It was a warning presenti-

ment of what she should herself some day have to endure from Peter's jealousy.

At this period, war was extending its miseries throughout Europe. Denmark was preparing to invade Sweden; whilst France, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Germany, and England, had drawn the sword to contend for the inheritance of Charles II. of Spain. The whole of the North was in arms against Charles XII. Nothing now remained, but a war with Turkey, to involve every province in Europe in strife and bloodshed; and this soon occurred.

Peter's glory was at its zenith when Achmet III. commenced hostilities against him. Charles flattered himself that the Sultan had decided upon this course to avenge the defeat of the Swedes; but Achmet was actuated solely by his own interest.

The Czar lost no time in taking his measures: having despatched Appraxin to Asoph to take the command of the fleet and land forces, he constituted a senate of regency, made an appeal to the loyalty of the young nobles of Russia, and sent forward the four regiments of his guards. When all was ready, he issued a proclamation, calling upon the Russian nation to acknowledge a new Czarina. This was no other than Catherine, the orphan brought up by the Lutheran minister, and the captive of Marienburg. He now declared his marriage, and designated her as his consort. She set out with the Czar on his expedition against the Turks, and, being constantly near his person, redoubled her soothing attentions on the march, during which Peter had several severe returns of his complaint. He was soon in the presence of Baltagi-Mohammed, having advanced by the frontiers of Poland, and crossed the Dnieper in order to disengage Sheremetoff. On reaching the river, he intreated Catherine not to follow him to the opposite bank.

"Our two destinies form but one life," she replied. "Where you are, there must I be also."

Ever pleasing, good-humoured, and affable, she became the delight and pride of the soldiers. She seldom used her carriage,

but was generally on horseback by Peter's side ; and she endured the same privations as the lowest officer in the army. Though frequently overcome with fatigue, her attentions and kindness to the sick officers and men were unremitting. She sent them assistance, paid them visits, and then returned to the Czar, dissipating by her smiles the clouds that gathered on his brow as his danger became greater and more imminent. In this way they reached the banks of the Pruth.

The situation of the Russian army at length became so critical as to call forth all the resources of Peter's skill and energy. His communications with General Renne were cut off, and his provisions exhausted. Prodigious swarms of locusts alighted and destroyed all traces of vegetation ; and water was so scarce that none could be obtained, except by drawing it from the river under a heavy fire from the Turkish artillery.

Peter, in despair at finding himself in a situation even worse perhaps than that to which he had reduced Charles XII. at Pultawa, determined upon a retreat. But Baltagi-Mohammed having come up with him, Peter's regiment of the Preobasinski guards sustained the attack of the whole Turkish army, which lasted for several hours. Night came on, and the Russians, overcome with fatigue, were unable to continue their retreat.

Two Swedish generals were employed in the grand-vizier's army: Count Poniatowski, father of him who was afterwards king of Poland, and the Count of Sparre. The former advised that Peter's supplies should be cut off, and the Russian army be thus compelled to surrender or die of starvation ; the latter urged an immediate attack upon the Czar's discouraged troops, who might easily be cut to pieces.

On the following day, the Russians were surrounded on all sides. The hostile armies were engaged several hours, during which eight thousand Russians withstood the attack of a hundred and fifty thousand Turks, killing seven thousand of them, and ultimately forcing them back.[2] The armies then intrenched themselves for the night. The Russians suffered

dreadfully for want of water; the men who were sent to fetch it, fell dead upon the banks of the river under the grape-shot of the Turkish artillery. Meantime, Peter was striding with hurried steps within the space which his soldiers had intrenched with all the waggons they could muster. Discouragement was but too evident upon every brow, and the Czar clearly perceived that the noble army of which he was so proud, and upon which his fortunes now depended, had no other prospect than starvation or slavery.

He returned to his tent in an agony of grief difficult to describe, and gave orders that no one should be allowed to enter. His reason was all but gone; for he was at this moment under one of those attacks to which he was subject whenever his mind was greatly excited. Seated at a table upon which he had laid his sword, he seemed overcome by the weight of his misfortunes. On a sudden he started—he had heard his name called:—a gentle hand pressed his—Catherine stood by his side.

" I had given orders that nobody should enter," said Peter angrily; " why have you presumed to disobey them?"

" Such orders cannot surely extend to me," replied Catherine with mildness. " Can you deprive the woman, who ever since the opening of the campaign has shared all your dangers, of the right to talk to you about your army, composed of your subjects, of which she is one?"

The words uttered with solemnity, and in that *sotto voce* which woman alone can assume, made a strong impression upon the Czar. He threw his arms round Catherine, and placing his head upon her bosom, moaned piteously.

" Why, Catherine, hast thou come hither to see me die? for to die I am resolved; I will never submit to be dragged along in triumph by those unbelievers."

" Thou hast no right to die, Peter," said Catherine in the same mild and solemn tone, though her heart throbbed violently, and she had great difficulty to restrain her tears; " thy life is not thine own. Wouldst thou, moreover, leave the road to

Moscow open, so that Mohammed may proceed thither and take thy daughters to grace his master's harem?"

"Great God!" exclaimed the Czar, starting back.

"Or wouldst thou let him go to Petersburgh, thy well-beloved city, and himself execute that which he requires of thee?"

"No!" said Peter, seizing his sword; "he shall not go thither—I am still alive to prevent it."

"Thou art beside thyself, Peter," Catherine continued, "thou knowest not what thou dost. I am but a woman—a simple ignorant woman—but I love thee, not only because thou hast raised me from the lowly state of a peasant and a slave to the dignity of thy consort, but for thine own glory. I also love the Russian people, and am resolved to save you both. Hear me!"

Subjugated by Catherine's manner and the greatness of soul which beamed from her countenance, the Czar gazed upon her in astonishment. Already calmed by her words of mingled tenderness and energy, he placed her by his side and prepared to listen to her. She immediately began, and with great precision and clearness developed the plan she had formed ever since the critical situation of the army had led her to suppose that every ordinary resource would fail. Peter assented to all she proposed, and Catherine lost not an instant in carrying her project into execution. She collected together the few jewels she had brought with her on an expedition free from all unnecessary splendour of attire, and selected an officer, upon whose talents and presence of mind she could depend, to carry them as a present to the Grand-vizier; she likewise added, for the Kiaja, all the ready money she could collect. These preparations being made, she sent for Sheremetoff, and made him write a letter to Baltagi-Mohammed. Norberg, chaplain to Charles XII, has stated, in his history of that monarch, that the letter was written by the Czar himself, and couched in the most abject terms. This is untrue; it was written by Sheremetoff in his own name, and not only with becoming dignity, but each expression was so measured

as to prevent the grand-vizier from forming a suspicion of the extreme state to which the Russian army was reduced. Sheremetoff wrote under the dictation of Catherine, herself unable to write, but whose instinctive genius—the real fountain of science—rendered her as superior in counsel, as she was in energy of mind.

For some hours Mohammed made no reply, and the Turkish artillery continued to scatter its missiles along the banks of the river. As the sun sank towards the horizon, the anxiety in the Russian camp became intense. Catherine, ever active, was almost at the same time soothing and encouraging Peter and scattering her magic words of heroism among the officers and men of his army. She seemed everywhere at once, and all were animated by her presence. She pointed out to the troops their sovereign, as he passed along, sorrowing at their sorrow, and unhappy at their misfortunes; she urged them to assuage his grief, by showing him that their courage remained unshaken. Her words were electrical: the ministers and generals soon surrounded Peter, and, in the name of the whole army, demanded to cross the Pruth immediately. Ten of the oldest generals held a council of war, at which Catherine presided, and the following resolution, proposed by her, was signed and presented to the Czar.

"Should the enemy refuse the conditions proposed by Marshal Sheremetoff, and dare to call upon us to lay down our arms, it is the unanimous opinion of the army, its generals, and the imperial ministers of state, that we should cut our way through them."

In consequence of this resolution, the baggage was surrounded by an intrenchment, and the Russians had already advanced within a hundred yards of the Turkish army, when the grand-vizier published a suspension of arms. Vice-Chancellor Schaffiroff was immediately despatched to the Turkish camp, negotiations were begun, and the honour of the Russian arms remained without a blemish. A treaty of peace was soon after concluded at Falksen, a village on the banks of the Pruth. A disagreement about a clause of the treaty led to an answer from Peter which may efface many blood-stained lines in his history.

Prince Cantemir, a subject of the Ottoman Porte, was under the protection of Russia, and Mohammed insisted upon his being given up. In reply to Schaffiroff, Peter wrote as follows:

"I would rather give up to the Turks all the country as far as Curzka, because I should have hopes of being able to recover it; but the loss of my faith would be irretrievable. We sovereigns have nothing we can properly call our own, except our honour, and were I to forfeit that, I should cease to be a king."

Cantemir was therefore not given up.

Just as the treaty was ready for signature, Charles XII. arrived at the Turkish camp, and vented bitter reproaches on Mohammed, who treated him with the most cutting indifference.

"If I had taken the Czar prisoner," said the viceroy of Stamboul with a smile of bitter irony, "who would there be to govern in his stead? It is not right that every sovereign should quit his dominions."

Charles, forgetful of the dignity not only of the monarch but the man, tore the vizier's robe with his spurs, which Mohammed, in his superiority over the royal adventurer, feigned not to perceive. He left it to Providence to inflict its will upon Charles's brilliant and tumultuous life, and to complete that lesson of adversity which had begun at Pultawa, where the Swedish king was vanquished by Menzicoff, originally a pastry-cook's boy, and continued on the banks of the Pruth, where Baltagi-Mohammed, once a slave and a hewer of wood, decided on the fate of three empires.

Subsequently, the revenge of the man of the seraglio was more characteristic. He withdrew the pension which the Porte allowed its royal guest, and gave him orders, couched in the form of advice, to quit the Turkish empire. This led to the well-known affair at Bender.

Charles XII. has accused the grand-vizier of incapacity. This is an error grafted on the prejudice of hatred; for Mohammed was a man of high talents, and to every reflecting mind the sound policy of his conduct on this occasion is evident. All the writers

of the Swedish party accuse him of having received a bribe to betray his trust. This is equally absurd; the jewels sent him by Catherine were a mere compliance with an eastern custom, which requires that a present should always precede the demand of an audience, and were not of sufficient value to tempt him to become a traitor, even were he so disposed. The charge is as devoid of foundation as that, in 1805, General Mack received a large sum for his surrender at Ulm. A minister of state or an eminent general has the eyes of the whole world fixed upon him, and, if he descend to such acts of baseness, they are sure to be discovered. When, therefore, no positive evidence is adduced, such imputations ought to be disregarded. In the present case, the charge is impossible; for Peter had no means of raising a sum adequate to tempt the cupidity of the grand-vizier.

Peace being concluded, the Czar retired by Jassy, and prepared for the execution of the treaty. Peter's life was now less agitated, but his complaint returned so frequently, and with such aggravated symptoms, that he began to think his life was drawing to a close. Then it was that the Czarina seemed to him as a consoling angel. A secret melancholy preyed upon his mind, occasioned by the check his ambition had received, and made dreadful ravages upon his health: he therefore set out for Carlsbad, accompanied by Catherine, who now never quitted him. On his return, the marriage took place between the Czarowitz Alexis and the Princess of Wolfenbuttel. The nuptial ceremony was performed at Torgau, on the 9th of January 1712.

Catherine has been accused of exciting Peter's hatred towards his son—an odious imputation, which nothing appears to justify. The Prince Alexis Petrowitz had always been an object of dislike to his father, and this feeling was greatly aggravated by the prince's own conduct. The time of these scenes has long been past, and we may now dispassionately weigh the conduct of both father and son. But it is cruelly unjust to impute these dissensions to the Czarina without a single fact to substantiate the charge. Catherine was not at Torgau when the prince's marriage

took place, but at Thorn in Polish Prussia. An excuse had been made to prevent her from being present at the ceremony, but it was in no wise connected with her feelings as a step-mother. Though Czarina of Russia, she had, nevertheless, at that period not been formally acknowledged, and had only the title of highness, which rendered her rank too equivocal for her name to appear in the marriage contract, or for the rigidity of German etiquette to assign her a place in the ceremony suitable to the wife of the Czar. On the conclusion of the marriage, Peter sent the young couple to Wolfenbuttel, and proceeded to Thorn to fetch Catherine, whom he conducted to Petersburgh with the despatch and simplicity that always characterized his mode of travelling.

Some weeks after, and without Catherine having manifested the slightest wish on the subject, Peter again formally declared his marriage, and on the 19th of February 1712 she was regularly proclaimed Czarina. Though in consequence of the disasters of the late war, the ceremony on this occasion was less magnificent than it would otherwise have been, it bore nevertheless a character of splendour which no other monarch than Peter could have imparted to it, especially at that period. This was the philosophy displayed by the chief of a great empire, who, at the very time he had obtained a princely alliance for the heir to his throne—for that Czarowitz whose birth was the only advantage he possessed—placed as his own consort upon that throne an obscure female, a slave captured during the sacking of a town, but in whom he had found a noble mind and a generous heart. There is in this action a real respect for high genius—there is, moreover, a grateful sense of kind and useful services which does the greatest honour to the human heart.

A short time after this event, an incident occurred which has never been satisfactorily cleared up. Catherine had often declared that she was the only child of her parents; but an individual claiming to be her brother now made his appearance. The story of a man meeting a Livonian named Scravowski in a tavern at Riga, and recognizing him as the brother of the Czarina from

his strong resemblance to her, is contemptible. Nevertheless it obtained credit, and Prince Repnin received directions to send this pretended brother to Petersburgh.

Had Scravowski been only a rude Livonian peasant, his relationship to Catherine might have been less doubtful; but he was a noble, and had never set up such a pretension until the Czarina was acknowledged. This is a great drawback upon his fraternal feelings, and shows his motive in claiming kindred with the powerful consort of the Czar. Peter behaved, throughout the business, in a noble, straight-forward manner, and seemed really to believe that he had found a brother-in-law.

"Catherine," said he, presenting Scravowski to her, "this is your brother. Come, Charles, kiss the hand of the Czarina, and embrace your sister."

The Czarina seemed ready to faint.

"Wherefore this emotion, Catherine?" said Peter. "The matter is very simple: this man is your brother, and therefore my brother-in-law. If he has talent, we shall be able to make something of him; if he has none, why we can make nothing of him."

Scravowski had no talent; his intellect was below mediocrity. Peter created him a count, and he married a woman of quality, by whom he had two daughters. This is all that is known about him.

Catherine again became pregnant, and in 1713 gave birth to another daughter. She had hoped for a son, as Peter made no secret of his wish to have one; and the disappointment affected her so much that she became seriously ill. At length a fresh pregnancy was announced, on which occasion Peter instituted the order of St. Catherine, and celebrated the event by a triumphal entry.

Of all the sights which Peter could give his subjects, this was the most pleasing to them. On the present occasion, the officers of the Swedish navy whom the Czar had made prisoners, with Rear-admiral Erenschild at their head, were made to pass under a triumphal arch which Peter had himself designed, and do

homage to a half-savage named Romodanowski, upon whom the Czar, in one of his jovial fits, had conferred the mock-title of Czar of Moscow, treating him in public as if he were really master of that city, and ordering almost all his decrees to be followed. This man, the most rude and brutal of Russians, was Peter's court-fool, kept in imitation of the practice in the middle ages. Romodanowski had always a frightful bear by his side, which he had made his favourite, as he was himself the favourite of his imperial master.

The Czarina was at length delivered of a son. But the Czar's pleasure at this event was embittered by the Czarowitz Alexis having also a son; and this rekindled in his bosom those stormy passions often so dreadful even to the objects of his fondest affection.

Catherine's confinement interrupted for a time her excursions with the Czar through his dominions, sometimes upon the lakes, and sometimes at sea even during violent storms; but they were resumed on her recovery. Peter had visited every part of Europe, like a man anxious to acquire knowledge, and to study the manners of different nations. He now resolved to make a second tour, and study the manners of courts. Catherine accompanied him to Copenhagen, Prussia, and several of the German principalities. At length Peter saw Amsterdam once more, and visited the cottage[3] at Sardam in which he had long resided as a simple shipwright. He, however, reached the Dutch capital alone, the Czarina having remained at Schwerin, unwell, and far advanced in pregnancy. Some hours after he had left her, she was informed that, during his residence at Sardam, he had passionately loved a young girl of that place. In alarm at this information, she immediately left Schwerin to follow him, notwithstanding the intense cold; it being then the month of January. On reaching Vesel, the pains of labour came on unexpectedly, and she was delivered of a male child, which died soon after. In less than twenty-four hours after, she resumed her journey, and on the tenth day arrived at Amsterdam. Peter at

first received her with anger; but moved by this proof of her affection, in which she had risked her life to follow him, he soon forgave her. They visited together the cottage at Sardam, which had been converted into an elegant and commodious little dwelling; thence they proceeded to the house of a rich ship-builder named Kalf,[4] where they dined. Kalf was the first foreigner who had traded with Petersburg, and had thereby won the Czar's gratitude. Catherine took great notice of this family, because she knew that Peter was pleased at the attentions she bestowed upon foreigners of talent in general, and especially upon Kalf, to whom he considered himself so greatly indebted.

The Czar remained three months in Holland, where he was detained by matters of great moment. The European conspiracy of Goëtz and Alberoni, in favour of the Stuarts, had already extended its ramifications far and wide, and Peter deemed it necessary to go to Paris in order to see more clearly into the plot. But a too rigorous etiquette would have been required for the Czarina, at the French court; and being apprehensive of the trifling and sarcastic wit of the French courtiers, he was unwilling to expose his consort to that which the Livonian peasant and the slave of Menzicoff might have been forced to endure. Catherine therefore remained in Holland during his absence. On his return, he listened very attentively to her remarks on the plan of Goëtz and Alberoni, and it was by her advice that he kept in such perfect measure with all the conspirators, leaving them to place their batteries, and reserving to himself the power of either using or rendering them nugatory, as it might suit his purpose.

Catherine, at this period, was only thirty-three years of age, and as beautiful as on the day when Peter first beheld her. The strong feeling then inspired by the young and artless girl, had ripened into a sentiment of deep affection identic with his existence; it had become a passion which, in a man like Peter the Great, was necessarily exclusive and suspicious. In him, jealousy was like a raging fiend—its effects were appalling. But I

must not anticipate.—He continued to travel with Catherine by his side, happy at seeing her share his fatigues not only without repining, but with the same smile upon her lips, the same sparkle in her eye. Yet the life they both led was as simple, and as full of privations, as that of Charles XII. or the King of Prussia. The train of a German bishop was more magnificent than that of the sovereigns of Russia. During this journey to Holland, Catherine, to avoid a short separation from the Czar, made an excursion with him which lasted ten days, during which she had not a single female attendant. It was by such attentions that she secured her power over Peter's heart.

The Czar had originally intended to prolong his journey, and proceed to Vienna, whither he had been invited by the Emperor of Austria, his son's brother-in-law. But important news from Russia induced him to alter his intention, and return in all haste to Petersburg, where the noble qualities of a great monarch were soon to disappear, and leave in their room nothing but the ferocity of a savage and blood-thirsty Scythian.

His son, he said, was conspiring against him. But the unhappy prince was a mere tool in the hands of the monks, and of the old disaffected boyards who had resisted Peter's measures for the civilization of his country.

Eudocia Theodorowna Lapaukin, Peter's first wife, had been educated in the prejudices and superstitions of her age and country. Unable to comprehend the great designs of the Czar, she had always endeavoured to impede them. Her son had been allowed constantly to visit her in her retirement, and had imbibed from her the same feelings against his father's innovations. He considered them sacrilegious and abominable, and was led to suppose that his opinions were shared by the whole nation. Thus was the bitterest animosity excited between the Czar and his son, and attended with those lamentable effects which always ensue when the bonds of nature are burst asunder by hatred. This feeling, when it exists between a parent and his child, ought to have a separate name.

The Czar's marriage with Catherine had completed the disaffection of the prince, who considered himself a victim destined to be sacrificed in order to leave the throne free for the children of this new marriage. Haunted by these feelings, and by a dread of his father's ultimate projects with regard to himself, he sought refuge in debauchery of the lowest and most debasing kind, to which indeed he had always been addicted. His life was now most brutal and degrading. His marriage, far from reclaiming him, had rather increased his evil propensities. His wife died from ill-usage, aggravated by the want of even common necessaries, four years after their union, leaving him an only son.

It was at this period that Peter began to be alarmed at the future prospects of Russia. If the nation, scarcely emancipated from its savage state, fell under the rule of his son, he foresaw the annihilation of all his plans of improvement, and that his successor would become the slave of those old boyards with long beards, who could not elevate their minds above the rude and barbarous customs of their ancestors. This induced him, before he set out for Germany, to write to the Czarowitz, offering him his choice of a change of conduct or a cloister.

The Czar was in Denmark when he heard that his son had clandestinely left Russia, and he immediately returned to Moscow. Alexis, betrayed by his mistress, was arrested at Naples, and conducted back to Moscow. On appearing before his irritated parent, he trembled for his life, and tendered a voluntary renunciation of his claims to the throne.

It has been urged by some writers that the influence of a step-mother was but too apparent in the bitterness of Peter's feelings towards the Czarowitz. Catherine had a son just born; she had also two daughters; and it was but reasonable that she should entertain fears on their account, if Alexis succeeded to the throne. And was it natural, they ask, that a father should offer his first-born as a sacrifice to fears that might never be realized?—that he should use the blood of his child as a cement to join the stones of his political edifice?

But Peter had real grounds of apprehension for the safety of the establishments he had created, and was justified in supposing that the plans he might leave to be executed by his successor, would never be carried into execution. He had spent his life in emancipating his country from the lowest state of moral degradation, and he anticipated the glory to which his empire would rise after his death. He therefore discarded the feelings of the father to assume those of the stern legislator; and perhaps he felt less difficulty in doing so from the brutalized condition of his son, whom he had never beheld with affection.

On the 14th of February 1718, the great bell of Moscow vibrated its hollow death-knell through the city. The privy councillors and boyards were assembled in the Kremlin; the archimandrites, the bishops, and the monks of St. Basil, in the cathedral. A vast multitude circulated, in silent consternation, through the city, and it went from mouth to mouth that the Czarowitz was about to be condemned on the accusation of his father.

Alexis still clung to life, and, in the hope that he might yet be allowed to live, tendered a second renunciation of his claims to the throne, expressly in favour of Catherine's children. When he had signed it, he thought himself safe. How little did he know his stern father! He was conducted to the cathedral, there again to hear the act of his exheredation read; and when he had drained the cup of anguish prepared for him, it was filled again and again. But the debased heart of the wretched man would not break; he was unable to feel the full weight of infamy heaped upon him.

On his return, sentence of death was passed upon him, and he fell into dreadful convulsions, which terminated in apoplexy. Before he received the sacrament, he requested to see his father. Peter went to his bedside—unmoved at the groans of the son whom his word had stricken with death. For a time the symptoms became milder, but they soon after returned with greater violence, and in the evening the prince expired.

Catherine attended the funeral; perhaps she did so in compliance with the Czar's wish, but it has been imputed to her as a sort of savage triumph over the remains of him who was now unable ever to come forward and say to her son, " Give me back my crown."

Those anxious to divest her of all blame in this tragical event, pretend that she had intreated the Czar to shut up the prince in a monastery. But this defence is more injurious than useful; as it shows that, at all events, she advised shutting out from the world him whom God had placed upon the steps of the throne before her son. On the other hand it is said, that Catherine, if she interfered at all, should have used her exertions, even to the braving of Peter's wrath, to prevent the condemnation of Alexis, for whose life she was more accountable than his own mother; and that she, whose influence over the Czar was unbounded, who could at all times awaken the kindliest emotions of his nature, must have succeeded, had she seriously made the attempt, in obtaining the prince's pardon.

But this is mere hypothetical reasoning. Nobody either knew, or could know, what passed in private between the Czar and his consort, and it is but just to give Catherine the benefit of her conduct throughout her whole previous life, no one act of which can justify such an imputation.

I have, however, seen a manuscript, in which it is positively asserted that Catherine was by no means guiltless of the death of Alexis; and in support of this statement it is urged, that her power over the Czar was so great as to eradicate the hatred he had so long entertained towards Charles XII. Certain it is, that Peter followed her advice in most of his great political measures, and it was much more through her exertions, than those of Messrs. Goëtz and Alberoni, that the famous treaty was concluded to restore the Stuarts to the throne of England. But is this alone sufficient to stamp her memory with so foul a stain? —and was not the case of the Czarowitz one calculated to call

forth, with a violence which no influence could repress, all the savage ferocity of Peter's character?

Scarcely was the treaty concluded against the reigning family in England, ere a chance ball from a culverin killed Charles XII. at Frederickshall. This event was soon succeeded by other disasters: the Spanish fleet was burned; the conspiracy of Cellamarre was discovered in France; Goëtz was beheaded at Stockholm, and Alberoni banished from Italy: and of this formidable league the Czar alone remained, having committed himself with none of the conspirators, and yet being master of the whole. It was Catherine who had communicated with Goëtz in Holland, because, though the Czar wished to avoid speaking to him, he was nevertheless anxious to treat. She it was who managed the whole business, and in truth she displayed wonderful address and diplomatic tact. Soon after the failure of the conspiracy, she again rendered the Czar a service almost as signal as that on the banks of the Pruth. On the death of Charles XII, the negotiations with Sweden were again broken off. Though the congress of Aland was not dissolved, the English and Swedish fleets had united, and hostilities were again threatened. The new Queen of Sweden, however, being desirous of peace, had the Czarina privately spoken to; and Catherine communicated this to Peter, who, acting upon her advice, consented to the holding of a congress at Neustadt, in Finland, where peace was concluded on the 10th of September 1721. The exertions of Catherine contributed much more to bring about this event, than the united talents of the statesmen composing the congress.

Peter was overjoyed at this peace. He was now able to employ his numerous armies in cutting roads and canals through Russia, and in such other works as formed part of his plans for the improvement of his country. The triumphal entries which I have before mentioned, were nothing in comparison to the rejoicings which took place on this occasion. The prisons were thrown open, and all criminals pardoned, except those guilty of

high treason, to whom the Czar could not consistently extend his clemency, after having condemned his son to death for the same crime.

Russia now conferred upon Peter the titles of Father of his Country, Great, and Emperor. The Chancellor Goloffkin, at the head of the senate and the synod, and speaking in the name of all the bodies of the state, saluted him by these titles, in the great cathedral. On the same day, the ambassadors of France, Germany, England, Denmark, and Sweden, complimented him by the same titles. He was now acknowledged Emperor throughout Europe; and strong among the strong, the prosperity of his dominions doubled his power.

"It is my wish," said he one day to the Archbishop of Novogorod, "to acknowledge by a striking public ceremony all the services which Catherine has rendered me. It is she who has maintained me in the place I now occupy. She is not only my tutelary angel, but that of the Russian empire. She shall be anointed and crowned Empress; and as you are primate of Russia, you shall perform the ceremony of her consecration."

The archbishop bowed. He had long been anxious that Peter should revive the patriarchate, and this opportunity seemed to him too good to be lost. He, therefore, observed to the Emperor, that such a ceremony would derive additional splendour from being performed by the patriarch of Russia.

"Sir," replied Peter with a frown, "had I required a patriarch in my dominions, I should long since have appointed Jotoff,[5] who would make a very good one. Catherine shall be crowned, and well crowned too — but without a patriarch."

The archbishop attempted to reply; but Peter having lifted a stick which he always carried, the prelate was silent.

On the 18th of May 1724, the ceremony of Catherine's coronation took place in the cathedral at Moscow. The declaration made by the Emperor on this occasion, after stating that several Christian princes, and among others Justinian, Leo the

philosopher, and St. Heraclius, had crowned their wives in the same manner, contained the following words:

"And being further desirous of acknowledging the eminent services she has rendered us, especially in our war with Turkey, when our army, reduced to twenty-two thousand men, had to contend with more than two hundred thousand, we crown and proclaim her Empress of Russia."

Peter, always simple in his dress, was pleased to see Catherine follow his example; but no man knew better how to use pomp and pageantry when the occasion required it. At this ceremony, Catherine appeared resplendent with gold and jewels, and her retinue was worthy of a great sovereign. One thing in it was remarkable. The Emperor walked before her on foot, as captain of a company of new body-guards, which he had formed under the title of Knights of the Empress. When the procession reached the church, he stationed himself by her side, and remained there during the whole ceremony. He himself placed the crown upon her head. She then attempted to embrace his knees; but he raised her before her knee had touched the ground, and embraced her tenderly. On their return, he ordered that the crown and sceptre should be borne before her. Catherine had reason to be proud of such a triumph of genius over the prejudices of society; but she was not long to enjoy it, for a cruel reverse awaited her, and that reverse was brought on by her own folly.

Catherine owed every thing to the Emperor, and the benefits he had conferred upon her, claimed a strength of gratitude never to be shaken. But an offence which she received, and the conviction that the Emperor had become indifferent to her, made her for a moment lose sight of this feeling, and led to the deplorable events which I have still to relate.

One day whilst the Empress was at her toilet, a vice-admiral, named Villebois, a Frenchman in the service of Russia, arrived with a message from the Emperor. Villebois was a man of low origin; he had left his country to avoid the gallows, and the

grossness of his habits was such as qualified him to be one of Peter's pot companions. He was completely intoxicated when he entered the Empress's apartment. This Catherine did not at first perceive; but she made the discovery by receiving from Villebois one of the grossest insults that can be offered to a woman. She demanded vengeance of the Emperor for this affront; but Peter laughed at it, and merely condemned the offender to six months' labour at the galleys.

The seeming indifference which dictated this sentence, cut her to the soul. She imagined she had lost Peter's affection; for it was the only way in which she could account for his not punishing more severely the man who had offended her. On other occasions he would inflict death for an indiscreet word, and here, he had treated with ridicule a gross outrage offered to his wife—to that Catherine whom he had once so fondly loved. This unfortunate idea having once taken possession of her mind, daily gained strength.

Ever since her coronation, she had an establishment separate from that of the Emperor. Her lady of the bed-chamber, Madame de Balk, was that same beautiful Anna Moëns to whom Peter had formerly been attached, and who had refused to become Czarina. She had first married the Prussian minister Kayserlingen, and after his death, Lieutenant-General Balk. Peter had placed her in her present station, and had also appointed her brother, Moëns de la Croix, chamberlain to the empress. Moëns was young, handsome, and highly accomplished; the admiration he at first felt for Catherine soon ripened into a warmer feeling, and unhappily he had but too frequent opportunities of seeing her in private. On the other hand, the mind of the Empress was ill at ease, and needed consolation. This led to a most imprudent intimacy, which, if not connected with guilt in Catherine, was, to say the least of it, extremely improper.

By the care of Madame de Balk it remained for a long time unperceived. But at length, Jagouchinsky, a contemptible ruf-

fian, then a favourite of Peter's, and one of the companions of his orgies, had a suspicion of it, and determined to watch the Empress and her chamberlain. Having at length satisfied himself that his conjectures were not unfounded, he boldly declared to Peter that Catherine was faithless to his bed. On receiving this intimation, the Emperor roared like a raging lion. His first idea was to put her and her supposed paramour to death, and then stab the informer to the heart, as being acquainted with his shame. But, on reflection, he resolved to do nothing till he had obtained full evidence of the crime. He therefore feigned to quit Petersburgh, but only retired to his winter palace, whence he sent a confidential page to inform the Empress that he should be absent two days.

At midnight he entered a secret gallery of Catherine's palace, of which he alone kept the key. Here he passed Madame de Balk unperceived, and entered a room where a page, who either did not know him or pretended not to know him, attempted to stop his progress. Peter knocked him down, and entering the next apartment found the Empress in conversation with Moëns. Having approached them, he made an attempt to speak, but the violence of his emotion choked his utterance. Casting at the chamberlain, and at his sister who had just entered the room, one of those withering glances which speak but too plainly, he turned towards Catherine, and struck her so violently with his cane that the blood gushed from her neck and shoulder. Then rushing out of the room, he ran like a madman to the house of Prince Repnin, and burst violently into his bed-room.

The Prince roused from his sleep, and seeing the Emperor standing by his bed-side frantic with rage, gave himself up for lost.

"Get up," said Peter in a hoarse voice, "and fear nothing. Don't tremble, man—thou hast nothing to fear."

Repnin rose and heard the Emperor's tale. Meantime, Peter was walking up and down the room, breaking every thing within his reach.

" At day-break," said he, when he had finished his tale, " I will have this ungrateful wanton beheaded."

" No, sir," replied Repnin with firmness, " you will give no such orders. You will take this matter into further consideration; first, because you have been injured, and secondly, because you are the absolute master of your subjects. But why, sir, should the circumstance be divulged ?—it can answer no good purpose. You have revenged yourself upon the Strelitz; you have considered it your duty to condemn your own son to death ; and if you now behead the Empress, your fame will be for ever tarnished. Let not each phasis of your reign be marked by blood. Let Moëns die :—but the Empress !—would you at the very moment you have placed the imperial crown upon her head, sever that head ? No, sir ! the crown you gave her ought to be her safeguard."

Peter made no reply—he was fearfully agitated. For a considerable time he kept his eyes sternly fixed upon Repnin, then left him without uttering another word. Moëns and his sister were immediately arrested, and imprisoned in a room of the winter palace. Their food was taken to them by Peter himself, who allowed no other person to see them.

At length he interrogated Moëns in the presence of General Uschakoff. Having fixed his eyes upon the chamberlain with a disdainful look, he told him that he was accused, as was also his sister, of having received presents, and thereby endangered the reputation of the Empress.

Moëns returned Peter's scowl, and replied:

" Your victim is before you, sir. State as my confession any thing you please, and I will admit all."

The Emperor smiled with convulsive bitterness. Proceedings were immediately begun against the brother and sister. Moëns was condemned to be beheaded; Madame de Balk to receive eleven blows with the knout. This lady had two sons, one a page, the other a chamberlain; both were degraded from their rank, and sent to the Persian army to serve as common soldiers.

Catherine threw herself at the Emperor's feet to obtain the pardon of Madame de Balk, reminding Peter how dearly he had

once loved Anna Moëns. The Emperor brutally pushed her back, and in his fury broke with a blow of his fist a large and beautiful Venetian looking-glass.

"There," said he, "it requires only a blow of my hand to reduce this glass to its original dust."

Catherine looked at him with the most profound anguish, and replied in a melting accent,

"It is true that you have destroyed one of the greatest ornaments of your palace, but do you think that your palace will be improved by it?"

This remark rendered the Emperor more calm, but he refused to grant the pardon. The only thing Catherine could obtain was that the number of blows should be reduced to five. These Peter *inflicted with his own hand.*

Moëns died with great firmness. He had in his possession a miniature portrait of the Empress set in a small diamond bracelet. It was not perceived when he was arrested, and he had preserved it till the last moment, concealed it under his garter, whence he contrived to take it unperceived, and deliver it to the Lutheran minister who attended him, and was exhorting him to return it to the Empress.

Peter stationed himself at one of the windows of the senate-house, to behold the execution. When all was over, he ascended the scaffold, and seizing the head of Moëns by the hair, lifted it up with the ferocious delight of a savage exulting in successful revenge. Some hours after he entered the apartment of the Empress. He found her pale and care-worn, but her eyes were tearless, though her heart was bursting.

"Come and take a drive," said he, seizing her by the hand and dragging her towards an open carriage. When she had entered it, he drove her himself to the foot of the pole to which the head of her late chamberlain was nailed.

"Such is the end of traitors!" he exclaimed, fixing the most scrutinizing gaze upon Catherine's eyes, expecting to see them full of tears. But the Empress was sufficiently mistress of her emotions to appear indifferent to this sight of horror. Peter

conducted her back to the palace, and had scarcely left her when she fell fainting upon the floor.

From that time until the Emperor's last illness, they never met except in public. It is said that Peter burnt a will he had made, appointing Catherine his successor; but there is not the slightest proof that such a will ever existed. It is also said that he stated his determination of having her head shaved and confining her in a convent, immediately after the marriage of Elizabeth, her second daughter.

Catherine had a strong party at the Russian court, and was extremely popular throughout the empire. The army was wholly devoted to her; both officers and men had seen her among them sharing their dangers and privations, and she was their idol. A measure of such extreme harshness would perhaps have endangered Peter's own power, and exposed him to great personal danger. Menzicoff, an able and clear-sighted statesman, in whom the Empress had great confidence, was at the head of her party, and ready to support her in any measures she might take for her personal safety. But the violent agitation to which Peter had been lately a prey, and the shock he had received from supposing Catherine faithless to his bed, brought on one of those attacks which had often before placed his life in jeopardy. This time, the symptoms appeared so aggravated, that the physicians lost all hope. The convulsions succeeded each other with frightful rapidity, and the life of Peter the Great was soon beyond the power of human art. On receiving intimation of his illness, Catherine immediately hastened to his bedside, which she no longer quitted. She sat up with him three successive nights, without taking any rest during the day, and on the 28th of January 1725, he expired in her arms.

Peter had been unable to speak from the moment his complaint took a fatal turn. He however made several attempts to write, but unsuccessfully; and the following words alone could be made out: "Let every thing be delivered to ——"

Meanwhile, Menzicoff had taken his measures to secure the

throne for Catherine, whose son had died in 1719. He seized upon the treasury and the citadel, and the moment Peter's death was announced, he proclaimed the Empress under the name of Catherine I. He encountered but little opposition, and the great majority of the nation hailed her accession to the throne as a blessing.

The beginning of her reign was glorious, for she religiously followed the intentions of Peter. He had instituted the order of St. Alexander Newski, and she conferred it; he had also formed the project of founding an academy, and she founded it. She suppressed the rebellion of the cossacks, and there is no doubt that, if she had lived, her reign would have been remarkable. But a short time after her accession to the throne, she fell into a state of languor, arising from a serious derangement of her health. The complaint was aggravated by an immoderate use of Tokay wine, in which her physicians could not prevent her from indulging; and she died on the 27th of May 1727, aged thirty-eight years.

Catherine was one of the most extraordinary women the world has produced. She would have distinguished herself in any station. Her soul was great and noble; her intellect quick and capacious. Her total want of education only serves to throw a stronger light upon her strength of mind and pewerful genius. Doubtless there are some passages in her life, which might, with advantage, be expunged from her history; but much has been imputed to her, of which she was guiltless. She has been taxed with hastening Peter's death, by giving him poison. This Voltaire has triumphantly refuted. The imputation was raised by a party who had espoused the interests of the Czarowitz, and were hostile to the improvements introduced by Peter. More than a century has elapsed since these events took place, and the hatred and prejudices which attended them have gradually melted away. Any but a dispassionate examination of this heinous charge is now impossible, and it must lead to a complete acquittal of Catherine.[6]

[1] Eudocia Theodorowna Lapoukin, Peter's wife, and the mother of the Czarowitz Alexis, being neglected by her husband, who had become attached to Anna Moëns, a Flemish lady settled at Moscow, consoled herself for her husband's indifference by carrying on a criminal intercourse with a young boyard named Kleboff. This was discovered by the Czar, and his vengeance was terrible. The Czarina's head was shaved, and she was forced to take the veil in a convent at Moscow. The accomplice of her guilt was impaled alive.

[2] The particulars of this campaign are to be found, not only in Peter's own journal, but in every history of Russia. It appears from the Czar's account, that the Grand Vizier, far from being the fool Charles XII. thought him, was, on the contrary, a man of great capacity.

[3] This house is still standing, and till within a very few years, was always called "The Prince's house."

[4] There is a curious anecdote relative to Kalf's son when in France. His father having occasion to send him to Paris, and wishing at the same time that he should study the manners and language of the country, directed him to live with a certain degree of magnificence, to adopt the dress of the French court, and to frequent the best company.

The word Kalf in Dutch, is the same as our English Calf. n French it is Veau. Young Kalf therefore called himself M. de Veau, and as he displayed great opulence, the French, in the same manner as they term every rich Englishman *milor*, immediately gave the young Dutchman the title of Monsieur le Comte Devaux. He was introduced into the highest circles, supped at the parties given by the princesses, played and lost his money at the Duchess of Berry's, and was in short extremely well received. A young marquis, with whom he contracted a sort of intimacy, promised to go and see him at Sardam. This promise was kept, and the marquis on arriving at Kalf's residence, inquired for Monsieur le Comte de Kalf. The French *petit maitre* was immediately taken into the father's dock-yard, where to his horror and astonishment he found his count dressed in a sailor's jacket and trowsers, with a hatchet in his hand, directing his father's workmen. Young Kalf received his guest with the primitive simplicity of a Sardam shipwright, uncorrupted by his residence at Paris.

[5] Jotoff was a half-witted old man, a sort of buffoon. He had taught Peter to read. When the Czar returned from France, he was annoyed with the Sorbonne for having attempted to unite the Greek and Roman churches. To laugh at this learned body, he appointed Jotoff *Knes Papa*, with a salary of 2000 roubles, and a house at Petersburg, in the quarter of the Tartars. The ceremony of installation was performed by buffoons, and the new pontiff was addressed by four stutterers. He created his cardinals, and after the ceremony, he and they became so intoxicated that they rolled about the streets.

[6] Peter's body was opened, and the cause of his death accurately ascertained. It was produced by imposthume in the neck of the bladder, which ended in mortification. There were no traces of poison, nor the slightest grounds for supposing that any had been administered to him.

N. Maurin del.

ANNA BOLEYN

Wife of Henry the VIIIth King of England.

From an original picture by Hans Holbein in the possession of M. Wecher at Basle.

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ANN BOLEYN.

When the sister of Henry VIII, a young and blooming girl of sixteen, arrived in France to wed Louis XII, a monarch old enough to be her grandfather, she was attended by several young ladies belonging to the noblest families of England. Among them was Ann Boleyn, celebrated not only by her misfortunes and untimely end, but on account of her being the immediate cause of the Reformation, or establishment of the Protestant religion in England. Hers is an eventful history.

Ann was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, a gentleman allied to the noblest houses in the kingdom. His mother was of the house of Ormond, and his grandfather, when mayor of London, had married one of the daughters of Lord Hastings. Lady Boleyn, Ann's mother, was a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. Sir Thomas Boleyn being a man of talent, had been employed by the King in several diplomatic missions, which he had successfully executed. When the Princess Mary left England to wear, for three short months, the crown of Queen Consort of France, Ann was very young; she therefore finished her education at the French Court, where her beauty and accomplishments were highly valued. After the death of Louis XII, his young widow having married Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and returned to England, Ann entered the service of Claude, wife of Francis I. On the death of this Queen, she had an appointment in the household of the Duchess of Alençon, a very distinguished princess; but she retained it only a few months, and then returned to her native country.

The precise period of her arrival in England is not accurately known; but it was a fatal day for Catherine of Arragon, to whom she was soon after appointed maid of honour. In this situation she had frequent opportunities of conversing with

the King; he was not proof against her fascinations, and became deeply enamoured of her. But Henry's was the love of the sensualist—its only aim was self-gratification; and wherever it fell, it withered or destroyed.

Until Henry beheld Ann Boleyn, he had never expressed any dissatisfaction at his marriage with Catherine. On a sudden he conceived scruples with regard to this union. It was monstrous—it was incestuous, he said; and he could not reconcile it to his conscience to consider his brother's widow any longer his wife. It is true, that Catherine had gone through a ceremony at the altar, with Arthur, Prince of Wales, Henry's elder brother; but the prince had died soon after, being then only seventeen years of age. And when political reasons subsequently led to the marriage between Catherine and Henry, the new Prince of Wales felt no scruples—nay, his conscience slumbered twenty years before it was awakened to a sense of the enormity which now afflicted him.

But awakened at length it was; and it appeared to him under the form of a young girl beaming with beauty, wit, and loveliness. The conversation and manners of Ann Boleyn had a peculiar charm, which threw all the other English ladies into the shade. She had acquired it at the most polished and elegant, but perhaps the most licentious, court in Europe; and when Henry, fascinated by her wit, gazed with rapture on her fair form—when he listened with intense delight to her thoughtless sallies, and madly loved on, little did she think that, while her conduct was pure, this very thoughtlessness of speech would one day be expiated by a public and disgraceful death.

Ann refused to become the King's mistress; for she very justly thought, that the more elevated dishonour is, the more clearly it is perceived.

"My birth is noble enough," she said, "to entitle me to become your wife. If it be true, as you assert, that your marriage with the Queen is incestuous, let a divorce be publicly pronounced, and I am yours."

This sealed the fate of Catherine of Arragon. Henry immediately directed Cardinal Wolsey, his prime minister and favourite, to write to Rome, and obtain a brief from the Pope, annulling his marriage. Knight, the King's secretary, was likewise despatched thither to hasten the conclusion of this business.

Clement VII. then filled the pontiff's throne. Timid and irresolute, he dreaded the anger of the Emperor Charles V, Catherine's nephew, who kept him almost a prisoner, and would naturally avenge any insult offered to his aunt. Clement, therefore, eluded giving a definitive answer. But being pressed by the King of France, who was the more ready, from his hatred of the Emperor, to advocate Henry's cause on this occasion, the Pope at length consented to acknowledge that Julius II. had no power to issue a bull authorising Catherine's marriage with her brother-in-law. This declaration was a serious attack upon the infallibility of the popes; but Clement's situation was perilous, and the only chance he had of freeing himself from the thraldom of Charles V. was by conciliating the Kings of England and France. But on the other hand, he was anxious to bring about the re-establishment of his house at Florence, which he thought the Emperor alone could effect. Moreover, Charles had a large army in Italy, constantly threatening Rome. The Pontiff had likewise some other grounds of alarm. It is known that illegitimate children are excluded from the papal throne, and Clement was the natural son of Julian de Medicis; for though, if we believe the authority of Leo X, a promise of marriage had existed between his parents, it did not efface the stain. Nor was this all: in defiance of the severe laws of Julius II. against simony, Clement had been guilty of that crime, and Cardinal Colonna had a note of hand in his possession, subscribed by the Pope, and applied to facilitate his accession to the chair of St. Peter. The Emperor was aware of both these facts; and taking advantage of Clement's timidity of character, constantly threatened to assemble a general council and have him deposed.

Thus was the pontiff urged to opposite acts by the rival monarchs; and his struggle between such contending interests led to that long ambiguity of conduct and ultimate decision which severed England from the Church of Rome.

Meanwhile, a secret marriage, it is said, had taken place between Henry VIII. and Ann Boleyn; and what seems to confirm this, is the activity Ann displayed in pressing Cardinal Wolsey, and Stephen Gardiner, his secretary, to bring the divorce to a conclusion. The following is a letter which she wrote to the cardinal, at a time when a contagious disease raged in London, and she had retired to a country residence with the King. It is a good specimen of her mind and character.

"My Lord,

"In my most humblest wise that my heart can think, I desire you to pardon me that I am so bold to trouble you with my simple and rude writing, esteeming it to proceed from her that is much desirous to know that your Grace does well, as I perceive by this bearer that you do. The which I pray God long to continue, as I am most bound to pray; for I do know the great pains and troubles that you have taken for me both day and night, is never like to be recompensed on my part, but alonely in loving you next unto the King's Grace, above all creatures living. And I do not doubt but the daily proofs of my deeds shall manifestly declare and affirm my writing to be true, and I do trust that you do think the same. My Lord, I do assure you I do long to hear from you news of the legate; for I do hope and they come from you they shall be very good: and I am sure you desire it as much as I, and more, and it were possible, as I know it is not: and thus remaining in a steadfast hope, I make an end of my letter, written with the hand of her that is bound to be,

"Your humble servant,

"Ann Boleyn."

Underneath the King had added:—

"The writer of this letter would not cease till she had caused

me likewise to set to my hand; desiring you, though it be short, to take it in good part. I ensure you there is neither of us but that greatly desireth to see you, and much more joyous to hear that you have scaped this plague so well, trusting the fury thereof to be passed, specially with them that keepeth good diet, as I trust you do. The not hearing of the legate's arrival in France, causeth us somewhat to muse; notwithstanding, we trust, by your diligence and vigilancy (with the assistance of Almighty God) shortly to be eased out of that trouble. No more to you at this time: but that I pray God send you as good health and prosperity as the writer would. By your

"Loving Sovereign and Friend,

"HENRY K."

Though the King had fled from the contagion with Ann Boleyn, he had given no orders to enable Catherine to leave London; and she remained there exposed to the danger of the plague. No doubt, the possibility of her death had occurred to Henry's mind; and the reckless atrocity of his character may justify the inference, that he had left her in London for the express purpose of exposing her to die of the disease, and thus at once settling the divorce question.

Just as the Pope's brief for the divorce was about to be issued, the sacking of Rome took place, and the Pontiff remained during a whole year imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo. On being set at liberty by the Emperor, he was afraid to pronounce the dishonour of Charles's aunt, whose complaints resounded throughout Europe. At length, to temporise with all parties, and not lose sight of his own interest, he appointed Cardinal Campeggio, his legate in England, for the purpose of trying the question, but gave him secret orders to proceed as slowly as possible. The new legate was old and afflicted with gout, severe attacks of which were his ever ready excuse for procrastination; and it took him ten months to travel from Rome to London.

Ann Boleyn, on hearing that the legate was at last on his

way to England, again wrote to Wolsey, expressing her gratitude in strong terms.

"And as for the coming of the legate," she said, in this letter, "I desire that much, and if it be God's pleasure, I pray him to send this matter shortly to a good end, and then I trust, my Lord, to recompense part of your great pains. In the which I must require you in the mean time to accept my good will, in the stead of the power, the which must proceed partly from you, as our Lord knoweth; to whom I beseech to send you long life, with continuance in honour."

But Catherine was by no means so grateful as Ann for the pains that Wolsey took to constitute an arbitrary and iniquitous tribunal, and she called him a heretic and abettor of adultery. This the cardinal-minister little heeded; for he had the King, and the King's mistress on his side; and the host of flatterers by whom he was surrounded made him believe that his power was too firmly established ever to be shaken.

Wolsey had greatly contributed to bring about Henry's connexion with Ann Boleyn, because he thought that such a passion would absorb the King's time, and make him careless of business, by which the minister would become master of the kingdom. Queen Catherine, with her oratory, her rosary, and her religious austerity, was not the Queen that suited Wolsey's views; she had nothing to attract the King from the cares and business of his kingdom. Ann Boleyn, on the contrary, was a creature formed of love; she was always gay, happy, and endearing when in Henry's company. The King, therefore, overcome by a fascination which he could not resist, bent his neck to her yoke, and left the governance of his dominions in the hands of his ambitious minister.

When once the flowery chain had encircled Henry, Wolsey little cared whether it was sanctified or not by religion. In his corrupt mind, he perhaps thought it might be more durable, if it did not obtain the sanction of the Church. But he at length received the Pope's commission, and Campeggio

arrived in England; he, therefore, took his measures with the legate, and they opened their tribunal. To keep up an appearance of propriety, Ann immediately left London.

The two cardinals, having opened their court in London, cited the King and Queen to appear before them. Both obeyed, and when Henry's name was called, he rose and answered to it. The Queen was dressed in mourning; her countenance was calm, though it but ill disguised the anguish of her mind. When the legate pronounced the words "Most high, most powerful, and most illustrious Lady and Princess,"—Catherine, without looking at him, or making any reply, rose and threw herself at the King's feet, embracing his knees and suffusing them with her tears. She urged, she intreated, she conjured him by all that is most sacred to man, not to cast her off; but she sought in vain to soften a heart absorbed by love for another. She did not, however, thus humble herself for her own sake: she was supplicating for her daughter, whom the decision of the legates might stamp with illegitimacy and dishonour.

"Sir," said she, "what is this tribunal? Have you convoked it to try me?—And wherefore?—Have I committed any crime?—No: I am innocent, and you alone have authority over me. You are my only support, my sole protector. I am but a poor weak woman, alone, defenceless, and ready to fall under the attacks of my enemies. When I left my family and my country, it was because I relied on English good faith; and now, in this foreign land, am I cut off from my friends and kindred, and deserted by those who once basked in the sunshine of my favour. I have, and desire to have, none but you for my support and protection—you, and your honour. Henry, do you wish to destroy your daughter's fame? Consider, she is your first-born! And would you suffer her to be disgraced, when I, her mother, am innocent, and you, her father, are a powerful sovereign?"

She then arose from her kneeling posture, and looking at the Court with dignity,

"Is this the tribunal," said she, "that would try a Queen of England? It consists of none but enemies, and not a single judge. They cannot pronounce an equitable judgment; I therefore decline their jurisdiction, and must be excused from heeding any further citations in this matter, until I hear from Spain."

Having made a profound obeisance to the King, she left the Court. After her departure, the King protested he had no cause of complaint against her, and that *remorse of conscience* was his only reason for demanding a divorce.

The legates again cited the Queen; and as she refused to appear, they declared her contumacious. There was a solemn mockery in the whole of these iniquitous proceedings, that rendered them frightful. At length they were drawing to a close; for Ann Boleyn, who had returned to London, was urging Wolsey forward with the full power of her charms, and the cardinal was by no means insensible to her flatteries. But when Henry was every moment expecting the judgment which would allow him to have Ann crowned, Cardinal Campeggio announced that the Pope had reserved to himself the ultimate examination of the case, which he had evoked to Rome before his own tribunal.

Henry at first raved and blasphemed, denouncing vengeance against the Pontiff; but he soon became calmer, and set about finding a means of overcoming this new obstacle, and hurling his own thunders in defiance of those of the Church. Ann wept bitterly at finding herself as far from the throne as ever. But how powerful were her tears! Henry vowed he would avenge each of them with an ocean of blood. Then it was that he threw off his allegiance to the Church of Rome, and ultimately united both Church and State under his sole governance.

Meanwhile, Ann's harassed mind thirsted for vengeance upon some one, for the annihilation of her hopes. She saw not yet the means of destroying the barrier which now stood betwixt her and the throne; and she had need of a victim. She found one

in Cardinal Wolsey. It appeared to her unlikely that this man, influential as he was in the college of cardinals—for his hand had once touched the tiara—should require months and years to do that which he might have finished in a single day. Henry was not a man who required to be told, a second time, not to love: Wolsey had been his favourite, and this was more than sufficient to effect his ruin; for the King's friendship, like his love, proved a withering curse wherever it fell.

Wolsey gave an entertainment at York House, a palace which the most magnificent monarchs of Europe and Asia might have looked upon with envious admiration. There he sat, free from care, and joyously wearing away life, quaffing the choicest wines of Italy and France in cups of gold enchased with jewels and precious enamels. Richly sculptured buffets were loaded with dishes of massive gold, sparkling with precious gems. A hundred servants wearing their master's arms emblazoned on their liveries, circulated round the vast and fantastically sumptuous hall. Young girls, crowned with flowers, burned perfumes and embalmed the air, whilst in an upper gallery a band of the most skilful musicians of Italy and Germany produced a ravishing and voluptuous harmony.

Suddenly two men stood before the cardinal. Both were powerful in the kingdom, and on their appearance, the upstart minister was for a moment awed into respect. One was the Duke of Suffolk, the King's brother-in-law; the other was the Duke of Norfolk. They had come with orders from the King to demand the great seal from Wolsey.

"I will not deliver it up, on a mere verbal order," replied the haughty priest.

The two noblemen withdrew, and returned on the following day with a letter from the King. Wolsey then delivered the seal into their hands, and it was given to Sir Thomas More. Soon after, York House, now Whitehall, together with all the costly furniture it contained, was seized in the name of the King.

The fallen cardinal was ordered to retire to Asher, a country seat he possessed near Hampton Court. He was pitied by nobody; for the manner in which he had borne his honours, and the general meanness of his conduct, had rendered him extremely unpopular. He wept like a child at his disgrace, and the least appearance of a return to favour threw him into raptures. One day, Henry sent him a kind message, with a ring in token of regard. The Cardinal was on horseback when he met the King's messenger; he immediately alighted, and falling on his knees in the mud, kissed the ring with tears in his eyes.

This was hypocrisy of the meanest kind; for it was impossible he could have loved Henry VIII.

After the fall of Wolsey, a chance remark made by Dr. Thomas Cranmer, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, gave the King his cue as to the line of conduct he should adopt.

"Oh!" cried Henry, in his gross joy, "that man has taken the right sow by the ear."

It was deemed expedient to get opinions on the divorce question from all the universities in Europe, and to lay these opinions before the Pope. This was done; but Clement, like all timid men, thinking to conciliate the nearest, and, as he thought, the most dangerous of his enemies, remained inexorable, and a decision was given against Henry. The Reformation immediately followed, and the new ecclesiastical authority in England was more obedient to Henry's wishes.

The marriage of the King and Ann Boleyn was now formally solemnized; and the woman on whose account the whole of Europe had been embroiled for the last four years, ascended that throne destined to be only a passage to a premature grave.

Sir Thomas Eliot had been sent to Rome with an answer to a message from the Pope to Henry, and on his departure Ann Boleyn had given him a number of valuable diamonds to be employed in bribing those whose aid it was necessary to obtain. But nothing could avert the definitive rupture; and when Eliot was about to return to England, Sixtus V, then only a monk,

shrugged up his shoulders, and lifting his eyes to heaven, exclaimed:

"Great God! is it not the same to thee, whether Catherine of Arragon, or Ann Boleyn, be the wife of Henry VIII.?"

Ann Boleyn was now at the summit of her wishes: she was at length Queen of England, a title which had cost her too great anxiety of mind for her not to appreciate it far beyond its worth. But one thing embittered the joys it brought her; this was the idea that the same title was still retained by the unhappy Catherine. She, therefore, resolved to work her will with Henry, and deprive her late rival of this last remnant of the honours she had enjoyed, without reproach, during a period of more than twenty years, and until Ann's beauty had estranged the King's affection. Henry could not resist the tears and intreaties of his new Queen, whose influence over him was strengthened by the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, and he sent Lord Mountjoy to apprize Catherine that she was in future to bear no other title than that of Dowager Princess of Wales.

"I am still Queen of England," she replied with dignity; "and I cannot be deprived of that title except by death, or by a sentence of my divorce from the King, pronounced by the Pope."

The thunders of the Church were at length brought into play against Henry. Paul III. had succeeded to the papal throne; and though, whilst cardinal, he had always favoured Henry's pretensions, perceiving now that a final breach had been effected with the English Church, he declared that the King of England had incurred the penalty of major excommunication. A bull was therefore sent forth declaring Henry's throne forfeited, and the issue of his marriage with Ann Boleyn incapable of succeeding to the crown of England. No person, under pain of excommunication, was to acknowledge him King; and the nobility of England were enjoined, under the same penalty, to take up arms against him as a rebel and traitor to the Church and to Christ. All the archbishops, bishops, and curates of

England, were commanded to excommunicate him every holiday after the Gospel at mass, and the Emperor Charles V. was exhorted, as protector of the Church, to enforce these orders with his armies. The King of France, as the most Christian king, was likewise enjoined to break off all intercourse with Henry VIII. To make the insult more bitter, the Pope ordered all curates in the neighbourhood of Calais to read the bull of excommunication in their several churches, and proclaim it from the pulpit.

Henry felt but little concern at this noisy but powerless attack. Having assembled a parliament, an act was passed investing him with all the powers of the Pope in England. But he had also an eye to the temporalities of the church; and upon the strength of the spiritual authority he had acquired, he abolished the monasteries and confiscated the ecclesiastical possessions. To gratify his own avarice and reward his favourites at no cost to himself, he robbed the clergy of the property bestowed upon them, by pious founders, for their support and that of the poor. Though three centuries have since elapsed, the effects of these measures are still felt in England. The overgrown revenues of some of the bishopricks, the enormous wealth of the deans and chapters, the inadequate stipends of the inferior clergy, the system of poor's rates so inefficient and yet so burthensome, the lay impropriations despoiling both the clergy and the poor—nay, the very unpopularity of tithes, which are principally claimed by pluralists and seculars, are all fruits, not of the reformation itself, but of the system of spoliation pursued by Henry VIII. the moment he had converted the worship of Almighty God into a political engine.

Ann Boleyn has been accused of prompting the King to these measures; but I apprehend that the charge proceeds solely from the blind vindictiveness of the Catholic party. Ann was thoughtless, giddy, and fond of admiration; but her mind was as incapable of preconceiving as of pursuing a cold and premeditated system of vengeance. Her anger was easily roused

when her vanity was wounded or her interests opposed, but it evaporated as easily. It is true that she felt a bitterness of hostility almost foreign to her nature towards Catherine; but that unhappy princess stood in her way and endangered the inheritance of her daughter. This is certainly the most unamiable part of Ann's character, and nothing can be said in its justification.

The dignity and propriety of Catherine's conduct, joined to her misfortunes, called forth the pity of the whole Christian world. Henry again ordered her, under the severest penalties, to forego the title of Queen; and the persons in her service were commanded to call her the Princess of Wales. Catherine refused the services of those of her officers who obeyed this mandate, and for a few days she was wholly without attendants. So many persecutions, and a deep sense of the injuries she had received, preyed upon her health, and she fell dangerously ill. The King gave orders that the greatest care should be taken of her, and every thing done that could contribute to her comfort; as if, after he had stricken his victim to death, he would fain heal the wound.

Ann was alarmed at this seeming return of the King's tenderness for Catherine. The clamours raised by the Catholic party also gave her strong apprehensions that the claims of her daughter would be disallowed. She therefore again exerted her influence over Henry, and the Princess Elizabeth was proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, heir to the throne of England, to the exclusion of her sister Mary.

Catherine died on the 6th of January 1536, at Kimbolton, in the county of Huntingdon, in the fiftieth year of her age. Before she expired, she wrote a very affecting letter to the King, in which she recommended her daughter to his fatherly care. The last sentence of this letter is deserving of notice, and could have been written only by a woman.

"I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things."

Henry's stern nature was overcome by these simple words, written at the moment of death, when the illusions of the world disappear before the awful view of eternity. He wept over this letter, penned by a hand already cold and stiff—he wept at this last address of his victim, at this last proof of fond affection which he had so basely repaid.

Ann evinced the most indecent joy on receiving the news of Catherine's death. When the messenger arrived, she was washing her hands in a splendid vermeil basin, beside which stood a ewer of the same metal. She immediately took both and thrusting them into his hands,

"Receive this present," said she, "for your good news."

The same day her parents came to see her, at Whitehall. She ran and embraced them in a delirium of joy.

"Rejoice!" she cried; "now is your daughter truly a Queen."

A few days after this event, Ann was delivered of a still-born son, which the Catholic party attributed to the effect of the excommunication. Henry's passion for her now began to subside, and he soon loved her no more. Inconstancy was as much a part of his nature as cruelty. The possession of Ann, purchased at such immense sacrifices, divested of the excitement which, during six years, had kept it alive, had no longer any charms for him. If the austerity of Catherine's temper had estranged him from her, the excessive gaiety of her successor produced the same effect. Ann's lively sallies, to which Henry had once listened as if spell-bound, now threw him into fits of ill-humour of several hours' duration; for his heart had so many moving folds that its vulnerable side one day was impenetrable the next. Courtiers are keen-sighted, and those about the King soon perceived that he was absorbed by a new passion. Jane Seymour had replaced Ann Boleyn in Henry's love, just as Ann had replaced Catherine of Arragon. But to indulge in this new passion, and elevate its object to the throne, it was necessary to convict the Queen of a crime; and there was no want of accusers the moment the tide of Ann's favour had begun to ebb.

The Queen had many enemies besides the Catholic party. Her extreme gaiety and powers of ridicule, the mere effects of exuberant spirits in a young and sprightly woman, had drawn upon her much greater resentment than serious insult would have done. Thus, the moment the decline of Henry's affection was perceived, accusations poured in, the least of which was sufficient to insure Ann's disgrace and death.

But to avoid giving umbrage to the nation, whose discontent had already been manifested on other occasions, an offence of more than usual enormity was requisite. Ann had a brother, the Viscount of Rocheford, to whom she was tenderly attached. The Viscountess of Rocheford, his wife, a woman of the most profligate character, was the first to instil the poison of jealousy into the King's ear, and to insinuate calumnies of the blackest die, which also implicated her husband. Henry Norris, groom of the stole, Weston and Brereton, gentlemen of the privy chamber, and Mark Smeton, a musician of the king's band, were faithfully devoted to Ann, and had won her friendship and confidence. They were also included in the plot, as accomplices of her alleged profligacy. She had herself facilitated the plans of her accusers by her general thoughtlessness and levity of demeanour, as well as by some silly speeches.

Ann was more vain than proud; and her vanity was applied principally to the charms of her person. To obtain admiration, she spared neither her smiles nor her powers of pleasing. Her education at the French court had tainted her with that spirit of gallantry, more in conversation than in actions, which distinguished the first years of the reign of Francis I. But her conduct was strictly virtuous, and her soul pure and innocent. Inferences were, however, drawn from things perfectly harmless in themselves, but certainly unbecoming in a young female, and these, coupled with the infamous tales of her sister-in-law, had roused all the malignant feelings of Henry's nature.

On the 1st of May 1536, there was a tilting-match at Greenwich, and the Queen had never appeared in better spirits.

Henry thought that she looked at Rocheford with something more than brotherly affection. Norris, who had just been tilting, having approached her, she greeted him with a smile, and dropped her handkerchief. Though this was probably accidental, Henry attributed it to an improper feeling towards the groom of the stole, and, uttering a dreadful oath, immediately left Greenwich. When his departure was communicated to Ann, she only laughed and said,

"He will return."

But he did not return, and a few hours after, those accused of being her accomplices in adultery were arrested and sent to the Tower, while she was confined to her room. She now saw her impending fate.

"I am lost!" said she, in tears, to her mother and to Miss Methley, one of her maids of honour; "I am for ever lost."

Next morning she was placed in a litter and conveyed to the Tower, where she was closely imprisoned, and not allowed to communicate with anybody even in writing. Her uncle's wife, Lady Boleyn, was appointed to sleep in the same room with her, in order to extort admissions from her which might be turned to her disadvantage. This lady hated the Queen, and therefore made no scruple to accept so odious a mission.

Henry was always in a hurry to consummate a crime when he had once conceived it. He therefore lost not an instant in constituting a tribunal of peers for the trial of the brother and sister. The Duke of Norfolk, forgetful of the ties of blood between himself and Ann, and prompted by his ambition, became her most dangerous enemy. He presided at this tribunal as Lord High Steward, and twenty-five peers were appointed to sit with him. They opened their court on the 15th of May, and the Queen having appeared before them, declared that she was innocent, and throwing herself upon her knees, appealed to God for the truth of her statement. She confessed certain instances of perhaps unbecoming levity, but the sum of her offences would not have tainted the reputation of

a young girl. She defended herself with admirable ability and address. But she was doomed beforehand, and she and her brother were condemned to die. The sentence bore, that she should be beheaded or burnt according to the King's good pleasure; but Henry spared her the pile.

Ann's benevolence of character had led her to confer obligations upon all around her; but when the wheel of fortune turned, not a voice was raised in her favour except that of Cranmer, who remained faithful to her, but unhappily had no means of averting her fate.

No one can doubt the Queen's innocence; and if her conduct, during the few fleeting years of her greatness, was sometimes marked with thoughtless imprudence, she met her death with noble dignity and fortitude. There is often a strength of heroism in woman quite beyond the feeble and helpless condition of her sex; and this was displayed by Ann to an extent which will always combine the highest admiration with the pity awakened by her misfortunes. A short time before her trial, she wrote the King a letter, which, says a celebrated English historian,[1] "contains so much nature and even elegance, that it deserves to be transmitted to posterity." I therefore give it a place here.

"Sir,

"Your Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

"But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof proceeded. And to speak a truth, never prince

had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant-princess your daughter: Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no shame; then shall you see, either mine innocency cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto: your Grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein.

"But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general

judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

"My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower this 6th of May.

"Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

"ANN BOLEYN."

This letter produced no other effect than to hasten the trial. It is said that the decision of the peers was at first in favour of the queen and her brother, but that the Duke of Norfolk having compelled them to reconsider a verdict so contrary to the King's expectations, both were condemned to death.

Ann with resignation, prepared to meet her fate. The day before her execution, she forced the wife of the Lieutenant of the Tower to sit in the chair of state, and bending her knee, entreated this lady, in the name of God to go to the Princess Mary and entreat forgiveness for all the affronts her Highness had received from her, hoping they would not be punished in the person of her daughter Elizabeth, to whom she trusted Mary would prove a good sister.

Next morning she dressed herself with royal magnificence.

"I must be bravely attired," she said, "to appear as becomes the queen of the feast."

She sent the King a last message before she died, not to solicit any favour, but to thank him for the care he took of her elevation.

"Tell him," she said, "that he made me a marchioness, then a queen, and is now about to make me a saint—for I die innocent."

When the Lieutenant of the Tower came to inform her that all was ready, she received him not only with firmness, but with gaiety.

"The executioner," she observed with a smile, "is skilful, and my neck is slender." And she measured her neck with her hands.

She walked to the scaffold with a firm step. Having ascended it, she prayed devoutly for the king, praised him highly, and termed him "a gentle and most merciful prince." But these exaggerated praises can be attributed only to her fear that her daughter Elizabeth might suffer, on her account, the same indignities that Catherine of Arragon, through her obstinacy, had brought upon the Princess Mary. Ann Boleyn was beheaded on the 29th of May 1536, by the executioner of Calais, who had been sent for as the most expert in Henry's dominions. Her body was carelessly placed into a common elm chest, and buried in the Tower.

Henry's subsequent conduct is a complete justification of Ann Boleyn. The very day after her execution, he married Jane Seymour, who did not live long enough to be sacrificed to a new attachment; for she died, little more than two years after her marriage, in giving birth to Edward VI.

The character of Ann Boleyn has been basely calumniated by party historians, especially by Sanderus or Sanders, "who," says Bishop Burnet, "did so impudently deliver falsehoods, that from his own book many of them may be disproved." Though never calculated to become a great queen, Ann Boleyn had nevertheless many good and amiable qualities, which more than compensate for the silly vanity and thoughtlessness of a young and beautiful woman, conscious of her personal attractions, and continually beset by flatterers. She was high-minded, benevolent to a fault, and strictly virtuous; and though her history

is remarkable only from the influence it had upon the affairs of Europe during several years, and from its having led to a reformation of religion in England, yet the moment her young and innocent life was doomed to be offered up a sacrifice to the brutal passions of Henry VIII, and she displayed the fortitude and elevation of mind which preceded her death, she won a right to the admiration of posterity, and to a high seat in that temple which the celebrated women of all countries have raised to their own fame.

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[1] Hume.

ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER,

BARONESS DE STAËL HOLSTÉIN.

It is a flattering task for a Frenchwoman to write the life of Madame de Staël, whom France claims as one of its daughters. Though born of Swiss parents, this highly gifted woman does not the less belong to a country which she loved so dearly that nothing could console her for her banishment from it. Her works have indeed given her a claim upon every country; but it was upon her native land, and more especially upon the city in which she spent her youth, that she had placed her best affections.

Madame de Staël is the most illustrious among those females who never wore a crown, nor wielded a sceptre; and she has certainly done more than any other woman to show that her sex may attain the highest powers of the human intellect. She is now on her way to posterity, with claims such as few possess, and such as never existed before her time. Hers is a celebrity which owes nothing to favour or intrigue;—it is the true and legitimate daughter of genius. In her were combined, with the most extraordinary gifts of intellect, a love of good, a horror of falsehood, and an assemblage of generous feelings, which show that in her mind nature had placed all the endowments of a man and all the gentle virtues of a woman.

Anne Louise Germaine Necker was born at Paris, on the 22nd of April 1766. Her father was then resident minister of the Genevese republic, and not a clerk in the house of Hutusson, as some have asserted. Her mother undertook her education, but on a wrong system; and it is a wonder that the power and elasticity of her mind were not destroyed by the bigoted and ill-

N. Maurin del. Lith. de Villain.

ANN LOUISA-GERMAINE NECKER
BARONESS DE STAEL-HOLSTEIN.

From the Original portrait painted in oils by Madame Lebrun.

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judged severity thrown over her young years. It may truly be said that Madame Necker was unable to appreciate her daughter. Afflicted with a disorder which rendered her morose and peevish, she was ever occupied in checking the exuberant joy of childhood; and never did she confer the delight of an approving word or look. Instead of that gentleness of manner which always wins the heart of a child, she never spoke but to complain or upbraid. Under such a system, the affectionate nature of the poor girl, finding no sympathy in her mother, turned naturally to her father, and here began that devoted filial tenderness which ended but with her life. M. Necker was a man of talent, though at an immeasurable distance below his daughter; able therefore to comprehend the powers of her mind, he immediately freed her from the icy restraint which had hitherto been imposed upon all her actions, and resolved that nothing should be left undone to make her that which she promised to become. He directed her education upon this idea, and found the task easy, because her extreme affection for him made her consider a compliance with his wishes the most pleasing of duties. She was scarcely ten years of age when she gave a singular instance of this feeling.

M. Necker had a deep veneration for Gibbon,[1] the celebrated English historian, and took great delight in his conversation. To obtain for her father the enjoyment of Gibbon's society whenever he pleased, she seriously proposed marrying this writer, whose personal attractions were anything but calculated to strike the fancy of a young girl.

It has been said of Madame de Staël that she was always young, though she had never been a child. Her favourite diversion, during her early years, was to cut cards into human figures, dress them up, and make them perform plays of her own composition. Madame Necker, who was a rigid puritan in her protestantism, strictly prohibited this amusement, and the poor child never indulged in it except in trembling, and under her father's sanction and protection. Had the mother's opinions

prevailed, Mademoiselle Necker would have been constantly at her elbow, under an influence which must ultimately have destroyed her young mind, and made her grow up into a mere common-place woman. I have known many visitors at her father's, who recollect her seated on a little stool by her mother's side, receiving incessant injunctions to sit upright. Many of the celebrated writers of the day were constant attendants at Madame Necker's parties, and among the most assiduous were Thomas, the Abbé Raynal, Grimm, and Marmontel. All these distinguished men found a congenial spirit in Mademoiselle Necker, and took great delight in conversing with her. These conversations, as she has since observed, were, like her studies, an exercise and development of her intellect. When she was scarcely fifteen, she made extracts from Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois," and added notes, with extremely judicious and original remarks. The Abbé Raynal was so pleased with this specimen of her powers, that he proposed she should write, for a great work in which he was then engaged, a paper on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But she was diffident of her ability to do justice to the subject, and therefore declined the task.

Mademoiselle Necker had a noble and generous heart, and in after life showed, that when a good action was to be performed, when a friend, or even an enemy was to be saved, her soul could attain the magnanimity of a heroine. She was naturally liable to impressions, and unable to conceal her first feelings; and though her expressions were never unkind or offensive, this candour made her a great many enemies among persons of inferior mind. When she read works of fiction, they often produced an effect upon her which, though whimsical enough, may easily be accounted for in a girl of strong and glowing imagination. She used to identify herself with the heroine of the tale she was reading: I have often heard her say, that the abduction of Clarissa Harlowe was one of the most remarkable events of her youth. Her intense application to study, and

the precocious development her mind had acquired, at length affected her health so seriously, that her father was alarmed. Dr. Tronchin advised change of air, and told her parents that if they would preserve her life, they must make her forego all serious study, and lead the life of a country girl. She was accordingly sent to the delightful solitude of St. Ouen, whither her father often went to see her. Madame Necker, however, to whom a town life with a numerous society around her was, in spite of her austerity, the only one congenial to her feelings—and it must be confessed, that she had founded upon it her hopes of an eligible match for her daughter—now gave up all concern in Mademoiselle Necker's education, and never once visited her in her retirement. M. Necker supplied her place, and fully consoled his daughter for this seeming indifference. During Mademoiselle Necker's residence at St. Ouen, her love and admiration of her father increased to a pitch of enthusiasm which, in her appreciation of his talents at a later period of her life, may be said to have blinded her judgment. Yet there was nothing of mildness in M. Necker's manners, which were stiff and unbending as those of a man wholly taken up with his own merits; and he had adopted a tone of almost constant raillery towards his daughter, for whose slightest defects he was continually on the watch.

"He unmasked all affectation in me," she used to say; "and it was from him that I acquired a habit of thinking that everybody could read my heart."

When, in 1789, M. Necker published his famous "Compte Rendu," a work which placed him, according to some, in the highest rank as a statesman, and below mediocrity, according to others, Madame de Staël was anxious to offer him some observations on it; but not daring to begin a conversation on such a topic, she wrote him an anonymous letter. The style betrayed the writer, and M. Necker, transported with joy at her profound knowledge of a subject so far beyond the scope of ordinary female understandings, henceforward evinced

an extreme affection for her, and placed in her the most unbounded confidence. This was not looked upon by Madame Necker with an eye of kindness; and her extreme sensitiveness to any participation in her husband's confidence, produced the most unnatural jealousy of her daughter. Though Madame Necker was blindly devoted to her husband, even to the indulgence of his very whims, her peevishness and strange fancies by no means enhanced the comforts of his domestic life; and when she appeared before him like a mere shadow of her he had once loved, it was to remind him that it was his duty to love her still. But she had nothing of that which inspires confidence; still less any of the charm that attracts it. Her daughter, on the contrary, was wholly made up of this charm; confidence in her flowed spontaneously, and she became to her father what Madame Necker had never been — an affectionate friend upon whose judgment he could rely.

Mademoiselle Necker was heir to immense wealth; her father was a minister of state, and in a situation to dictate his will with regard to a son-in-law; she was, therefore, according to the general opinion, likely to obtain one of the best matches in the kingdom. Nevertheless, she had reached her twentieth year before any serious thoughts were entertained on the subject. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI, mainly contributed to bring about her union with the Baron de Staël Holstein, then Swedish ambassador to the court of France. He was a great favourite with the Queen, who was anxious to promote his interests. M. de Staël was young, and remarkably handsome; his mind was cultivated, his manners elegant, but he had little or no fortune. Marie Antoinette well knew that M. Necker would with difficulty consent to his wealth passing into the hands of a Catholic, a reason which had hitherto deterred him from looking for a son-in-law among the nobles of France. M. de Staël was a Lutheran, and moreover had always shown a strong predilection for the notions of freedom then prevalent. These were powerful recommendations to M. Necker,

and he readily consented to the marriage, stipulating as a condition, which Marie Antoinette easily obtained from Gustavus III, that M. de Staël should permanently retain the office of Swedish ambassador in France.

When the Baron de Staël Holstein married Mademoiselle Necker, he was chamberlain to the Queen of Sweden, and Knight of the Tower and Sword, a distinction seldom granted except for military services. He had first been sent to Paris as councillor of embassy, and was appointed ambassador in 1783. Having connected himself with the philosophic party, who were then preparing the movement which, like an earthquake, afterwards convulsed the kingdom of France, and ultimately the whole of Europe, he became acquainted, through this channel, with M. Necker and his daughter. The destiny of the Genevese minister at that period seemed to justify the most brilliant expectations; nevertheless the political horizon was beginning to be overcast. At length the storm burst, and the Baron de Staël, though of the same opinion as most of the leading men of the day, was forced to quit Paris. The reader must refer to Madame de Staël's work entitled "Considérations sur la Revolution Française" for the particulars of this departure, described with a graphic power of touch unequalled by any writer. M. and Madame de Staël set out on the 2nd of September, of execrable memory. To go through Paris with greater safety, Madame de Staël had her servants dressed in full liveries, and six horses put to her own carriage, as if for a state visit. Such a thing might have succeeded in peaceable times, when the proprieties of social life were still respected; but on a day when the populace of Paris had assumed the ferocity of wild beasts, when anarchy and murder stalked with reeking arms through the public streets, such an ill-judged display could only lead to danger. The carriage of the Swedish ambassadress was stopped, and taken to the Hotel-de-Ville, where Manuel, whose assistance she claimed, proved very useful to her. But the person who did her an im-

portant service, by getting her out of the difficulty into which she had brought herself, was Santerre—and she always took a pleasure in rendering him justice.

"From the window of the closet in which I was confined," she says in her work on the French Revolution, "I saw a tall man on the top of my carriage, addressing the mob. This was Santerre."

M. de Staël was sent back to France by his government, and arrived at Paris soon after the death of Louis XVI. He was the only ambassador from a crowned head to the new republic; but he found the state of the country so awful that he hastened back to Sweden. Madame de Staël's old friends and his own were either dead or in exile, and the veil of terrorism was thrown over the nation. The Conventional Government had set up a monster under the name of Freedom, whose temple it was building with the ruins of the social state, cemented with the best blood of the citizens. Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon, were rolling the guillotine along the highways, mowing down every head which talents or virtue had elevated above the level of the multitude.

The Swedish ambassador fled in horror and consternation, without daring to look behind him, taking with him a treaty between France and Sweden, drawn up by the Convention, but couched in such novel and uncouth terms that the Regent of Sweden refused to ratify it. After the fall of Robespierre, the Duke of Sudermania, thinking he might trust the new government, again sent M. de Staël to Paris to negotiate a treaty of alliance between the two countries. Thus was the Baron again the only representative of a monarchy sent to the French Republic. The ceremonial of treating with an ambassador, at first embarrassing to the new rulers of France, was at length satisfactorily arranged. On a report being made to the convention by Merlin, it was determined that M. de Staël, as the representative of a foreign government, should have a chair facing the President of that assembly, and speak sitting.

This was carried into execution on the 22nd of April 1797. The ambassador having received a fraternal embrace from the President, both made a speech, which was then not only the fashion, but a matter of obligation.

"I come from the King of Sweden," said the Baron de Staël, "to the representatives of the French nation, for the purpose of doing homage to the imprescriptible rights of man."

From that day a tribune was prepared for the ambassador, in order that he might continue to attend the sittings of the assembly, which he did very regularly, alternately receiving compliments and abuse. One day, the Deputy Legendre uttered the coarsest invectives against Madame de Staël; at another time, the Baron received the thanks of the Convention for the firmness he had displayed on the 2nd and 3rd of Prairial (June 1795), when the assembly was attacked by the faubourgs. M. de Staël continued to attend the sittings of the Directory, as he had done those of the Convention; and his wife, whose universe was the city of her birth, was able to reside there with a sort of security. She was, at this time, the life and soul of the small remnant of good society which the Revolution had spared; and her drawing-room was open to all who had crossed the torrent in safety. Always fond of society, and in want of those encounters of intellect in which hers was re-tempered by throwing a new light upon that of others, she endeavoured to attract to her parties all the celebrated individuals of the period, no matter what their political opinions. In a short time she exercised great influence over Barras and the whole Directory. She had long since applied her mind to politics, and her constant intimacy with the most influential political men had given her a deep insight into the state of France. The correctness of her judgment, and her keen powers of perception, had given her a political foresight scarcely equalled except by Mirabeau. She never failed in her prognostics of events, because she was unbiassed; in her judgment of persons, she was often blinded by private feelings. Before the fatal 10th of August she fore-

told what would happen, and formed a plan to save Louis XVI. Its not being carried into effect was owing to M. de Montmorin, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, not having communicated it to the King.[2]

When the Directory was established, Madame de Staël had already distinguished herself by some very powerful political writings. The first was a pamphlet in defence of the unhappy queen, Marie-Antoinette; it was bold, and forcible, and worthy of a mind like hers. Though no flatterer of popular tyranny, she felt that, to plead this cause with any hope of success, she must in some degree truckle to the sovereign people. Her work is a master-piece of skill, and far exceeded the expectations of even her most enthusiastic admirers. She made no allusion to the rank of the illustrious accused — she said nothing about her being the queen of a great people, or a daughter of the Cæsars;—she felt that she must not talk to the men with blood-stained hands, of a head too sacred to fall by their axe: her task was to move and persuade, and not to demand respect from those who knew not what respect was. She therefore overlooked the queen, to speak only of the tender mother, the kind friend, the good and amiable woman. This pamphlet is remarkable for its energy and sensibility; and it constitutes a monument which Madame de Staël has raised to the glory of her sex.

She next published two papers of very extraordinary power: the first entitled "Reflexions sur la Paix intérieure," the other "Reflexions addressées à M. Pitt et aux Français." Fox, who had a kindred mind, highly praised the latter work.

Soon after her intimacy with Barras, she perceived that the Directory could not long maintain its power. A system of corruption was pursued, which not only weakened it but brought it into contempt. Anticipating therefore a change, and considering perhaps that it was better to put up with an evil the extent of which was known, than to run the risk of a change which might be greatly for the worse, she became a political partisan, and regularly attended meetings held at the Hotel de Salm, under

the name of the Constitutional Circle, in opposition to another political society established at Clichy. Benjamin Constant, who has since become so celebrated as a writer and legislator, was one of the best speakers at the Constitutional Circle. Madame de Staël's connexion with this society led to the saying, "that in spite of herself she had become a supporter of the Directory, which she despised."

With Madame de Staël, friendship was a part of religion; and to serve or save her friends at all risks, was to her a sacred duty which she always fulfilled. On the establishment of the Directorial government, M. de Talleyrand was in America, and very deficient in those means of comfort which could alone induce him to support his exile with patience. Madame de Staël obtained his recall, and presented him at the Directorial court, where he soon made his way with Barras. Thibaudeau, a writer of strict veracity, says in his memoirs;

"M. de Talleyrand returned from the United States without money, and greatly in want of a *refit*. A woman celebrated by her talents, introduced him to the intimacy of Barras."

In Gohier's memoirs, it is also stated: "The ex-bishop of Autun had just been brought into the ministry of Foreign affairs by Necker's daughter."

Benjamin Constant likewise, in a work published since his death, mentions the particulars of M. de Talleyrand's recall from America, and the obligations he was under to Madame de Staël. These obligations ought never to have been forgotten.

After the 18th of Brumaire, Madame de Staël, like every other person, looked upon the rising star of Napoleon's greatness as likely to dissipate, by its brightness, the lowering clouds still hanging over revolutionized France. The influence exercised by Bonaparte acted upon her as it did upon the whole nation, and she saw only a hero in the man who was afterwards to appear to her as an enemy and a tyrant.[3] She then joined in the general admiration, and I can aver, because I know it to be a fact, that she had a strong and kindly feeling towards

the First Consul. This feeling was, however, soon effaced; dislike succeeded goodwill, and the bitterest animosity was ultimately kindled between the First Consul and Madame de Staël.

Joseph Bonaparte, who had a sincere friendship for her, warned her of the danger she incurred from expressing her feelings so openly and so bitterly as she did, in her own drawing-room.

"You submit your claims to the government," said he, "and then you gossip about all its members and turn them into ridicule. This is not the way to obtain what you want."

"That is the very reason," Madame de Staël replied, "why, in my conversations, I never state what I wish to obtain, but only *what I think*."

The police, always ready to notice even that with which it has no concern, at length took upon itself to find fault with Madame de Staël's frequent journeys to Coppet to see her father. Fouché cited her to appear before him, that he might *remonstrate* with her. A short time after Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely intimated to her that she was in danger; and this statesman, who, though zealously devoted to Bonaparte, was anxious that he should not tarnish his fame by persecuting a woman, procured her a place of concealment at a country-house belonging to one of his female relatives. The time she spent here was one of alarm and dread. Every night she would leave her bed and take her station at the window to watch for the gendarmes, who, she thought, were coming to arrest her. She next went to St. Brice, and remained a short time with Madame Recamier, whose benevolent heart was ever ready to assist a friend in distress. From St. Brice she retired to a small house which she had hired, at about ten leagues from Paris. The Commandant of gendarmerie at Versailles here brought her an order to quit the neighbourhood, and not come within forty leagues of the metropolis. General Junot, who had a great regard for Madame de Staël, spoke in her favour with a force that ought to have made some impression. But Napoleon was

inexorable. The gates of Paris being shut against her, she determined to visit Germany. During this tour she studied the German language, and went through a course of its beautiful literature with Goethe. From Weimar she went to Berlin, where she was kindly received by all the royal family, and became intimate with Prince Louis of Prussia, whose mind could fully appreciate hers.

Before she set out for Germany, she spent some months with her father at Coppet. Here it was that this admirable woman, distinguished by talents which placed her in the highest rank of the literature of her age, displayed all the kindness of her nature. Her widowed father had retained many of the whims, rather than habits, of his past life. These she religiously respected, and even encouraged, whenever by doing so she could afford him a pleasurable moment; and her strong and unbending mind would now relax to give her aged parent the gratification of an imagined superiority. Every morning at breakfast she would start some literary or political topic, and allow him to have the best of the argument, but without, however, giving him a too easy victory. Such a means of gratifying a beloved father could have entered none but a woman's mind.

During her stay at Coppet, M. de Talleyrand, forgetful of the services she had rendered him, severed the bond of friendship which had existed between them. As she kept no measure with the head of the state, he perhaps considered it good policy to come to a rupture with a woman who might involve him in difficulties. He chose the safer side no doubt, but was it the most generous? About this period, 1803, the Baron de Staël died, at an inn at Poligny. His wife was with him at the time, and he breathed his last sigh in her arms.

Madame de Staël, tired of her long struggle against Napoleon, settled at Coppet on her return from Germany, and devoted her time wholly to literary pursuits. Here she wrote "Delphine." It is said that, in this work, she drew her own character; the reality of her youth as "Corinne" was the ideal. Her father

died soon after. This was a dreadful blow, for she loved him with a fondness of which there are few examples. After his death, she went to Italy, where she wrote "Corinne," in which she paints with beautiful and soul-stirring energy the workings of a noble and enthusiastic mind, withered in its dearest hopes, and yet gentle and benevolent even in its despair. During the leisure of her exile, she wrote, besides the works I have mentioned, one upon Germany, which, on her return to France in 1810, had an extraordinary and well-deserved success. From this latter period, France was entirely closed against her, and it was also from this period that she encountered her greatest calamities, and perhaps also her best consolation.

Being at Geneva, she there became acquainted with M. de Rocca, a young Genevese officer, who had returned dreadfully wounded, and with a ruined constitution, from the peninsular campaigns. This young man, a nephew of the celebrated Dr. Butini, was an object of great interest at Geneva, and Madame de Staël had heard much of him from the friends who visited her at Coppet. When she first beheld him tottering through the streets, scarcely able to drag his trembling limbs along, and remarked his emaciated frame and his pale sallow cheek, forming so cruel a contrast with his youth, her heart was filled with pity. When he was introduced to her, she said a few kind and consoling words; they reached the young man's heart. Being himself a man of superior intellect, he was struck with a profound admiration of Madame de Staël, which soon ripened into so deep and absorbing a passion that his friends were alarmed. They tried to reason him out of it, but in vain.

"She is old enough to be your mother," said one of them.

"True," M. de Rocca replied; "and I am glad you have pointed out to me another mode of loving her. I was already devoted to her as the woman possessed of all that is worth loving; but you now show me that I must love her as the being most worthy of respect. Thus am I doubly bound to love her."

To another friend, who spoke to him in the same strain, he said:—

"She must love me, and her love will be lasting; for I will prove to her that there are spring mornings at every age; and I will love her so dearly that she will marry me."

He had judged rightly. His attachment to her won a return of affection; so true is it that the most powerful advocate in the heart of a woman is the love she inspires. Madame de Staël did marry him, and their union was marked by a strength and permanence of affection seldom witnessed between persons so different in age. For the first time, Madame de Staël was loved in the manner she had dreamed of when she wrote "Corinne." Her mind was fully understood, and could at length utter sounds which vibrated not in solitude. She had now a kindred soul into which she could pour the breathings of her own and find an echo. During the days which nature had marked out for the close of her existence, she enjoyed a purity of happiness which made her cling to life. It often happens thus.

The marriage was solemnized in private, in order that M. de Rocca might not incur Napoleon's anger. An only son was the fruit of this union. Soon after it took place, Madame de Staël was again forced to become a wanderer; for her exile was now extended to every territory under the influence or protection of Napoleon's government. She first went to Austria; but, disliking the spirit which prevailed in that country, she proceeded to Russia. Having there discovered that the hatred borne to the Emperor of the French extended to every native of France, even to Napoleon's very victims, she went to Sweden, where she was received by the Prince Royal with the most flattering marks of distinction. But a dreadful affliction awaited her in this northern land, "where," as she used to say, "misfortune had fixed its permanent dwelling." Her son Albert, whom the Prince Royal had appointed his aide-de-camp, was killed in a duel. She fled in dismay from this country of sorrow, and sought refuge in England, where she remained till the capture

of Paris by the Allies. She was in this city when Napoleon returned from Elba, and left it in great haste. The Emperor sent to recall her, but she refused to return. After the battle of Waterloo, she again took up her residence in her native city, and obtained from Louis XVIII. the payment of two millions of francs due to her father.

When I again saw her at Paris, immediately after the restoration, I found her the same kind and benevolent creature she had ever been, and with the powers of her genius unimpaired. According to her former custom, she received as her guests persons belonging to all parties, without reference to their political opinions. One evening when her drawing-room was unusually crowded, she suddenly laughed, and addressing some one near her,

"Really," she observed, "my drawing-room is like a military hospital; here you find the wounded of both parties." And this was literally the case.

Very soon after her return to Paris, she became an altered woman. The sight of her old friends had no longer the power of exciting her mind; that brilliant wit, and those bright flashes of intellect which formed the delight of an admiring circle, now gave way to a settled gloom. Her heart seemed care-worn, her body suffering. A deep feeling preyed upon her mind, which in a woman of her age was likely to produce dreadful ravages upon her constitution. Her fears had been awakened for her husband's life: his health, always feeble since she had known him, had become much worse, and justified her apprehensions. To part with him seemed beyond her strength. She loved him as a part of herself; and all her thoughts, nay, the very powers of her mind, were linked to his flickering existence. He alone had realized, by his affection and congeniality of soul, the day-dreams of her youth,—he alone had fully understood her nature. The idea of losing him wrought so powerfully upon her feelings, that it became like a gnawing worm which gradually impaired her intellect. For some time past she had sought

relief and excitement from the use of opium; the reaction produced by this pernicious drug led to increased doses, until she had brought herself to take it in immoderate quantities. This entirely broke up her constitution, and she was spared the affliction of surviving her husband.

In 1816, she was attacked with general uneasiness of body and a sensible prostration of strength. She went to Italy and remained several months at Pisa, where she got better; but on her return to France the complaint revived, and the symptoms soon became dangerous. Dr. Portal was called in, and with him the most able physicians at Paris; but the resources of art were unavailing. She died on the 14th of July 1817, deeply lamented by her family and friends, as well as by all who, without being personally known to her, admired her worth and talents. Her death caused a general mourning, and though at that time I was in Italy, I well know how much she was regretted. A few minutes before she expired, she said to those around her:—

"I think I know what the passage is from this life to another; and I feel convinced that God, in his goodness, softens it for us. Our intellect becomes troubled, and the pain is not very great."

"My father is waiting for me," she exclaimed soon after in a strong voice, "my father is waiting for me—there—he is calling me!"

It has been remarked that she died on the anniversary of that day when the first sound of the bell was heard calling the French people to freedom. She had only just entered her fifty-second year, and, had she lived, might have enlightened the world for many years longer with the splendour of her genius.

Madame de Staël was graceful in all her motions. Her countenance, without any beauty of feature, at first attracted, and then fixed the attention; for it was the book of her mind in which every one could read—an advantage rarely possessed. On looking at it, there suddenly appeared to flash over her features a sort of intellectual loveliness, if I may so term it; and her

eyes, which were large and beautiful, beamed with genius. When she spoke, her look became animated, and imparted extraordinary power to the words she uttered. Her figure was rather large, and her attitudes well designed, though natural, and wholly free from affectation, which she abhorred. This gave a dramatic effect to all she said, and it was increased by her style of dress, which was exceedingly picturesque, and quite unconnected with the fashion of the day. Her hands and arms were of exquisite form and dazzling whiteness, which enhanced the striking character of her general appearance. I have never heard words uttered which acted upon me so powerfully as those of Madame de Staël; for besides being attended with the personal advantages I have described, they had a force of reason that was unanswerable.

People have talked much and variously of the cause of Napoleon's aversion to Madame de Staël; and it is but justice to observe that in the opinions which she gave of the Emperor, she was by no means impartial. Napoleon, however, is inexcusable for his persecution of her; a woman should always be respected when she struggles single-handed against power.

Madame de Staël's works form eighteen octavo volumes, and consist of various kinds of writing. She was only fifteen when she composed her tragedy of "Lady Jane Grey."

"Her youth," she said, "encouraged mine."

This piece is but indifferent; the versification is bad, and the whole is wanting in local character and appropriateness. She afterwards wrote a drama in three acts entitled, "Sophie ou les Sentimens secrets;" but it was unsuccessful, and her friends advised her to abandon dramatic writing, in which she would never have excelled, although there is an extraordinary dramatic effect in the style and thought of her other writings. Her next work was "Lettres sur Jean Jacques Rousseau;" then followed "Influence des Passions," published in 1786; "Reflexions à M. Pitt et aux Français," 1794; "De la Littérature considerée dans ses rapports avec les institutions sociales," 2 vols. 1800;

"Du caractère de M. Necker et de sa vie privée," 1804; "Delphine," 6 vols. 1804; "Corinne," 2 vols. 1806; "Work on Germany," 1815; "Dix années d'Exil," 1816; and "Considérations sur la Révolution Française," 1817.

It is especially this last work which raises Madame de Staël to the highest eminence as a writer. Neither Burke, nor Bonald, nor Mallet-Dupan, nor in short any of the master-minds who have treated of the events of the French Revolution, have approached the noble energy of Madame de Staël's style, nor her vigour of thought. Her book is filled with striking truths and unanswerable inferences, the whole blended with an earnestness of conviction, which steals upon the heart of the most prejudiced. Her judgment on events is always correct; the blemish of her work is the judgment she passes upon men. Here the impressibility of her mind is apparent, and she shows but too plainly the influence of personal feelings. But even when she errs, she is sublime. How eloquent is her indignation, how galling her censure;—with what force does she fathom the depths into which the jarring ambitions of men had plunged the French nation, and expose and brand those human monsters who sent a reeking phantom through the land, under the name of Liberty! Though this book is only a sketch—like a cartoon of Raphael, it is the sketch of a great master. There is no affected display of elegant writing, no attempt at useless declamation; her whole soul is absorbed in her subject, and if her words flow sweet and harmonious, it is from the spontaneous workings of her heart, and not from any study to make them so. The "Considérations sur la Révolution Française," is a work read by many, though scarcely appreciated at its full worth; but the time will come when Madame de Staël will be placed at the head of every contemporary writer of her own class. She was to the nineteenth century, what Montesquieu was to the eighteenth; both perhaps wandered a little out of their path, but both will be consulted whenever it is required to consolidate or improve public institutions.

Madame de Staël at her death had only two children alive:

her eldest son, the Baron de Staël, and the present Duchess de Broglie. The former, whilst still young, and soon after the happiness of a very interesting woman had been entrusted to his care, died in Switzerland; so that Madame de Broglie, who bears a striking resemblance to her mother both in character and talent, is at present the only survivor of the family.

The manner in which M. de Rocca mourned for the loss of the woman he so tenderly loved, is a striking proof of her amiable qualities. Heart-broken and inconsolable grief, rather than the progress of his disease, hurried him to a premature grave, just six months after his separation from her. He died at Hieres in Provence, on the 29th of January 1817, having on that day entered his thirty-first year.[4]

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[1] Gibbon had once been fondly attached to Madame Necker, while she was yet single. The tale of his hopeless love is well known. It was, however, a fortunate thing for Gibbon that she preferred his rival.

[2] In a biography of Madame de Staël, it is stated that M. de Montmorin refused to adopt this plan, because its execution was to have been entrusted to Count Louis de Narbonne, whose excessive thoughtlessness raised such apprehensions in Montmorin's mind, that he would not hear of his having any thing to do with it. This is extremely unjust, and it ill became M. de Montmorin to pass so severe a judgment. Count Louis de Narbonne might have been thoughtless at five-and-twenty, and in his connexion with polite society as constituted during the last gleam of sunshine that fell upon the French monarchy; but I never knew a man with a more noble mind or more capable of doing justice to any thing he undertook.

[3] I have positively seen, and held in my hand, letters from Madame de Staël to the First Consul, in which her admiration of him is warmly and unequivocally expressed. At a later period, the Emperor said he only feared her because she was very susceptible of impressions, which she communicated to those who frequented her drawing-room. The Emperor was very severe, but there was a great deal of truth in his remark.

[4] M. de Rocca's Works are: "Memoire sur la Guerre des Français en Espagne," and "Campagne de Walcheren et d'Anvers en 1809." He also left a posthumous work entitled, "Le mal du Pays," which he was about to publish when he died.

V. Maurin. Lith. de Villain

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

The original of this picture painted in oils by David is in Paris in the Cabinet of Mr. Caille advocate.

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CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Had Charlotte Corday lived in the days of the Greek or Roman republics, the action which has given celebrity to her name, would have elevated her memory to the highest rank of civic virtue. The Christian moralist judges of such deeds by a different standard. The meek spirit of the Saviour's religion raises its voice against murder of every denomination, leaving to Divine Providence the infliction of its will upon men like Marat, whom, for wise and inscrutable purposes, it sends, from time to time, as scourges upon earth. In the present instance, Charlotte Corday anticipated the course of nature but a few weeks, perhaps only a few days; for Marat, when she killed him, was already stricken with mortal disease. Fully admitting, as I sincerely do, the Christian precept in its most comprehensive sense, I am bound to say, nevertheless, that Charlotte Corday's error arose from the noblest and most exalted feelings of the human heart; that she deliberately sacrificed her life to the purest love of her country, unsullied by private feelings of any kind; and that having expiated her error by a public execution, the motive by which she was actuated, and the lofty heroism she displayed, entitle her to the admiration of posterity.

Marie Adelaide Charlotte, daughter of Jean François Corday d'Armans, and Charlotte Godier, his wife, was born in 1768, at St. Saturnin, near Seez, in Normandy. Her family belonged to the Norman nobility, of which it was not one of the least ancient, and she was descended, on the female side, from the great Corneille. She was educated at the Abbey of the Holy Trinity at Caen, and from her earliest youth evinced superior intellectual endowments.

From a peculiar bent of mind very uncommon in females, especially at that period, Charlotte Corday devoted herself to the

study of politics and the theory of government. Strongly tinctured with the philosophy of the last century, and deeply read in ancient history, she had formed notions of pure republicanism which she hoped to see realised in her own country. A friend at first to the revolution, she exulted in the opening dawn of freedom; but when she saw this dawn overcast by the want of energy of the Girondins, the mean and unprincipled conduct of the Feuillans, and the sanguinary ferocity of the Mountain party,[1] she thought only of the means of averting the calamities which threatened again to enslave the French people.

On the overthrow of the Girondins and their expulsion from the Convention, Charlotte Corday was residing at Caen, with her relation Madame de Broteville. She had always been an enthusiastic admirer of the federal principles of this party, so eloquently developed in their writings, and had looked up to them as the saviours of France. She was therefore not prepared for the weakness, and even pusillanimity which they afterwards displayed.

The Girondist representatives sought refuge in the department of Calvados, where they called upon every patriot to take up arms in defence of freedom. On their approach to Caen, Charlotte Corday, at the head of the young girls of that city, bearing crowns and flowers, went out to meet them. The civic crown was presented to Lanjuinais, and Charlotte herself placed it upon his head, a circumstance which must constitute not the least interesting recollection of Lanjuinais' life.

Marat was, at this period, the ostensible chief of the Mountain party, and the most sanguinary of its members. He was a monster of hideous deformity both in mind and person; his lank and distorted features covered with leprosy, and his vulgar and ferocious leer, were a true index of the passions which worked in his odious mind. A series of unparalleled atrocities had raised him to the highest power with his party; and though he professed to be merely passive in the revolutionary government, his word was law with the Convention, and his fiat irrevocable. In every thing relating to the acquisition of wealth, he was in-

corruptible, and even gloried in his poverty. But the immense influence he had acquired, turned his brain, and he gave full range to the evil propensities of his nature, now unchecked by any authority. He had formed principles of political faith in which, perhaps, he sincerely believed, but which were founded upon his inherent love of blood, and his hatred of every human being who evinced talents or virtue above his fellow-men. The guillotine was not only the altar of the distorted thing he worshipped under the name of Liberty, but it was also the instrument of his pleasures : for his highest gratification was the writhings of the victim who fell under its axe. Even Robespierre attempted to check this unquenchable thirst of human blood, but in vain : opposition only excited Marat to greater atrocities. With rage depicted in his livid features, and with the howl of a demoniac, he would loudly declare that rivers of blood could alone purify the land, and must therefore flow. In his paper entitled " L'Ami du Peuple," he denounced all those whom he had doomed to death, and the guillotine spared none whom he designated.

Charlotte Corday having read his assertion in this journal, that three hundred thousand heads were requisite to consolidate the liberties of the French people, could not contain her feelings. Her cheeks flushed with indignation ;

" What !" she exclaimed, " is there not in the whole country a man bold enough to kill this monster ?"

Meanwhile, an insurrection against the ruling faction was in progress, and the exiled deputies had established a central assembly at Caen, to direct its operations. Charlotte Corday, accompanied by her father, regularly attended the sittings of this assembly, where her striking beauty rendered her the more remarkable, because, from the retired life she led, she was previously unknown to any of the members.

Though the eloquence of the Girondins was here powerfully displayed, their actions but little corresponded with it. A liberating army had been formed in the department, and placed under the command of General Felix Wimpfen. But neither this general nor the deputies took any measures worthy of the

cause: their proceedings were spiritless and emasculate, and excited, without checking, the faction in power. Marat denounced the Girondins in his paper, and demanded their death as necessary for the safety of the republic.

Charlotte Corday was deeply afflicted at the nerveless measures of the expelled deputies, and imagining that, if she could succeed in destroying Marat, the fall of his party must necessarily ensue, she determined to offer up her own life for the good of her country. She accordingly called on Barbaroux, one of the Girondist leaders, with whom she was not personally acquainted, and requested a letter of introduction to M. Duperret, a deputy favourable to the Girondins, and then at Paris. Having also requested Barbaroux to keep her secret, she wrote to her father, stating, that she had resolved to emigrate to England, and had set out privately for that country, where alone she could live in safety.

She arrived at Paris at the beginning of July 1793, and immediately called upon M. Duperret. But she found this deputy as devoid of energy as of talent, and therefore only made use of him to assist her in transacting some private business.

A day or two after her arrival, an incident occurred, which is worthy of a place here.

Being at the Tuileries, she seated herself upon a bench in the garden. A little boy, attracted no doubt by the smile with which she greeted him, enlisted her as a companion of his gambols. Encouraged by her caresses, he thrust his hand into her half-open pocket and drew forth a small pistol.

"What toy is this?" said he.

"It is a toy," Charlotte replied, "which may prove very useful in these times."

So saying, she quickly concealed the weapon, and looking round to see whether she was observed, immediately left the garden.[2]

On the 11th of July, Charlotte Corday attended the sitting of the Convention, with a determination to shoot Marat in the

midst of the assembly. But he was too ill to leave his house; and she had to listen to a long tirade against the Girondins, made by Cambon, in a report on the state of the country.

On the 12th, at nine o'clock in the evening, she called on M. Prud'homme, a historian of considerable talent and strict veracity, with whose writings on the revolution she had been much struck.

" No one properly understands the state of France," said she, with the accent of true patriotism; " your writings alone have made impression upon me, and that is the reason why I have called upon you. Freedom, as you understand it, is for all conditions and opinions. You feel, in a word, that you have a country. All the other writers on the events of the day are partial, and full of empty declamation; they are wholly guided by factions, or, what is worse, by coteries."

M. Prud'homme says that, in this interview, Charlotte Corday appeared to him a woman of most elevated mind and striking talent.

The day after this visit, she went to the Palais Royal and bought a sharp-pointed carving-knife, with a black sheath. On her return to the hotel in which she lodged—Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Augustins—she made her preparations for the deed she intended to commit next day. Having put her papers in order, she placed a certificate of her baptism in a red pocket-book, in order to take it with her, and thus establish her identity. This she did because she had resolved to make no attempt to escape, and was therefore certain she should leave Marat's house for the conciergerie, preparatory to her appearing before the revolutionary tribunal.

Next morning, the 14th, taking with her the knife she had purchased, and her red pocket-book, she proceeded to Marat's residence, at No. 18, Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine. The representative was ill, and could not be seen, and Charlotte's entreaties for admittance on the most urgent business were unavailing. She therefore withdrew, and wrote the following note, which she herself delivered to Marat's servant.

"Citizen Representative,

"I am just arrived from Caen. Your well-known patriotism leads me to presume that you will be glad to be made acquainted with what is passing in that part of the republic. I will call on you again in the course of the day; have the goodness to give orders that I may be admitted, and grant me a few minutes' conversation. I have important secrets to reveal to you.

"Charlotte Corday."

At seven o'clock in the evening she returned, and reached Marat's antechamber; but the woman who waited upon him refused to admit her to the monster's presence. Marat, however, who was in a bath in the next room, hearing the voice of a young girl, and little thinking she had come to deprive him of life, ordered that she should be shown in. Charlotte seated herself by the side of the bath. The conversation ran upon the disturbances in the department of Calvados, and Charlotte, fixing her eyes upon Marat's countenance as if to scrutinize his most secret thoughts, pronounced the names of several of the Girondist deputies.

"They shall soon be arrested," he cried with a howl of rage, "and executed the same day."

He had scarcely uttered these words, when Charlotte's knife was buried in his bosom.

"Help!" he cried, "help! I am murdered." He died immediately.

Charlotte might have escaped, but she had no such intention. She had undertaken what she conceived a meritorious action, and was resolved to stay and ascertain whether her aim had been sure. In a short time, the screams of Marat's servant brought a crowd of people into the room. Some of them beat and ill-used her, but, the Members of the Section having arrived, she placed herself under their protection. They were all struck with her extraordinary beauty, as well as with the calm and lofty heroism that beamed from her countenance. Accustomed as they were to the shedding of human blood, they could not behold unmoved this beautiful girl, who had not yet reached her

twenty-fifth year, standing before them with unblenching eye, but with modest dignity, awaiting their fiat of death for a deed which she imagined would save her country from destruction. At length Danton arrived, and treated her with the most debasing indignity, to which she only opposed silent contempt. She was then dragged into the street, placed in a coach, and Drouet was directed to conduct her to the conciergerie. On her way thither, she was attacked by the infuriated multitude. Here for the first time she evinced symptoms of alarm. The possibility of being torn to pieces in the streets, and her mutilated limbs dragged through the kennel and made a sport of by the ferocious rabble, had never before occurred to her imagination. The thought now struck her with dismay, and aroused all her feelings of female delicacy. The firmness of Drouet, however, saved her, and she thanked him warmly.

"Not that I feared to die," she said; "but it was repugnant to my woman's nature to be torn to pieces before everybody."

Whilst she was at the conciergerie, a great many persons obtained leave to see her, and all felt the most enthusiastic admiration on beholding a young creature of surpassing loveliness, with endowments that did honour to her sex, and a loftiness of heroism to which few of the stronger sex have attained, who had deliberately executed that which no man in the country had resolution to attempt, though the whole nation wished it, and calmly given up her life for the public weal.

Charlotte's examination before the revolutionary tribunal is remarkable for the dignified simplicity of her answers. I shall only mention one which deserves to be handed down to posterity.

"Accused," said the President, "how happened it that thou couldst reach the heart at the very first blow? Hadst thou been practising beforehand?"

Charlotte cast an indescribable look at the questioner.

"Indignation had roused my heart," she replied, "and it showed me the way to his."

When sentence of death was passed on her, and all her pro-

perty declared forfeited to the state, she turned to her counsel, M. Chauveau Lagarde;

"I cannot, Sir, sufficiently thank you," she said, "for the noble and delicate manner in which you have defended me; and I will at once give you a proof of my gratitude. I have now nothing in the world, and I bequeath to you the few debts I have contracted in my prison. Pray discharge them for me."

When the executioner came to make preparations for her execution, she entreated him not to cut off her hair.

"It shall not be in your way," she said; and taking her stay-lace she tied her thick and beautiful hair on the top of her head, so as not to impede the stroke of the axe. She is thus represented in the portrait at the head of this article.

In her last moments, she refused the assistance of a priest; and upon this is founded a charge of her being an infidel. But there is nothing to justify so foul a blot upon her memory. Charlotte Corday had opened her mind, erroneously perhaps, to freedom of thought in religion as well as in politics. Deeply read in the philosophic writings of the day, she had formed her own notions of faith. She certainly rejected the communion of the Roman Church; and it may be asked whether the conduct of the hierarchy of France before the revolution was calculated to convince her that she was in error? But because she refused the aid of man as a mediator between her and God, is it just to infer that she rejected her Creator? Certainly not. A mind like hers was incapable of existing without religion; and the very action she committed may justify the inference that she anticipated the contemplation, from other than earthly realms, of the happiness of her rescued country.

As the cart in which she was seated proceeded towards the place of execution, a crowd of wretches in the street, ever ready to insult the unfortunate, and glut their eyes with the sight of blood, called out:

"To the guillotine with her!"

"I am on my way thither," she mildly replied, turning towards them.

She was a striking figure as she sat in the cart. The extraordinary beauty of her features, and the mildness of her look, strangely contrasted with the murderer's red garment which she wore. She smiled at the spectators whenever she perceived marks of sympathy rather than of curiosity, and this smile gave a truly Raphaelic expression to her countenance. Adam Lux, a deputy of Mayence, having met the cart, shortly after it left the conciergerie, gazed with wonder at this beautiful apparition—for he had never before seen Charlotte—and a passion, as singular as it was deep, immediately took possession of his mind.

"Oh!" cried he, "this woman is surely greater than Brutus!" Anxious once more to behold her, he ran at full speed towards the Palais Royal, which he reached before the cart arrived in front of it. Another look which he cast upon Charlotte Corday, completely unsettled his reason. The world to him had suddenly become a void, and he resolved to quit it. Rushing like a madman to his own house, he wrote a letter to the revolutionary tribunal, in which he repeated the words he had already uttered at the sight of Charlotte Corday, and concluded by asking to be condemned to death, in order that he might join her in a better world. His request was granted, and he was executed soon after. Before he died, he begged the executioner to bind him with the very cords that had before encircled the delicate limbs of Charlotte upon the same scaffold, and his head fell as he was pronouncing her name.

Charlotte Corday, wholly absorbed by the solemnity of her last moments, had not perceived the effect she had produced upon Adam Lux, and died in ignorance of it. Having reached the foot of the guillotine, she ascended the platform with a firm step, but with the greatest modesty of demeanour. "Her countenance," says an eye-witness, "evinced only the calmness of a soul at peace with itself."

The executioner having removed the handkerchief which covered her shoulders and bosom, her face and neck became suffused with a deep blush. Death had no terrors for her, but her innate feelings of modesty were deeply wounded at being thus

exposed to public gaze. Her being fastened to the fatal plank seemed a relief to her, and she eagerly rushed to death as a refuge against this violation of female delicacy.

When her head fell, the executioner took it up and bestowed a buffet upon one of the cheeks. The eyes which were already closed, again opened and cast a look of indignation upon the brute, as if consciousness had survived the separation of the head from the body. This fact, extraordinary as it may seem, has been averred by thousands of eye-witnesses; it has been accounted for in various ways, and no one has ever questioned its truth.

Before Charlotte Corday was taken to execution, she wrote a letter to her father, entreating his pardon for having, without his permission, disposed of the life she owed him. Here the lofty-minded heroine again became the meek and submissive daughter, as, upon the scaffold, the energetic and daring woman was nothing but a modest and gentle girl.

The Mountain party, furious at the loss of their leader, attempted to vituperate the memory of Charlotte Corday, by attributing to her motives much less pure and praiseworthy than those which really led to the commission of the deed for which she suffered. They asserted that she was actuated by revenge for the death of a man named Belzunce, who was her lover, and had been executed at Caen upon the denunciation of Marat. But Charlotte Corday was totally unacquainted with Belzunce; she had never even seen him. More than that, she was never known to have an attachment of the heart. Her thoughts and feelings were wholly engrossed by the state of her country, and her mind had no leisure for the contemplation of connubial happiness. Her life was therefore offered up in the purest spirit of patriotism, unmixed with any worldly passion.

M. Prud'homme relates that, on the very day of Marat's death, M. Piot, a teacher of the Italian language, called upon him. This gentleman had just left Marat, with whom he had been conversing on the state of the country. The representative,

in reply to some observation made by M. Piot, had uttered these remarkable words :—

"They who govern are a pack of fools. France must have a chief; but to reach this point, blood must be shed, not *drop by drop*, but *in torrents*."

"Marat," added M. Piot to M. Prud'homme, "was in his bath and very ill. This man cannot live a month longer."

When M. Piot was informed that Marat had been murdered, an hour after he had made this communication to M. Prud'homme, he was stricken with a sort of palsy, and would probably have died of fright, had not M. Prud'homme promised not to divulge this singular coincidence.

To the eternal disgrace of the French nation, no monument has been raised to the memory of Charlotte Corday, nor is it even known where her remains were deposited; and yet, in the noble motive of her conduct, and the immense and generous sacrifice she made of herself, when in the enjoyment of every thing that could make life valuable, she has an eternal claim upon the gratitude of her country.

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[1] So called from their occupying the highest seats in the assembly.

[2] This anecdote is given on the authority of M. Drouineau. [The article from which it is taken, forms a very interesting chapter in the "Livre des Cent-et-un," and is to be found in Whittaker's edition of "Paris, or the Book of the Hundred-and-one," under the title of "A house in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine."—Ed.]

JOSEPHINE,

EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

There is not, I am sure, a Frenchwoman of my age, to whom the name at the head of this article would not recall the most splendid period of the French empire, associated with all that is good and amiable in woman. The recollection of Josephine always awakens feelings which none but herself could have kindled; they arise not only from her innate benevolence of disposition, and the gentle and endearing qualities of her heart, but from the spell of fascination which she threw over all who approached her. Every generous and sympathizing heart, with her rank and power, could confer benefits; but no one could impart to them the charm which she gave with a word, or a look, or a smile; and no one equalled her in winning confidence or affording consolation where acts of liberality were of no avail. It is a motive of satisfaction to us women, when we number among the celebrated of our sex such a being as the stern and merciless Mary of England, to find so striking a contrast as that afforded by the subject of this memoir.

Josephine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie was born at Martinique on the 24th of June 1763. At a very early age she came to Paris, where she married the Viscount Beauharnais, a man of talent and superior personal endowments, but not a courtier, as some writers have asserted, for he was never even presented at court. Beauharnais was a man of limited fortune, and his wife's dower more than doubled his income. In 1787, Madame Beauharnais returned to Martinique to nurse her aged mother, whose health was in a declining state; but the disturbances which soon after took place in that colony, drove her back to France. During her absence, the revolution had broken out, and on her

N. Maurin del. Lith de Villain

JOSÉPHINE ROSE TASCHER
DE LA PAGERIE BONAPARTE.

Wife of the first Consul.

From the original portrait in miniature painted by Isabey to be found in his Cabinet in Paris.

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return she found her husband entirely devoted to those principles upon which the regeneration of the French people was to be founded. The well-known opinions of the Viscount Beauharnais gave his wife considerable influence with the rulers of blood who stretched their reeking sceptre over the whole nation; and she had frequent opportunities, which she never lost, of saving persons doomed by their sanguinary decrees. Among others, Mademoiselle de Bethisy was condemned, by the revolutionary tribunal, to be beheaded; but Madame Beauharnais, by her irresistible intercession, succeeded in obtaining the life and freedom of this interesting lady. The revolution however, devouring, like Saturn, its own children, spared none of even its warmest supporters, the moment they came in collision with the governing party, then composed of ignorant and blood-thirsty enthusiasts. The slightest hesitation in executing any of their decrees, however absurd or impracticable, was considered a crime deserving of death. Beauharnais had been appointed general in chief of the army of the North. Having failed to attend to some foolish order of the Convention, he was cited to appear at its bar and give an account of his conduct. No one appeared before this formidable assembly, but to take, immediately after, the road to the guillotine; and such was the case with the republican general Beauharnais. He was tried, and condemned; and, on the 23rd of July 1794, he was publicly beheaded at the Place de la Révolution. Meantime, his wife had been thrown into prison, where she remained until Robespierre's death, expecting each day to be led out to execution. Having at length recovered her freedom, she joined her children, Eugene and Hortense, who had been taken care of during their mother's captivity by some true and devoted, though humble friends. After the establishment of the Directory, Madame Tallian became all-powerful with the Director Barras, to whom she introduced Madame Beauharnais.

Some scandalous and wholly unfounded tales have been propagated concerning the intimacy of Barras with Madame Beauharnais; it has even been stated that he introduced Bonaparte

to her, and that her marriage with this general was the price paid for the command of the army in Italy. This is a base calumny; but, during the progress of the Consulate and the Empire, party feelings ran so high that there was no falsehood, however atrocious, which was not warmly received and propagated as authentic in every country warring against the principles of the French revolution. Bonaparte did not become acquainted with Madame Beauharnais at the house of Barras; the acquaintance was accidental, as I shall immediately show, and never was marriage contracted under feelings of warmer attachment than that felt by Napoleon for Josephine.

The following incident first led to their acquaintance. The day after the 13th of Vendemiaire, a boy called upon General Bonaparte, then commandant of Paris, and, with ingenuous boldness, begged that his father's sword might be returned to him.

"And who is your father, my good boy?" said Bonaparte, looking with interest at the boy's open and manly countenance, and feeling an unusual curiosity about him.

"My father was General Beauharnais," the youth replied, with a tear streaming down each cheek.

"Oh!" said Bonaparte hastily, "he who was guillotined;" then checking himself, as if in regret at having thoughtlessly hurt the applicant's feelings, he held out his hand, and said with a kindness of manner peculiarly his own :—

"You shall have your father's sword, and I will be your friend. Is your mother alive?"

"She is, General."

Bonaparte took Madame Beauharnais' address, called upon her next day, and continued to visit her. They afterwards met at the house of Barras, but as friends who had known each other for some time.

Bonaparte at length became passionately attached to Madame Beauharnais, and married her on the 17th of February 1796. She accompanied him to Italy, where by her powers of pleasing she charmed his toils, and by her affectionate attentions soothed his disappointments when rendered too bitter by the impediments

which the jealousy of the Directory threw in the way of his victories. It was during his stay at Milan, that Josephine had a foretaste of that power which she was one day to share with him on the most powerful throne in Europe. When Bonaparte set out on his expedition to Egypt, Madame Bonaparte took up her residence at Malmaison, where she spent almost the whole time of his absence. On his return, reasons, concerning which much has been said and much controverted, led him to desire a separation. For a long time he refused to see her, and she gave way to the most violent despair; but her children, whom Bonaparte loved as if they were his own, ultimately brought about an interview, and became the bond of their reconciliation. All cause of complaint, whether founded or not, was now forgotten, and Bonaparte recovered the happiness he never ought to have lost.

There is a class of persons in Paris who owe a deep debt of gratitude to Josephine, and seem but little sensible of it: I mean the aristocratic inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain. They had emigrated and were proscribed as enemies of their country; they however returned to France, but not to obey nor to respect its government. Madame Bonaparte was their great benefactress: she had their lives spared and their property restored to them. Messrs. de Polignac can vouch for this fact.

Bonaparte loved Josephine with great tenderness, and this attachment can be expressed in no words but his own. In his letters published by Queen Hortense, it may be seen how ardently his soul of fire had fixed itself to hers, and mixed up her life with his own. These letters form a striking record. A woman so beloved, and by such a man, could have been no ordinary person.

When Napoleon became sovereign of France, after having proved its hero, he resolved that his crown should also grace the brows of Josephine. I saw her at Notre-Dame, kneeling before the great altar, and gracefully inclined towards him as he said to her:

"I make you a queen among queens; I crown you empress of the greatest and most beautiful empire in the world."

With his own hand he placed the small crown upon her head, just above the diamond band which encircled her forehead. It was evident that he felt intense happiness in thus honouring the woman he loved, and making her share his greatness.

Some time after, Josephine went to Milan to be also crowned and consecrated queen of Italy. And this was the woman whom, for political reasons, Bonaparte was afterwards induced to cast off. But the time of his separation from her, seemed also the period when the star of his good fortune set never to rise again.

It was truly marvellous to see Josephine at the Tuileries, on grand reception days, as she walked through the Gallerie de Diane and the Salle des Maréchaux. Where did this surprizing woman acquire her royal bearing? She never appeared at one of these splendid galas of the empire without exciting a sentiment of admiration, and of affection too: for her smile was sweet and benevolent, and her words mild and captivating, at the same time that her appearance was majestic and imposing. I have often seen her on such occasions, and each time with fresh wonder and delight.

She had some very gratifying moments during her greatness, if she afterwards encountered sorrow. The marriage of her son Eugene to the Princess of Bavaria, and that of her niece to the Prince of Baden, were events of which she might well be proud. Napoleon seemed to study how he could please her; he seemed happy but in her happiness.

He generally yielded to her entreaties; for the manner in which she made a request was irresistible. Her voice was naturally harmonious like that of most creoles, and there was a peculiar charm in every word she uttered. I once witnessed, at Malmaison, an instance of her power over the Emperor. A soldier of the guard, guilty of some breach of discipline, had been condemned to a very severe punishment. Marshal Bessières was anxious to obtain the man's pardon; but as Napoleon had already given his decision, there was no hope unless the Empress undertook the affair. She calmly listened to the Marshal, and, having received all the information necessary, said with her musical voice and bewitching smile:

"I will try if I can obtain the poor man's pardon."

When the Emperor returned to the drawing-room, we all looked to see the expression his countenance would assume when she mentioned the matter to him. At first he frowned, but, as the Empress went on, his brow relaxed; he then smiled, looked at her with his sparkling eyes, and said, kissing her forehead:

"Well, let it be so for this once; but, Josephine, mind you do not acquire a habit of making such applications."

He then put his arm round her waist, and again tenderly kissed her. Now what spell had she employed to produce such an effect? Merely a few words, and a look, and a smile; but each was irresistible.

Then came days of anguish and regret. She had given no heir to Napoleon's throne, and all hope of such an event was now past. This wrung her heart; for it was a check to Napoleon's ambition of family greatness, and a disappointment to the French nation. The female members of Napoleon's family disliked the Empress—they were perhaps jealous of her influence—and the present opportunity was not lost to impress upon the Emperor the necessity of a divorce. At length he said to Josephine:

"We must separate; I must have an heir to my empire."

With a bleeding heart, she meekly consented to the sacrifice. The particulars of the divorce are too well known to be repeated here. I shall merely mention the following words of Prince Eugene, when, as Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, he communicated the event to the senate.

"The Emperor's tears," said the Prince, scarcely able to restrain his own, "would alone suffice to establish my mother's glory."

After this act of self-immolation, Josephine withdrew to Malmaison, where she lived in elegant retirement; unwilling to afflict the Emperor with the news of her grief, and wearing a smile of seeming content which but ill veiled the sorrows of her heart. Yet she was far from being calm; and in the privacy of friendship, the workings of her affectionate nature would sometimes burst forth. But she was resigned, and what more could be required from a broken heart?

On the birth of the King of Rome, when Providence at length granted the Emperor an heir to his thrones, Josephine experienced a moment of satisfaction which made her amends for many days of bitterness. All her thoughts and hopes were centered in Napoleon and his glory, and the consummation of his wishes was to her a source of pure and unutterable satisfaction.

"My sacrifice will at least have been useful to him and to France," she said to me, pressing my hand and looking at me with tearful eyes. But they were tears of joy. Yet this joy was not unalloyed; and the feeling which accompanied it, was the more bitter because it could not be shown. It was, however, betrayed by these simple and affecting words uttered in the most thrilling tone:

"Alas! why am I not his mother?"

When the disasters of the Russian campaign took place, she was certainly much more afflicted than the woman who filled her place at the Tuileries. When in private with any of us, who were intimate with her, she wept bitterly.

One day, on paying her a visit, I found her overpowered with emotion; but it was the emotion of pleasure. She was so overcome that she could scarcely speak.

"I have seen the King of Rome," she said, bursting into tears. She was at that time unable to give me an account of the interview, and it was only in the course of the ensuing week that she became calm enough to do so. She loved this child because he was Napoleon's, and she loved him as dearly as she loved Eugene and Hortense.

The Emperor's abdication, and exile to Elba, cut her to the soul.

"Why did I leave him?" she said to me, on hearing that he had set out alone for Elba; "why did I consent to this separation? Had I not done so, I should now be by his side, to console him in his misfortunes."

On Thursday the 24th of May 1814, I breakfasted with her at Malmaison. After breakfast she took a long walk; I accompanied her with my daughter Josephine, whose godmother she

was, and who, though then a mere infant, was much attached to her. She was in good health, and tolerable spirits, and she talked to me a great deal about a change of pictures she wished to make with me.

"Come and breakfast with me on Monday," she said, "and we will settle about this exchange. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia will spend the day here on Sunday, and I anticipate great fatigue from their visit."

When I arrived on the Monday morning, she was very ill; next day, May 29th, she was no more. Her two children were with her during her last moments.

Her body was buried in the church of Ruel. Every person of any note then at Paris attended her funeral. She was universally regretted by foreigners as well as by Frenchmen; and she obtained, as she deserved, a tribute to her memory, not only from the nation whose empress she had been, but from the whole of Europe, whose proudest sovereigns had once been at her feet.

MARY,

QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Mary of England, daughter of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon, has been designated to posterity under the names of Mary the Catholic, and Mary the Bloody. She is accused, and justly so, of cruelty and religious fanaticism; though the dark points of her character have been as much exaggerated by Protestant writers, as a puerile attempt to attenuate them has disgraced the historians of the Catholic party. In the absence of all prejudice, however, and taking the middle line between the two parties, sufficient will be found to justify the last epithet as applied to Mary's character and reign.

This princess was born on the 4th of February 1515, and educated in misfortune. Being the daughter of a repudiated wife, and herself an object of persecution under the reigns of her father and brother, her temper, as she grew up, became soured by the disappointment and injustice which hung like a clog upon her young years. But her character was naturally gloomy and austere, and she had inherited many of the defects of her father's nature: she had his thirst for the revenge of blood, and, like him, she never forgave. In her person she was ill-favoured and forbidding; there was a total absence of female grace and blandishment, in which very few of her sex are wholly deficient, and which would have proved a powerful auxiliary to her cause when, after the death of Edward VI., she came forward to ascend the throne of England.

The Pope having taken up the cause of Catherine of Arragon against Henry VIII., that unhappy princess became a blind

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MARY THE CATHOLICK,

queen of England,

Called the bloody queen Mary.

From the original of holbein in the collection of the Most Noble the Marquis of Exeter.

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slave to the Holy See, and continued so till her death. It was natural enough that she should communicate her feelings to her daughter Mary; it was also natural that Mary herself should imbibe a horror of that faith which had sanctioned her mother's divorce, and thrown upon herself the stain of illegitimacy. Catholicism was therefore a necessary condition of Mary's existence; combined with her temper and bigotry, it was also the very worst quality in the sovereign of a country strongly attached to the reformed religion.

At the period of Edward's death, there were four female claimants to the crown of England. Two of them were daughters of Henry VIII.: Mary the Catholic, born of a repudiated wife, and Elizabeth the Protestant, born of a wife beheaded as an adulteress. The two others, descended from Henry VII., were Lady Jane Grey, and Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland: the one a Protestant, like Elizabeth, and claiming by virtue of the last will of Edward VI.; the other a Catholic, like Mary, and having not a very clear right, nor the means of enforcing it, even if it were established.

Lady Jane Grey, in the innocence of her heart, was unacquainted with her own claims, and was, besides, unambitious to change her lot. But an ambitious father-in-law forced her upon a throne, to reign only a few days, and then die by the hand of the public executioner.

Northumberland, not trusting solely to the will of Edward VI. to get Lady Jane Grey acknowledged queen after the king's death, was anxious, before he made the attempt, to have the two daughters of Henry VIII. in his power. He therefore, a short time before Edward's death, prevailed upon the council to write to Mary and Elizabeth, requesting their presence to afford assistance and consolation to their dying brother. They accordingly set out for London; but Edward having expired before their arrival, Northumberland concealed his death, in order that the princesses might continue their journey, and fall into the snare he had laid for them. Mary had already reached Hoddesdon, about seventeen miles from London, when the Earl of Arundel sent

her an express to inform her of her brother's death, and warn her of the projects of Northumberland. She immediately retired in all haste, and reached Kenninghall in Norfolk, whence she proceeded to Framlingham in Suffolk. Her ultimate intention was to have embarked from this place for Flanders, had she been unable to make a stand there in defence of her right of succession. She wrote to all the principal nobility and gentry in the kingdom, calling upon them to take up arms in defence of the crown and its legitimate heir; she also sent to the council to announce that she was aware of her brother's death, and commanded them to take the necessary steps for her being proclaimed.

Dissimulation being no longer of any use, Northumberland boldly declared his plan, and, attended by several of the great nobles of England, proceeded to Sion House, where he did homage to Lady Jane Grey as Queen of England. It was then only that this lovely and unfortunate young woman was made acquainted with the intentions of her father-in-law. She rejected the proffered crown, and urged the priority of right possessed by the daughters of Henry VIII. For a long time she persisted in her refusal; and her resistance was at length overcome, more by the entreaties of her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, than by the reasoning of her father-in-law. She was immediately conducted to the Tower of London, where it was then customary for the sovereigns of England to spend the first days after their accession to the throne; and she went thither rather as a beautiful and innocent victim to be offered up in sacrifice, than as the new sovereign of a great nation.

In vain was she proclaimed Queen of England: not a sign of rejoicing was heard, and the people maintained a sullen silence. There was no feeling against Lady Jane Grey; but the unpopularity of the Dudleys was excessive, and it was easily seen that, under the name of Jane, they would be the real rulers of England. This made the nation look towards Mary, and the promises of religious toleration which she held out, induced them to support her cause.

Meanwhile Mary was obtaining the submission of the people of Suffolk. All the inhabitants of this county professed the reformed religion, and the moment she pledged herself that they should freely exercise their faith, they attached themselves to her cause. The most powerful of the nobility flocked to her standard, and Sir Edward Hastings, who had received a commission from the council to levy troops in the county of Buckingham for Lady Jane Grey, brought these troops to Mary. A fleet, also, which Northumberland had sent to cruise off the coast of Suffolk, entered Yarmouth, and declared for the daughter of Henry VIII. Soon after, the ministers of Jane's government, who considered themselves little better than Northumberland's prisoners, left the Tower in a body, and with the Mayor and Aldermen of London proceeded to do homage to her whom they deemed their legitimate sovereign.

Success attended Mary's arms, and she was universally acknowledged queen. At first she appeared mild and clement, assuming an expression of benevolence, and talking only of pardon. But such a word from her was a cruel mockery. If there was pardon, there must have been injury; and it was in Mary's nature never to forget an offence. This seeming mildness was only the slumber of vengeance, which was soon to awake and throw mourning and desolation over the land. Northumberland was at first the only individual she seemed desirous of sacrificing to her resentment. Lady Jane Grey and her husband were imprisoned in the Tower, and the Queen of England was proclaimed most just and most merciful, because she had taken only a single life.

In a very short time, however, cries of sedition were heard. The people, alarmed at having a religion forced upon them in which they had no belief, showed symptoms of disaffection. Mary gave no heed to the promises she had solemnly made whilst struggling for her rights: she reinstated the Catholic bishops, and brow-beat the inhabitants of Suffolk when they urged her pledge to them. The prisons were filled with victims, and the Protestant preachers persecuted and put to death. Judge

Hales, who had strenuously defended Mary's claims, became a base traitor the moment he ventured to oppose the illegal innovations which she wished to make. He was thrown into prison, and treated with such severity, that he became frantic, and committed suicide. Cranmer, who certainly had strong claims to Mary's gratitude, was nevertheless imprisoned, but was not immediately doomed, being reserved for more lingering torments. Soon were the dead torn from their graves, and their bones burned by the common hangman. On the other hand, the most atrocious malefactors, provided they were Catholics, were liberated from prison, and again let loose upon society. The most extensive powers were given to the Catholic chiefs to make Catholicism triumph, and the queen's authority respected. The fertile plains of England streamed with human blood; for Mary's troops did as much execution as the officers of the law. In the course of three years, two hundred and seventy-seven individuals were burned alive for heresy, and among them were fifty-five women and four children. A pregnant woman on the point of delivery was tied to the stake; the violence of the torture hastened the birth, and in the midst of the flames the poor woman was delivered of a son. A soldier sprang forward to save the child, but a magistrate who stood by interfered.

"It is a heretic," cried the ruthless savage, "because it is the offspring of a heretic;" and the poor babe was thrown back into the fire.

Such were the ministers of Mary's justice, and well did their actions correspond with her ferocious and sanguinary heart.

Nevertheless, Mary's throne ran no little danger from internal commotions. Her sister Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey had still numerous adherents, and many of the nobles were disaffected. But these troubles were partially quelled, and Mary now began to think of marrying. It would have been much better policy had she placed beside her on the throne of England one of her own nation; but in the direction her mind had taken with regard to religion, she preferred rather to obtain a supporter of the faith which she was imposing upon her subjects by dint of the most

appalling cruelties. In her embarrassment she wrote to the Pope, and to her cousin the Emperor Charles V. The latter replied in the following terms :—

"My dear Cousin,

"The King of France is married; the others are too young, and I am too old. My son Philip therefore appears to me the only husband that will suit you."

Mary was then what is termed an old maid. But she was anxious to marry; and however repulsive the image of Don Philip, with his pallid cheeks, and his red crisped hair, and his hollow and rare smile, she was seized with a passion for him that admitted of no delay. The preliminaries were soon concluded, the principal article being that Philip should have the title of King, but Mary retain the reins of power; and England soon learned with dismay that Philip the Spaniard was to be its new sovereign.

The consternation was general at this news, and the strongest remonstrances were made. But Mary, blinded by her love for a man whom she had never seen, and who treated her with such disdain that he did not even condescend to write her a single letter, soon imposed silence upon the complainants, by the infliction of exile or imprisonment.

Nevertheless she could not sufficiently overcome the repugnance of her subjects to make them at once yield to her will. A fleet had been equipped to fetch Don Philip from Spain; but the commander, Lord Effingham, declared to the Queen that the life of the Spanish prince would not be safe during the voyage. Mary was therefore obliged to give up the point. A general indignation had been roused throughout the country, and, when once the cry of discontent is uttered by a whole people, it resounds far and wide. If, at this period, the King of France had taken advantage of the discontent existing in England, Mary would have been lost. But this monarch was too high-minded to stir up rebellion in any state with which he was not at war.

Rebellion was, however, in good train without his assistance. Certain disaffected nobles had conspired to rise in arms and pre-

vent the obnoxious marriage. Sir Thomas Wyat was to raise an insurrection in Kent, Sir Peter Carew in Devonshire, and the Duke of Suffolk in the midland counties. Carew, however, by his precipitation and want of judgment defeated the plot: he was forced to fly to a foreign land, and the Duke of Suffolk was taken prisoner. Wyat was more successful, and approached London with an army. But on reaching London-bridge, he found it barricaded, and proceeded to Kingston, where he crossed the Thames, and returned towards London. But this made him lose time, and he forgot that the success of every popular commotion depends upon a single moment which must be taken advantage of. Wyat's success abandoned him, and he was ultimately arrested by Sir Maurice Berkeley, near Temple Bar, after being deserted by all his followers. Four hundred persons were executed for this rebellion; and four hundred more were led to the feet of the merciful Queen, who pardoned them, smiling with satisfaction at the sight of these poor wretches strung together like cattle, and humbling themselves to sue for life.

Sir Thomas Wyat was beheaded, after solemnly declaring upon the scaffold that the Princess Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire were both guiltless of any participation in his enterprize. His death put an end to this rebellion, the most serious during Mary's reign.

But for a mind like that of the daughter of Henry VIII. it was not sufficient to be victorious: the repose produced by victory must be sealed with a sacrifice of blood. Lady Jane Grey and her husband were the victims which Mary designated for this occasion.

The preliminaries of the Queen's marriage being at length concluded, Philip was to be sent to England in a Spanish squadron. During the whole time the voyage lasted, Mary was in a state of nervous irritation, which considerably impaired her health. She was afraid that Philip would be taken prisoner by the French fleet then at sea; then again she was fearful that the uneasiness caused by this fear would impair her beauty, and

render her disgusting to her young husband. It is certain that such emotion embellished neither her small and angry eyes, nor her thin hanging lips, which never worked into a smile but from delight in evil.

News at length reached the Queen that Philip had arrived at Southampton, and she now saw the consummation of her wishes. The marriage took place at Westminster, when the royal couple, after making a public entry into London, proceeded to Windsor Palace, which had been prepared for their residence.

Philip was then precisely what he showed himself to be at a later period : stern and austere in speech and manners. On the first interview, Mary was herself stricken with dread at the severity of his appearance. He, however, affected great magnificence and generosity towards the subjects of his consort, and made an ostentatious display of wealth quite unknown at this period among a nation which has since surpassed every other in the acquisition of riches.

Sir William Monson states a fact, connected with Philip's arrival in England, so remarkable that I give it a place here. The Spanish squadron, on approaching the coast, passed the English fleet, and did not lower their topsails as a mark of deference to the English flag within the narrow seas. The fleet, therefore, fired at the Spanish ships, although the new King was on board ; a mark of spirit very unusual at that period, especially towards a person of royal blood, for the navy of England had not then acquired the pride of superiority afterwards imparted to it by Elizabeth.

The Countess of Salisbury, who had been Mary's governess, had left a son as learned and pious as he was superior in personal endowments. This was the celebrated Cardinal Pole. Queen Mary had loved him, and, as he had not taken priest's orders, she had even hinted at his becoming her husband. But the Cardinal was not sufficiently ambitious of wearing a crown to purchase it at such a price.

Being sent to Philip and Mary as the legate of the Holy See,

he soon, by his mildness, appeased the disturbances which the Queen had excited by the ferocious nature of her government. On the other hand, Philip sought to conciliate the English, by a show of great liberality and forbearance. Courtney Earl of Devonshire, one of the noblest barons of England, and related to the royal family of France, had been thrown into the Tower, under pretence of a connivance between him and the Princess Elizabeth, who, it is said, was anxious to marry him. But Mary, having the same feeling towards the nobleman, was jealous of the preference he gave to her sister. Philip restored him to freedom, and the Earl immediately set out upon his travels. A short time after, he was poisoned at Padua, and it was rumoured throughout Europe that the foul deed had been committed by the Imperialists.

Mary was very anxious to become a mother. This wish, so natural in a young woman, became ridiculous in her, and she carried it to such a pitch of extravagance that Philip at length became disgusted and neglected her. The day on which Cardinal Pole was presented as the Pope's legate, the Queen, who for some months past had pretended to be pregnant, suddenly exclaimed that her child had quickened on the appearance of the representative of Christ's vicar upon earth. Immediately the catholic preachers of England announced the auspicious event, and St. Elizabeth, and St. John the Baptist, were impiously brought into comparison with the Queen and her imaginary offspring. The truth is, Mary was afflicted with dropsy, and much nearer ending life than conferring it upon a future King of England.

Philip, heartily tired of all this, set out to visit Spain. No doubt he was then a man of the same stern character as when he afterwards doomed his son to death; but in him ferociousness was perhaps of a more elevated character than in Mary. Besides, it was less repugnant to hear him utter words of fondness just after he had signed a death-warrant; for woman is formed to be so gentle and feeble a being, that she cannot forego her nature without becoming more hideous and frightful than the worst man that Providence ever sent as a curse upon earth.

When Mary again found herself alone—when the man to whom, as she said, she had sacrificed England, had left her to herself, she became a very fiend without pity, and from that period the Roman Catholic religion excited such abhorrence in England, that though nearly three centuries have elapsed, the feeling is scarcely eradicated. Persecution recommenced with redoubled fury; and the provinces of England were again lighted up with fires for the destruction of heresy. Rogers, prebendary of St. Paul's, was burnt at Smithfield; Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, was executed in that city. Mary displayed a refinement of cruelty in the case of this latter prelate: when the venerable man was tied to the stake, a stool was placed before him, and upon it was laid the Queen's pardon, which he was to obtain by an abjuration. His tortures were dreadful, but he shrank not from them. He ordered the stool to be removed, and died a martyr to his faith. And it was a woman who could thus speculate upon the effect of pain! At Coventry, Saunders perished at the stake, and Taylor, Curate of Hadley, underwent the same fate. Everywhere fire devoured the victims of Mary's cruel fanaticism. The Queen felt the approach of death, and, like the sovereigns of the East, seemed resolved to send before her a numerous and gloomy cortège.

Ferrar Bishop of St. David's, Ridley Bishop of London, and Latimer Bishop of Worcester, suffered martyrdom with marvellous fortitude. Women, children, and old men, were sacrificed without distinction in the name of our meek and merciful Saviour! No individual was secure from the stake whenever the basilisk eye of Henry's daughter had marked its victim. This was indeed a horrible period!

At length the Queen appeared to be sinking under her infirmities of mind and body. The state of excitement in which she was constantly kept, as much by temperament as by religious bigotry, made dreadful ravages in her health, increased by the neglect of Philip, who, since his departure, had scarcely written her a few cold lines. She was fast sinking to the grave; but she became reanimated to wreak her last act of vengeance upon

Cranmer, who, during five years, had languished in prison; and the account of the death-throes of the venerable old man in the midst of the flames, was sweet music to the ears of the dying Mary.

An event which occurred soon after, inflicted the last stroke of death upon the unhappy Queen. Notwithstanding the victories of St. Quentin and Gravelines, the Duke of Guise succeeded in taking Calais, and the fleet sent by Mary to succour that place, arrived only to see the French flag waving over the ramparts. This blow struck her to the earth; and her sufferings became so intense that she felt God was now inflicting upon her the same torments she had made so many of her fellow-creatures endure. There she lay upon the bed of death, surrounded by candles and incense, and priests of that faith whose temples she would have built with the bones and cemented with the blood of her subjects. She was now going to a long and terrible account. The prayers of the dying were recited for her, as they would have been for the poorest wretch in her dominions; but not a friend was near her—nor a relative—no one to whom she could pour forth the last breathings of her horror-stricken soul, and call, in return, for sympathy and affection. She retained the bitter malignancy of her nature to the very last. A voice in the room having uttered the name of her sister Elizabeth, she shuddered, opened her already closed eyes, and looked around her with an expression that struck the most resolute with terror. She seemed to be trying to ascertain whether this hated sister had come to snatch her crown from her before her death. But this was her last effort: she fell back upon her pillow and expired, after saying in a low murmuring voice:

"Calais!—Calais!—open my heart—you will find it there!"

She died on the 17th of November, after a deplorable reign of five years, four months, and eleven days.

Mary Tudor was one of those women whom Nature but seldom sends among mankind. She was cruel and vindictive like her father, and like him tyrannical, headstrong, malignant,

and of extremely violent temper. Superstition was natural to her, because it was part of her birth-right; but the cruelty with which she tempered her fanaticism, was an inheritance from Henry, being the same with which he tempered the gratification of his brutal passions. She was, moreover, ignorant to excess, and could neither doubt the correctness of the opinions she had formed, nor show indulgence for those of others. Amid the vices which compose her character she had scarcely a redeeming virtue, except sincerity. The courage and resolution which she certainly possessed, were mere constitutional qualities hereditary in the house of Tudor.

When she died, not a voice was lifted up for her in prayer, nor a tear dropped upon her grave; and it may truly be said, that the last sigh of Mary Tudor wafted tidings of joy to the people of England.

MARINA MNISZECH,

CZARINA OF MOSCOVY.

When Sigismund Augustus was elected King of Poland, he conferred the dignity of Palatine of Sandomir upon Count George Mniszech, in reward for services rendered during the election. Mniszech was an ambitious man, but absolutely devoid of any qualities to justify the favours which fortune seemed in a humour to heap upon his family. His reputation was without glory; and in lieu of the talents which, had he possessed them, might have raised his name to eminence, he employed the resources of intrigue. He had an only daughter—the subject of this memoir; and to her he looked forward as the stepping-stone to his future greatness. It is stated that, when Marina was yet an infant, Count Mniszech saved the life of Korica, one of the most celebrated among those sibyls of the North, often described in the history of the Cimbri. The art which she professed, led to her introduction into the palace of the Mniszechs.

"Thy daughter," said she to the Count, as she gazed with intense earnestness at Marina, "shall one day reign over a great people: her beauty, her talents, and her lofty heroism will entitle her to wear a diadem."

From the day on which this prediction was uttered in the palace of Samber, Marina was educated as the daughter of a king. But this education, even from her tenderest years, was founded upon principles which might distort her sense of moral rectitude; and when adolescence, by developing the extraordinary beauty

N. Maurin — Lith. de Villain

MARYNA MNISZECH.

a Polish lady Czarina of Moscovy wife of Dimitre the false.

The original of this picture painted on enamel is in the Gallery of the Ermitage at S.t Petersburg and was engraved in Paris, by Anthony Oleszczynski.

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of her person and the equally extraordinary powers of her mind, gave a sort of verisimilitude to the ambitious expectations of her father, he took great pains to mould her to his plans and render her docile to his wishes.

At this period, the Russians had not been very long emancipated from the vassalage of the Tartars. Ivan III. who ascended the Moscovite throne in 1462, was the first Russian monarch who assumed the title of Czar. He vanquished the Sultan Selim II. and overcame the Poles and the knights sword-bearers, but was too weak to tame the ferocious nature of his own subjects. Steel, or poison settled almost every quarrel, and the Russian people were a horde of savages, with all the brutal vices and ferocity, but none of the redeeming qualities of other uncivilized nations. Ivan III. was doubtless a whimsical and cruel despot, barbarous as the people he governed; but he was a man of courage and a legislator. To him Russia was indebted for a code of laws, and for abolishing, in principle at least, the maxim adopted by his subjects, that, "might is right." He felt the brutal degredation of his countrymen, and certainly had a vague conception of those reforms which Peter the Great afterwards effected. Had he lived in a later age, he might have proved a different man. His reign lasted forty-three years, and, notwithstanding the benefits he conferred, was an uninterrupted scene of brutal debauchery, ignorance, and cruelty. He was succeeded, in 1505, by Vassili Ivanowitz, and the latter, by Ivan IV. in 1533. This latter monarch, who was but a child when he succeeded to the throne, grew up a hideous monster even among his nation. Brutified by debauchery, cruel to the most appalling ferocity, he even ended by failing in that personal courage which had previously been considered a sort of atonement for his atrocities. The Tartars of the Crimea attacked and set fire to the suburbs of Moscow; the Swedes and Poles defeated the Russians, and Ivan slank away from danger. In his brutal rage at these reverses, he blasphemed against Heaven, and in the frenzy of passion killed his eldest son; then, after wallowing in blood and debauchery some time longer, he died

while dictating fresh cruelties, and thus ended a hideous reign of fifty years.

Ivan IV. left two sons, Fœdor and Dmitry, the latter an infant of tender years. Fœdor, weak in body and intellect, timid and superstitious, was unfit to reign. His father knew this well, and judging that his house would lose the throne of Moscovy, unless Fœdor had a council capable of governing for him, constituted by will a sort of regency, composed of five members, who were to assist the future Czar in his sacred and troublesome office. This will also contained a clause assigning to the Czarina and the infant Dmitry, the town of Ouglitsch on the Volga, as an appanage and residence.

Fœdor, at the period of his father's death, was twenty-seven years of age; but having entirely given himself up to the minor practices of devotion, he left the whole care of his dominions to Boris Godunoff, president of the council of regency, who soon nullified this species of pentarchy, and ruled Moscovy under the title of regent.

Boris Godunoff, then thirty-seven years old, was a man of ability. His mind was of a superior order; but, as this order was vicious and the regent's ambition boundless, his line of conduct, in a country where brutal violence trampled upon the laws, may be anticipated. The throne seemed open to him on the death of Fœdor, provided a single obstacle were removed. The Czarowitz Dmitry alone stood in his way, and he doomed the poor child to death. Having carefully ascertained that there were no other pretenders of the royal blood to dispute his claims, he smiled, and this smile was a death-warrant.

The mother of the royal infant was soon informed of the murderous purposes of Boris. She turned pale and wept; but the courage and prudence of a mother did not desert her. She well knew the regent's character, and the most minute precautions were taken to insure the safety of the Czarowitz. Nevertheless, Boris was bent upon the consummation of his crime; and the moment he knew that his project was discovered, he lost

no time in despatching to Ouglitsch the ministers of his will, under the title of inspectors of the palace. The Czarina Irene was well aware that these newly created functionaries were in reality the men sent to shed the innocent blood of her child, and from the time of their arrival at Ouglitsch, she did not allow Dmitry to be an instant out of her sight. The woman who waited upon the young Prince had undertaken, for a considerable bribe, to poison him ; but, horror-stricken at the enormity of the deed, she feared to execute it, and recalled her promise. Even the murderers had to contend against the pity with which this blooming and beautiful boy had filled their hearts, as well as against the united vigilance of a mother, and a devoted nurse, the latter replacing the Czarina when sleep or any other cause made her, for a short time, lose sight of the infant prince.

Meantime, Godunoff grew impatient, and raged with fury at finding that his commands were not already executed. Biatoffskoi, the chief assassin, received an order to destroy without delay the legitimate heir of Moscovy. The knell of death had therefore sounded for the royal child: the waiting-woman was again induced to lend her assistance, and one evening at dusk, during an instant that the mother's watchfulness had been lulled, led the prince into a gallery opening into the court-yard of the palace. There stood Biatoffskoi and his companions. Dmitry instinctively drew back from them; and though not aware of his danger, the colour fled from his cheeks, and a shudder crept through his frame.

At this moment his nurse, alarmed at his absence, ran into the gallery.

"Let us return to my mother," said the poor child to her, in a whisper.

"You have a fine collar there, prince," said Biatoffskoi, raising with his finger the heavy gold chain which Dmitry wore round his neck.

"Will you have it ?" replied the child, casting a deprecating look at the fierce ruffian.

A stab in the throat was the murderer's reply; the other ruffians each inflicted a wound upon the hapless prince, and after frightfully mutilating the poor boy's body, threw it upon that of the faithful nurse, who had been killed in defending her charge.

The inhabitants of Ouglitsch were much attached to the Czarina, and especially to the young Czarowitz, whom they looked upon as their future sovereign. The populace, therefore, rose and tore the murderers limb from limb: not one of them returned to Moscow to claim the reward of blood. But this act of justice went no further than to punish the instruments of the crime; the real perpetrator had attained his object: for Fœdor dying a few months after, Boris Godunoff, after coquetting a few days with the supreme power and affecting to refuse the crown, ascended without opposition a throne stigmatized throughout Europe, as the seat of murder, rapine, and the most disgusting vice. For some years Boris enjoyed the fruits of his usurpation; but the curtain at length rose upon the drama in which the fair Pole, whose life this article purports to record, played a most remarkable part.

At the period to which I now refer, the Jesuits already exercised great influence in Europe, and were directing their most strenuous endeavours to extend it over the whole world. Without here discussing the good or evil which resulted from the power they were acquiring, I shall merely observe that civilization was almost always its consequence. They had been very successful in Poland, and the Palatine of Sandomir and his daughter, like most of the Polish nobles, had yielded to the sway, which, under the name of religion, they exercised in all political matters. One of their great objects was to convert Russia to Catholicism, and thereby extend their domination over that barbarous country; but many obstacles seemed to oppose the undertaking. Nevertheless, a chance offered and was eagerly grasped at: it would, no doubt, involve Poland and Russia in dreadful calamities, if not in mutual ruin; but this was a minor consideration with the Jesuits — the benefit to be obtained was worth all risks, and the end, they thought, justified the means.

Boris Godunoff was reigning in perfect security, and the Moscovites seemed almost resigned to his usurpation, when suddenly a strange rumour spread like wildfire through the country. It was reported that Dmitry had survived the attempt upon his life, and was coming to claim the throne of his ancestors. This report was soon confirmed, and Boris at length knew that his victim was alive, and residing in the palace of the Palatine of Sandomir, under the protection of Sigismund III. king of Poland.

Some months previously, the patriarch of Moscow had received information from the Metropolitan of Restoff, that in the monastery of Tschudow, there was a young monk calling himself the Czarowitz Dmitry. The patriarch paid no attention to this intelligence; but the metropolitan, seeing the strange effect that it produced in the country, gave personal intimation of it to the Czar. Boris, alarmed as at the appearance of a spectre, immediately directed Smirnoff Wassilief, one of his secretaries, to despatch an order for the banishment of the monk of Tschudow to the most remote part of the empire. Smirnoff having communicated the Czar's order to Eupheane, one of his colleagues, the latter immediately informed the young monk of it, and afforded him the means of escape. The person calling himself Dmitry fled from Tschudow, accompanied by two monks who determined to share his fortunes. They proceeded together towards Kiov, taking care to sleep nowhere but in convents. In the cell given to the fugitive, in the monastery of Novogorod-Sewersky, he left a note to the following effect:

"I am the Czarowitz Dmitry, son of Ivan IV. When I am restored to the throne of my ancestors, I shall always remember the kind treatment I have received in this holy house."

The archimandrite, to whom this writing was delivered, made no report on the subject to his superiors, but kept the note and said nothing. Another circumstance equally strange is, that the monk's escape was concealed from the Czar, who thought he had set out for the place of his exile.

The person thus assuming to be Dmitry, was known in his convent by the name of Grischka; and, according to the partisans of Boris, was no other than the son of a poor gentleman of Galitsch, named Youri Otrepieff. But whether this young man was the son of Otrepieff, or whether he was the true Dmitry, he was resolute, well-informed, and gifted with the noblest qualities. From early boyhood he had lived in the families of Romanoff and Scherkaski, both deadly foes of the usurper, and ultimately his victims. Tired of a life of dependence, he had become a monk, but his vows were not irrevocable. For some time, he had led a wandering life, often changing his convent, and apparently a prey to the deepest melancholy, which was remarked by all who beheld him. At length the patriarch Job, having visited the monastery of Tschudow, to which Grischka had ultimately retired, was so struck with his talents and information, that he appointed him his secretary, and took him to reside at the palace of the Czars. Whether the sight of the usurper agitated the real Dmitry, or whether the sight of the regal magnificence around him inflamed the ambition of the adventurer Otrepieff, the result was the same: Grischka was unhappy in his new office, and returned to his monastery. Having there stated that he was the Czarowitz Dmitry, he was condemned to exile; but many thought that Boris, instead of punishing an impostor, was only striking a second time the victim whose birthright he had usurped.

The fugitive, after a long journey on foot, and encountering many perils, at length reached Poland, then the ordinary place of refuge for the enemies of the Russian government. There, for a while, he thought it prudent to conceal himself, and give no intimation of his rank either real or assumed. During several months he found an asylum in the palace of the Palatine of Kiov and Red Russia; he then went to reside with Prince Adam Wisniowiecki. It was at the palace of this prince that he first let fall some hints respecting his birth and misfortunes. Prince Adam introduced him to his brother Constantine, who was brother-in-law to George Mniszech, Palatine of Sandomir,

the father of that Marina to whom the weird woman of the Lithuanian forest had predicted that she would become a queen. Through Constantine, Grischka contracted an intimacy with the Palatine and his lovely daughter, both of whom took so strong an interest in his fate, as at length to persuade themselves that he was the instrument through which the prediction was to be accomplished.

One evening, in the midst of a very interesting conversation relative to this young man, now suspected to be the resuscitated Czarowitz of Moscovy, Prince Adam Wisniowiecki was informed that his guest had suddenly been seized with fever, and that the symptoms were of the most alarming kind. The sick bed of the youthful stranger was immediately surrounded by his new friends, who nursed him with the most sedulous care. But the physician declared that there was no hope of his recovery, and the patient himself feeling that he was dying, asked for a priest. It must be recollected that the fugitive had not yet positively stated that he was Dmitry, but had only given ground for surmise.

In Prince Adam's palace, resided a Catholic priest of the Order of Jesus, named Father Gaspard Sawicki. He it was who, ever since the arrival of Dmitry, or Grischka Otrepieff, had instructed him in the Polish language. The reverend father was now brought to the patient's bedside, and every other person withdrew to an adjoining gallery.

It was a solemn moment. Marina, whose expectations, directed towards a throne from her very infancy, seemed but a few hours past on the point of being realized, could not help shuddering at the disappointment which threatened the dearest hopes of her life, and her heart bled as she thought of this victim of lawless ambition, who had reached Poland but to die. If his life were spared, his love might encircle her brow with a diadem. He was, moreover, young, handsome, and valiant; she loved him with true affection, and exclusively of her feelings of ambition, the thought of his death filled her with despair. Her father, whose dreams of royalty were vanishing

at the very moment they seemed ready to be realized, was wrapped in gloomy meditation. The other individuals present, though interested in a much less degree than the Palatine and his daughter, were nevertheless, from their wish to excite troubles in Russia, most anxious to save the young man's life. No one present had any doubt of the rank and pretensions of the person in whom they all felt so deeply interested. It is true, he had yet not declared that he was the Czarowitz; but a circumstance which had occurred only a few days before, together with the hints he had let fall before his illness, gave consistency to the supposition.

During his delirium, in the height of his fever, he had always shown an instinctive eagerness to conceal something which he wore next to his bosom. At length, when in a complete swoon, he could not prevent those around him from gratifying their curiosity. The object, suspended to a riband round his neck, was a cross of diamonds and rubies of extraordinary value, and such as, in those days and in that country, a sovereign alone could possess. On recovering his senses, and finding that his cross had been seen, he seemed greatly agitated, and refusing to answer the questions put to him, again fell senseless upon his pillow. These fainting fits succeeded each other so rapidly, that he considered his end was approaching, and called for spiritual assistance.

When the Jesuit entered the gallery where the two families of Mniszech and Wisniowiecki, and their friends, were waiting for him, his look was serious, and his expressive countenance indicated that he had become the depositary of an important secret.

"My lord," said he, to Prince Wisniowiecki, "what I have to relate can be communicated only to the members of your family."

Every person withdrew except the prince, his kinsman the Palatine, and the fair Marina.

"Prince," said the priest with great agitation, "our surmises are just: the unhappy man now dying under your roof, is Prince Dmitry, the son of Ivan, Czar of Moscovy."

Marina uttered an involuntary scream.

"He has just confided this secret to me," added the Jesuit; "but not by way of confession, for he belongs not to the Latin rite. The sufferings he has undergone must have been dreadful—and he greatly suffers still. It is horrible thus to die, far from his native land, with not a relative to close his eyes or drop a tear upon his grave. The man who inflicted this wretchedness upon him, will have a terrible account to render to his Maker!"

Marina wept.

"Is there no hope of his recovery?" she asked in agony.

"I left him very ill," the priest replied; "he was quite overcome by his exertion in speaking to me. The physician has ordered him to be kept very quiet, but gives no hope of his recovery."

The Palatine was struck with consternation.

"But what did Dmitry say to you?" said he to the Jesuit, after a long pause.

"Very little," the latter replied; "but that little spoke volumes. This writing will explain the rest."

So saying, he presented a roll of parchment to the two princes, who opened it and read as follows:

"The corpse before you, whether you find it covered with wounds upon the highway, or fleshless, clad in rags, and dead from cold or starvation, and lying under a church porch, is the body of your sovereign, Dmitry Ivanowitz, Czar of Moscovy. At the moment I am about to appear before God, to whom I appeal for the truth of this statement, I hereby declare that I am the only legitimate heir to the throne of Moscovy, which belonged to my father, the Czar Ivan IV. Boris Godunoff is my murderer: he coveted the crown, but was unable to seize it, until he had tinged his hands with my blood. My mother and I were sent to Ouglitsch, and my murderers, acting by the command of Boris, came to that place in search of me. My waiting-maid, who had sold herself to these men, agreed to deliver me up to them, and I should have perished;—but a German

named Simon, knowing the hour at which the murder was to take place, dressed another child in my clothes, and this victim was sacrificed in my stead. It was almost dark, and the murderers were imposed upon. Simon concealed me till the next day, and then fled with me at the risk of his life. He soon after died. I was still a child, but the horror of my situation was revealed to me by the intensity of the danger, as to one of more advanced years. I remained deserted and proscribed, without being able to forget, during a single moment, that my place was upon a throne. Pray for my soul! DMITRY IVANOWITZ."

"Is he dead?" asked the Palatine of Sandomir, after reading this scroll, which had been written before Dmitry reached Poland.

"Oh!" cried Marina, wringing her hands, "is there not the least hope?"

The palatine had fallen into a deep reverie. Suddenly starting, he encircled his daughter in his arms, kissed her on the forehead, and entreated she would be composed.

"If he is really the son of Ivan," said he, "we can immediately ascertain the fact. There are two individuals here at Sandomir, who well knew the Czarowitz Dmitry, having spent a whole year near his person at Ouglitsch. One is a gentleman attached to the household of Prince Sapieha, the other, one of my own retainers. Let both be sent for."

These witnesses came and immediately recognised Dmitry. Not only were his features unchanged, but they knew him by a mole on one side of his forehead, and from his having one arm shorter than the other.

Meanwhile, the unhappy prince remained senseless. His disease was struggling against a powerful constitution and the vigour of youth. The sufferer seemed to care little for life, and yet it triumphed over his complaint: the crisis of the disorder came on, and favourable symptoms followed. Marina and her father were unremitting in their attentions to the sick prince, whom they tenderly nursed, and treated with the respect due to the Czar of Moscovy.

Marina's affection for Dmitry soon ripened into a passion, which became interwoven with her existence. Her heart deeply sympathized with the firmly tempered soul of the Czarowitz—with that soul dominated by the thought of power and revenge, and to whom any intermediate station betwixt the monk's cowl and the royal purple was of no value. For him there were only two stations upon earth: that of priest, or that of Czar.

"For my part," he would say to Marina as she lent him the support of her arm to assist his still weak and emaciated limbs, and gently led him to the palace garden to breathe a purer air—"life offers me but two abodes: the palace of a sovereign, or a cloister."

As the fair Pole listened to him, her eyes would fill with tears; but they were the tears shed by a fond and heroic woman when she hears the voice of a beloved being giving utterance to noble and lofty feelings. She adored this young man of haughty brow and piercing look; and his accents were music to her ears, when they pourtrayed the workings of a powerful and cultivated mind, coupled with the abrupt and almost rustic manners he had acquired during a life of misfortune and adventure. To her, he appeared a being of strange nature, full of charms, and contrasts, and fascination.

Dmitry soon returned her affection with equal ardour. He could not, without being touched to the soul, behold this lovely girl, beaming with lofty and bold enthusiasm; neither could he see her devotion to himself without identifying her with his own being. He therefore exchanged with her vows of everlasting love: not that insipid love which gratifies ordinary minds, but the bold and blind devotion resulting from the contact of two hearts excited by the same feelings, and big with the same thoughts of noble daring. Dmitry had found, in the gentle and lovely attendant on his sick couch, a heroine worthy to share his life of danger; and Marina saw in the royal exile, a being cast in the noblest mould of the creation, and capable of the greatest and most heroic deeds. Her ambition had wholly merged into her affection, and she cared little for a crown, if not to be shared with Dmitry.

Willingly would she have united her fate to his, without a thought about the uncertainty of reconquering his rights; but the wily Palatine was more prudent, and though he encouraged the affection of the young people, he made their union a condition only of Dmitry's success in recovering the throne of his ancestors.

The Czarowitz having now thrown aside all reserve, communicated to the Palatine the relations he had kept up with Russia, where he had a very strong party. At length on the 25th of May 1604, Dmitry Czar of Muscovy, and George Mniszech, signed, at the palace of Samber, a treaty by which Dmitry engaged to marry Marina, the Palatine's daughter, the moment he was acknowledged Czar by the Muscovite nation, giving to her and her heirs, in full and absolute sovereignty, the Duchies of Great Novogorod and Pskow. He further solemnly pledged himself to build a Catholic church for her, in which she should have the free and uncontrolled exercise of her religion. He likewise agreed to pay a million of ducats to the Palatine of Sandomir. An additional clause, insisted upon by the Jesuit Gaspard Sawicki, stipulated that the Czar should, at any price, establish the Catholic religion in Moscovy.

Shortly after the conclusion of this treaty, Sigismund III. who had received from George Mniszech, a very favourable account of the fugitive prince, invited him to his court, and received him in a manner worthy of his rank and pretensions.

"God keep you, Dmitry!" said Sigismund; "you are welcome at our court; and from the proofs given of your identity, we acknowledge you to be the legitimate sovereign of Moscovy. Moreover, considering you our friend, and under our especial protection, we give you authority to treat with the gentlemen of our kingdom, granting them, also, permission to yield you aid and good counsel."

The same day, Sigismund assigned him a pension of forty thousand florins.

Nevertheless, the king of Poland could not act without the consent of the diet, and John Zamoisky, who had great influence

in that assembly, was opposed to an expedition against Moscovy. Sigismund therefore, though strongly urged, by George Mniszech, to commence hostilities against the usurper Boris, was forced to limit his aid to privately protecting Dmitry, and secretly supplying him with pecuniary means for his undertaking. Marina, though her ambition was no longer selfish, but wholly subservient to the interests of the Czarowitz, personally entreated her countrymen to serve the cause of the exiled prince, and succeeded in gaining a considerable number who enrolled themselves under the banner of legitimacy. They were all ardent young men, eager to punish a usurper who had raised himself to a throne by murder. This little army, full of valour and enthusiasm, assembled in the neighbourhood of Leopol; Dmitry placed himself at its head, and won its affection by his noble and undaunted bearing. Each of his followers was convinced that he would yield to no obstacle, and accept no alternative between death and the recovery of the throne of Ivan.

The strength of Dmitry's forces was soon increased by the arrival of a large body of Moscovite refugees. The blood of Rurick the Great was in high veneration among the Russians, and Dmitry was the last of that race. His great grandfather had given laws to Russia; his father had conquered the Tartars, and valour was hereditary in the family. The latter quality among a people wholly warlike, effaced many defects. The name of Dmitry therefore, carried with it a spell which brought thousands to his standard, and he was joined by all the nobles who still adhered to his house. Thus, when he crossed the Dneiper, on the 16th of October, 1604, he was at the head of an army which filled the usurper with dismay.

Boris now trembled on his blood-stained throne; he felt convinced that unless he exerted his whole strength, he should fall before his powerful enemy, whose claims he had no doubt would be acknowledged by the whole nation, if the invading army were not at once destroyed. He therefore collected a force of eighty

thousand men, and sent it against the impostor, as he termed Dmitry, with strict orders to John Schouisky, the general in command, to bring him the pretender's head.

This immense host seemed calculated to put a speedy term to the hopes of Dmitry, whose army amounted to only fifteen thousand men. But the invaders had confidence in the righteousness of their cause; the troops of Boris were nerveless and wavering. The Poles, forming about a third of Dmitry's forces, demanded to be led on to instant battle, and the Czarowitz gladly complied with their wishes; but before the strife began, he advanced in front of his army, and falling upon his knees, uttered the following prayer in a loud voice:

"O God, who knowest my heart, grant that, if my cause is just, I may obtain victory over my enemies; but if it is unjust, let thy thunder fall upon me and destroy me immediately as a sacrilegious impostor."

The battle began, and raged with fury. The carnage was dreadful, and both armies, ankle deep in blood, fought over the dead bodies of their companions. The Moscovite force was annihilated, and Dmitry was preparing to follow up his victory, when Boris escaped chastisement by dying the death of a just man. He expired peaceably at Moscow as a legitimate sovereign, and his son Fœdor Borissowitz, ascended his unsettled throne. But the death of the father had changed the son's destiny; and when Dmitry appeared before Moscow, Romanoff joined his ranks and acknowledged him Czar. This example was followed throughout the empire, and the partisans who still adhered to the dynasty of Boris, were soon overthrown. Dmitry entered Moscow in triumph, and was hailed by the people with shouts of joy. The bells of the churches rang in merry peals, and flowers were thrown upon the young Czar as he passed. There was a delirium of joy throughout the land, which was increased, at Moscow, by the appearance of the noble and handsome Czarowitz and the romantic tale of his wrongs and sufferings.

Irene, the mother of Dmitry, had retired, shortly after his supposed death, to a convent at Moscow, where she lived in the

strictest seclusion. The moment the ceremony of the entry was concluded, Dmitry hastened to this convent and begged his mother's blessing. Irene tenderly embraced him, acknowledged him to be her son, and the very next day he was publicly crowned as the legitimate Czar of Moscovy. A dreadful storm which blew down the cross, and stopped the procession for a time, seemed however of bad augury, and awakened the superstition which acts so powerfully upon the people of the North. But when Dmitry was afterwards seen to throw himself upon his father's grave, wet it with his tears, and demand vengeance for the grief with which the latter years of Ivan's life had been afflicted, the fears of the people were appeased, for they gave faith to this burst of feeling, which spoke volumes in favour of their new sovereign.

Dmitry being now peaceably seated on his father's throne, was anxious that the woman of his love should immediately share it with him. A solemn and splendid embassy was accordingly sent to Sandomir to demand the hand of Marina for the Czar of Moscovy. This mission was entrusted to Athanasius Wassilief. Thus, was the sibyl's prediction accomplished, and the ambitious dreams of the Palatine realized.

Before Marina left Poland, her marriage was solemnized at Cracow with the ceremonial customary at the espousals of sovereigns. Followed by a splendid and numerous cortege, she proceeded to the palace of Firley, which had been selected for the occasion. Here she was received by Sigismund III. who, according to the form used in those days, granted her in marriage to the Czar Dmitry. The Moscovite ambassador then solemnly wedded her in the name of his Master; the King of Poland giving her away, and the Archduchess Constancia of Austria, betrothed to Sigismund, acting as her mother. A considerable number of Polish nobles, all of the Catholic rite, were present at the ceremony, as was likewise Monsignore Rangoni the Pope's nuncio. Cardinal Macceiowski gave the nuptial blessing to the young Czarina, whose utmost wishes were now gratified with the double crown of royalty and mutual love.

She set out next day for Russia, and her journey was a continued scene of festivity and rejoicing. Even in the sterile forms of etiquette, she could detect proofs of the strength and delicacy of Dmitry's affection; and this continued throughout the long and tedious distance she had to travel. It seemed that, though the Czar could not be with her, his presence was indicated everywhere by those nameless attentions which love alone can dictate.

On the 13th of April 1605, Marina reached the frontier of Moscovy. Here, the life of which she had dreamt in her youth, began to open in reality before her. She here contemplated the love of Dmitry, more valuable to her than all besides, side by side with the power of royalty; and that ambition which, at a later period of her life and when he was no more, was to eradicate his remembrance from her heart, then lay dormant, being only subservient to the affection of her heart. She would willingly have foregone the conventional pomp with which she was surrounded, to have travelled alone with Dmitry, as a private individual.

Wherever she passed, the clergy came to meet her, offering her bread and salt. Costly stuffs, and rare furs, the tribute of the tribes inhabiting the banks of the Obi, and which gold could not purchase, were daily presented to her in the name of the Czar; whilst magnificent sledges sparkling with gold and precious gems, transported her with the rapidity of the wind to the different palaces prepared for her reception during the journey, which seemed to her one of enchantment. At length, on the 18th of May, she arrived in the neighbourhood of Moscow, where she was obliged to stop in order to offer a fresh sacrifice to courtly etiquette. Tents were pitched for the great nobles of the Empire, who came to do homage to the Czarina, prior to her coronation. This ceremony being over, she entered Moscow, in the midst of a prostrate and delighted populace invoking all the blessings of Heaven upon her union with their beloved Czar. Marina was dazzling with beauty, and her faultless and delicate features received a new charm from reflecting the emotions which this glorious consummation of her hopes had raised in her

bosom. With tears of delight and tenderness, as she fondly indulged in dreams of happiness, she smiled upon the crowd around her, and silently blessed the subjects of her royal consort.

In this manner she proceeded to the convent of the Virgins, in which the Czarina Irene resided. Here, she beheld Dmitry for the first time since their separation; but no longer as a wandering fugitive exposed to herd with the refuse of mankind, or to die of starvation in a desert: he was now a powerful monarch, proud in his strength, and glowing with manly beauty.

Marina remained with Irene until the day of her coronation. In the morning of that day she proceeded to the Kremlin, and was received in the crenated hall, by the principal boyards, and the Ambassadors of the different Sovereigns of Europe. Having taking her seat upon the throne, Michael Nagoï presented to her the crown of Monomach, and the diadem of Czarina, both of which she devoutly kissed. Basile Schouisky then addressed her in the name of the nobles of the empire. The cortege now set out for the Church of the Assumption, where the double ceremony of her coronation and the confirmation of her marriage, was to take place.

The street through which the royal couple passed, was spread with scarlet velvet and cloth of gold, and tufts of flowers were strewed along their path. The artillery of the fortress thundered, the bells of the churches sent their lengthened vibrations through the air, and the windows of every house, adorned with emblazoned flags, were crowded with spectators invoking the favour of Heaven upon their Czar and his beauteous bride. Nature herself, in all her pomp at this season of the year, seemed willing to contribute to the splendour of the day: the weather was beautiful, and the sun shed broad floods of golden light upon the cupolas of the old Moscovite city, which sparkled with a thousand reflected fires.

On reaching the church, the royal pair ascended a raised platform, erected in the middle of the great aisle. The Czar seated himself upon a throne of gold, sent to him by the Shah of

Persia for this solemn occasion, and Marina occupied one of silver. On a sign being made by the patriarch, the Czarina's women, among whom were the daughters of the first nobles in the land, approached her and took off the coronet which she had hitherto worn. She then knelt before the patriarch, who rested the holy cross upon her head. At this moment clouds of incense arose and curled slowly round the pillars of the old church; the organ rolled its religious harmony through the building, and a hundred pure and youthful voices chaunted a solemn hymn in honour of the royal nuptials. When the hymn was concluded, the patriarch placed the golden chain of Monomach round the neck of the bride, and anointed and consecrated her Czarina of Moscovy. She then received the sacrament, and resumed her seat upon her silver throne.

When the ceremony was over, the youthful pair, radiant with beauty considerably heightened at this moment when all the feelings of their hearts were gratified, descended from the platform, holding each other by the hand. Both wore a crown, and both were covered with the imperial mantle. On reaching the church door, they stopped, and Prince Mscislawski threw over them, according to the old Moscovite custom, a profusion of small silver coin, which he took from a consecrated vessel. A great quantity was also thrown among the people, and this day was long borne in remembrance by the poor of Moscow.

During a whole month the most sumptuous festivities celebrated Marina's marriage and coronation. The love which Dmitry felt for her, was especially manifested by banquets and balls, at which the luxuries of Asia doubled the advantages just introduced, by the good taste of Western nations, into the deserts of Russia. And yet the sky was already beginning to lower: clouds were slowly gathering upon the horizon; and Marina lulled to sleep with sounds of rejoicing, and happy in the affection of her husband, saw nothing of the tempest which was about to burst.

It is no doubt a great misfortune for a monarch to be in

advance of his subjects in knowledge, when he cannot bring himself to bend to the ignorance around him, or is devoid of power sufficient to force civilization upon those over whom he reigns. Dmitry had dwelt too long in Poland not to be sensible of the reforms which the Russians had to undergo before they could become a great nation. Peter the Great, who came after him, notwithstanding the light which had been shed upon the human intellect, since the days of Dmitry, was unable, even with all his power, to realize these reforms, except at the sacrifice of torrents of blood. But Dmitry, seated upon a throne tottering not only under its own weight, but under that of every monarch who dared to attempt innovation, or aim at raising his people from the state of brutal degradation in which they grovelled, soon experienced the fickleness and inveterate prejudices of the savages whom he governed. He was accused of surrounding himself with foreigners, and reserving all his favours for Poles. Being of an independent and intractable disposition, he determined to act as he thought proper, and follow his inclinations by patronising the countrymen of a wife he adored. He was further strengthened in this determination by an idea that the Poles in his dominions might assist in civilizing his own subjects. But there were other and more serious causes of discontent: they struck at the root of those superstitions which, even to this day, have not been completely eradicated in Russia.

Veal, at the period to which this narrative refers, was a food prohibited among the Moscovites. Dmitry was eager to abolish so puerile a prejudice, without reflecting that it was not a material evil, but only a silly and inveterate superstition; and that great precaution and delicacy were therefore necessary. He openly ate veal, and when Tatistcheff made him a public remonstrance on the subject, his only reply was a smile of contempt.

But a more important crime in the eyes of the Russians, especially the descendants of those old boyards, who had been the supporters of the Dukes of Moscovy, was the obstinacy displayed

by the Czar in wearing the Polish dress. Nothing could palliate this contempt of old customs — this spirit of innovation. To forego the long awkward gown, unshorn beard, and filthy habits of the ancient Moscovites, was the worst species of sacrilege, and could be expiated only with the blood of the offender.

Conspiracies were soon formed against Dmitry, and the houses of public entertainment at Moscow became places of meeting for the malcontents. There, treasonable conversations were held; there, the identity of Dmitry was again called in question, and the verisimilitude discussed of those very facts which the inhabitants of Moscow had, only a few months before, received as incontrovertible, and admitted with rapture. In a short time the plots of the disaffected assumed an alarming consistence; and the banner of rebellion was raised to the cry of:

"Hatred and death to all foreigners."

Basile Ivanowitz Schouisky, the same who had addressed Marina in the name of the Russian nobility, was the chief of the insurgents. A rising was to have taken place at Moscow; but the plot was discovered, and Schouisky arrested. He was tried for high treason, and condemned to death. His execution would have followed but for Marina, who, associating him with the glorious day of her coronation, solicited and obtained his pardon. At the moment of signing it, however, Dmitry hesitated—a dark foreboding stopped his hand: he was impressed with the idea that his clemency would prove fatal to himself and Marina.

"Why do you wish me to pardon this man?" said he to the Czarina, with a smile of sadness; "really I cannot sign this paper."

Marina turned pale; she thought her influence over Dmitry was beginning to decline. From this mistaken feeling, she approached the Czar, and placing her arm round his neck, drew him gently towards her; then kissing his forehead, she fixed upon him that velvet eye, and look of fondness, the power of which had never yet failed.

" Do it for me," she said, in a tone of witchery ; " sign it for my sake ? I cannot bear that this man should die."

Her blandishments were irresistible : Dmitry pressed her to his bosom—and signed ;—but, alas ! it proved to be his own death-warrant.

One evening—it was the 16th of May 1607—the weather was stormy, and the dust flew up in whirling eddies through the vast fields which separated the palaces at Moscow from each other. The rain began to pour down in torrents, and every one sought a place of shelter. The houses of public entertainment, in which the warm beverage peculiar to the Russians was sold, were soon crowded. In a corner of the public room at one of these houses, sat a man whose face was half concealed by the fur of his cap. His mouth alone was distinctly visible, and upon his lips played a smile of bitter malignancy. At times, an involuntary motion of his body disclosed, under the folds of a large cloak, the embroidered dress, gold chain, and jewelled sword-hilt of a boyard; but the stranger immediately drew his cloak around him, and evidently wished to remain unnoticed among the numerous guests who had crowded into the apartment.

He appeared to listen very attentively to what was uttered by another individual, who was holding forth to his countrymen, and discussing the relative merits of the Russians and Poles. It was evident that the orator was a true son of Moscovy, faithful to its customs, and ready to shed his blood in their defence. He was tall, of athletic frame, and his features bore the stamp of a lofty and highly tempered soul. Opinions were soon offered in opposition to his, the contending parties raised their voices, and the Russian appeared to become animated in spite of himself. Unable at length to keep his feelings under control, he rushed into the street, and walked rapidly from the tavern, braving the pelting storm, the violence of which increased every moment.

" Glory to God, and greeting to Kosma," said a voice near him. The Russian turned suddenly round, and saw close to him the mysterious stranger whom he had left at the tavern.

"What is your will?" said he to this individual; "and how am I known to you?"

"I have seen Kosma Minim," the other replied, "face to face with the enemies of his country. At Nijena, I saw him assist his unfortunate fellow-citizens with money — I likewise saw him, before the elders of his family, defend the interests of his countrymen, against his own kinsmen. Is this the same man whom I have just beheld fraternizing with our tyrants?"

The unknown threw open his cloak, and by the light of a lamp burning before an image of St. Nicholas, the Russian recognised the insignia of high rank. He uncovered his head — the unknown made a sign of secresy.

"Silence, Kosma," said he; "tell me, art thou still a true child of old Moscovy?"

"God is my witness that I am!" Kosma replied, raising his hands and eyes to Heaven.

"I ask for no oaths," said the stranger, "I want thee to act — wilt thou do so?"

"Against whom?" asked the Russian.

At this moment a body of young men on horseback, and in the Polish uniform, galloped past them, shouting, singing, and flourishing drawn swords in their hands. One of them, passing close to Kosma, lifted off the Russian's cap on the point of his sword, and flung it into the mud. The whole party laughed heartily, and were soon out of sight. Kosma picked up his cap, the fur of which was soiled. Having wiped and replaced it upon his head, he slowly returned to the unknown, but his looks were gloomy and fierce, and his emotion so great that he could scarcely breathe.

"Well!" said the boyard, "what thinkest thou at present of thy brethren the Poles? Why didst thou not lay thee down beneath their horses' feet to serve as good litter?"

A hoarse and bitter exclamation issued from the bosom of the insulted Russian.

"Damnation!" he cried, striking his forehead with his two clenched fists. "O my God, give me counsel!" Then draw-

ing himself up with dignity, "Prince Schouisky," said he to the boyard, who with a look of malignant satisfaction watched his motions, "the Poles have no doubt made an improper use of their influence over the Czar; but we ought never to forget that to Poland we owe the best jewel of our monarchy: it was Poland that restored to us the last drop of the precious blood of Rurick the Great."

Schouisky replied with a savage smile, to this burst of generous feeling. "The blood of Rurick!" he cried. "And art thou one among the small number of dolts who still believe in that fable? Dmitry was killed, and has never risen from his grave. This man is an impostor. Say, Kosma, wilt thou contribute to the preservation of thy country?"

"In what manner, Prince?"

"Look! what seest thou upon those doors?"

"Red crosses," replied Kosma.

"Well!" said the prince, "that mark is upon the door of every hated Pole. It announces that these foreigners will to-night sleep their last sleep. The sun shall rise no more for them. Depart forthwith for Nijeni, Kosma, and do in that city the same deed of patriotism which by to-morrow's dawn will have been consummated at Moscow."

For a moment Kosma made no reply.

"If Dmitry is an impostor," said he at length, "then let him die. But if he were not so?"—and the expressive countenance of the honest patriot told the ambitious boyard that the arm of Kosma would be raised to punish guilt, but never to strike an innocent victim.

"I have the means of knowing the truth," added the noble-minded Russian; "and then, whatever my conviction may be, I will do my duty."

So saying, he took off his cap to the boyard, saluted him with deep respect, though without meanness, and immediately departed. Schouisky looked at him with an undefinable expression as he withdrew.

"Well! well!" said he, "go thy way, and consult thy

oracle Pojarski. Concert together, if ye list, while we act. When all is consummated, you will tell us whether we have done right or wrong."

Kosma, or Cousiema Minim, was a butcher of Nijeni-Novogorod, who, from his noble character and the services he had rendered his country, had acquired the greatest popularity among his fellow-citizens. His will was law among his townsmen, and a word from him would have brought them all under his banner to embrace any undertaking he might command, or brave any danger to which he might lead them. The noble uprightness of his character is fully displayed in the conversation I have just related. Kosma had the most unbounded confidence in Prince Pojarski, a man of liberal and just notions, and extraordinary talent, who, had he lived a century later, would have conferred immense benefits upon Russia. These two men were connected by a kindred feeling: each had the same object at heart—the good of his country; and however strong their prejudice in favour of the barbarous customs of the old Moscovites, their undertakings were founded upon the highest feelings of honour and patriotism.

It was natural that Schouisky should be anxious to secure the co-operation of such men; and the best means of doing so was first to win over the citizen of Nijeni to his plans. But the straightforward honesty of Kosma completely foiled the wily boyard.

On the morning of the 17th of May, the day after their interview, the inmates of the Kremlin were aroused from their slumbers by the sound of the tocsin, and the shouts of an infuriated multitude drunk with blood and murder. The unhappy Poles designated, as Schouisky had shown to Kosma the day before, had already been put to death, and the populace were about to attack the palace of the Czars. All the inmates of this ancient edifice were asleep and unsuspicious of danger. Since Dmitry had begun to reign, nothing but joy and festivity had been seen within its walls, no sounds heard but the song of happiness and the voice of affection. What a contrast was there now! Bos-

manoff, first gentleman of the Czar's bed-chamber, on hearing the shouts of the multitude, ran into the street, where he beheld Tatistcheff at the head of a body of the people uttering shouts of vengeance. Bosmanoff had once saved the life of this leader of the insurgents, but the service was forgotten, and the debt of gratitude paid by a stab with a dagger inflicted upon the half-dressed and unarmed nobleman. Bosmanoff, though mortally wounded, had strength to reach the apartment adjoining the imperial chamber, where he fell, crying out with his last breath:

"Fly, Dmitry, son of Ivan—here's treachery—fly, or thou art lost!"

The Czar had already seized his arms, and placing himself at the head of a few of his guards, sallied forth and attacked the multitude. But the mass of insurgents increasing every moment, all who accompanied him were massacred, and he was himself at last brought to the ground by a shot from an arquebuse. The people ran forward to despatch him; but he raised himself upon one arm, and looking sternly at them,

"Miserable wretches!" he cried, "dare you kill your sovereign? I am Dmitry, the son of Ivan."

The crowd drew back, abashed and trembling; and perhaps the Czar's life might have been saved, had not Schouisky arrived just at this juncture. The boyard saw that the success of his attempt depended upon a single moment. The people hesitated.

"If," said they, "this is truly the Czarowitz, what a crime we should have committed!" And they looked with remorse at their lately beloved sovereign now lying before them covered with blood.

"Friends and fellow-countrymen," cried Schouisky in a loud voice, "I had myself some scruples with regard to the identity of the man calling himself Dmitry Ivanowitz; but I have been to the convent of the Virgins, where, on my knees, I entreated the Czarina, in the name of God, to declare the truth; with sobs and tears, she confessed that she had only lent herself to a deception, in order to be revenged upon the family of Boris Godunoff

for the murder of the real Dmitry. The man before you is not her son—he is an impostor."

This was sufficient: no steps were taken to ascertain the truth of Schouisky's statement. He had not seen Irene, neither had she disowned Dmitry. But everything depended upon the action of the moment, and if the Czar escaped, the boyard's own life would pay the forfeit. He therefore unhesitatingly advanced the falsehood he had just uttered, and it was but too successful.

The crowd again rushed towards the Czar and immediately despatched him. They then ran with cries of savage delight to Marina's apartment. A young page named Omolski, who had accompanied the Czarina from Poland, and whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity, defended the door of her chamber against the host of savages by whom it was assailed. For a time he kept the multitude at bay, but was at length shot, and the assailants entered the room over his dead body. Marina, whose firmness had never till this moment been brought into action, advanced with dignity towards the murderers. She attempted to address them—for though deeply afflicted at their rebellion, she had still hope, as she knew not then what she had lost; but cries of rage covered her voice. A shot was fired and struck one of the Czarina's women, who had just placed herself before her royal mistress. This faithful attendant was a young Jewess whom Marina had saved from a forced union with a man she abhorred, and having afterwards made her fortune, gave her in marriage to a Polish gentleman named Chmielnicki. The powerless defence made by Marina's attendants was soon overcome, and the Czarina was about to fall a victim to the fury of the sanguinary rabble, when some of the principal boyards arrived and rescued her from their hands. In the course of this horrible day blood streamed in torrents through the streets of Moscow, and brute force displaying the utmost refinement of hatred and cruelty, overcame and destroyed all who sought to raise the Russian nation from a state of the most abject savageness. Every Pole was butchered, with the exception of the Palatine Mniszech and the two princes Wisnowiecki. These alone had taken some precau-

tions as against a distant and unknown danger; their foresight was due to an instinctive feeling arising from the well-known antipathy of the Russians to the Poles. On hearing of the outbreak, they fortified themselves in their palace, where, unaided, they defended themselves with such determined obstinacy that the Moscovites agreed to spare their lives if they would surrender. Marina was placed in confinement with her father and her two relatives, and could now weep, without restraint, upon the bosom of her parent, for the loss of a beloved husband and a crown.

Basile Schouisky reaped the fruit of his crime. By Dmitry's death, the throne had become vacant. The wily boyard, however, made no claim for himself, nor did he designate any other individual; but his birth was illustrious, and he had acquired great popularity by flattering the passions and prejudices of the people. The merchants, in particular, were strongly attached to him, for he had always been a strenuous defender of their privileges.

"It is useless to oppose him," said the boyards among themselves; "let us make a merit of placing him upon the throne."

They immediately led him from the Kremlin to the great square, where they saluted him by the titles of Czar, and Father of the people. Basile Schouisky seated himself without compunction upon a throne whose legitimate occupant he had treacherously murdered. The presence of Marina and her father at Moscow was, however, a source of uneasiness to him. A party might be formed in their favour, and he might be hurled from his elevation much more easily than his predecessor. He therefore sent them under a strong escort to Jaroslav on the Volga.

But another cause of uneasiness soon convinced Schouisky that he would not be suffered peaceably to enjoy the throne of the murdered Dmitry. The massacre at Moscow had excited the utmost indignation in Poland, and the Polish blood spilt on that occasion required a signal punishment. Anxious to prevent any act of hostility, Schouisky set his Polish prisoners at liberty, and Marina was free to return to her native country. She accordingly took the road to Poland with a sad and aching

heart, accompanied by her father. Though only twenty years of age, she was old in misfortune and suffering. She had been a wife and a queen, and was now a widowed outcast. Her father's house was not a home for her: she had no home—no country—no hope; all lay buried in the cold grave of her lost Dmitry. She was now travelling as a captive, through a land in which, but a few years since, the people had knelt on her passage and hailed her with shouts of joy, as the consort of their emperor. Her uncrowned head was shrowded with the widow's veil, the dark folds of which preserved her care-worn countenance from the scan of the passer-by.

"O Dmitry! my beloved, lost Dmitry!" would she often exclaim, wringing her hands, and shedding bitter tears, each of which fell like a drop of melted lead upon her heart, "why did I not follow thee to the grave! To spare my life was to inflict upon me tenfold woe!"

One evening, just as the escort which was conveying her to the Polish frontier, had crossed one of those vast plains of sand and stunted birch-wood, termed steppes in Russia, a troop of horsemen suddenly appeared, attacked the guard, and put it to flight. Marina and her father, not supposing that they had any interest in this act, took but little heed of the conflict. When it was over, they recognized in the commander of the horsemen, Stadnicki, one of their kinsmen, who had served under Dmitry.

"Madam," said he to the Czarina, "I am fortunate in being the first to announce the happiness that awaits you. At a short distance from this spot, you will find the Czar of Moscovy, at the head of a numerous army."

"Dmitry!" exclaimed Marina, with an almost frantic shriek.

"Yes, madam, and he is impatiently waiting for you. Having been saved by a miracle of Providence, he will soon again be master of the whole of Russia. Let me intreat that you will lose no time, for he is anxious you should join him immediately."

Marina was strangely perplexed. How could it happen, she thought, that Dmitry had a second time escaped from what

appeared certain death? Her heart was unable to expand at the news, to which it seemed to give the lie; her cheeks remained pale and sorrowful, and her sunken eyes rekindled not with the fire of hope.

The Palatine felt no inclination to inquire further, for he totally disbelieved the story of Dmitry's second resuscitation. But it little mattered to him who his pretended son-in-law might be, provided he wore a crown; and he resolved to countenance the intrigue to which he had no doubt Stadnicki was a party. He therefore urged Marina to accompany their kinsman, and they took the road to Moscow, the Palatine full of confidence, and Marina trembling, agitated, and a prey to gloomy apprehensions.

The particulars of Dmitry's escape, given by Stadnicki to the Palatine, as they journeyed on, were nevertheless sufficiently probable to inspire Marina with a little more hope. The Czar, he said, had escaped from the Kremlin and ultimately from Moscow, through the subterraneous passages of the fortress. After a long and painful illness, he was at last able to get on horseback, and lead his forces to battle against the traitor Schouisky. He was at the head of a numerous army, which was increasing every day, and had been joined by Prince Rozynski, and Prince John Sapieha. The Czar was then encamped with his forces, on a plain about three leagues from Moscow.

The travellers at length approached the camp where Marina was informed she should again behold her lost Dmitry. No sooner was her name pronounced, than she was surrounded by a multitude who, with a species of delirium, hailed her as their Czarina. She was so much affected by this reception, that with great difficulty she was prevented from fainting. The sound of military music, the brilliant uniforms and sparkling arms, the noise and shouts, the cries of "Long life to the Czarina—God bless our mother!"—all this confused her, made her heart throb, and threw a haze over her already troubled eyesight. She at length recovered, and under the guidance of her father and Stadnicki, entered an enclosed

field, at the further extremity of which she beheld a group of men magnificently dressed. One of them quitted the others and advanced towards her.

Marina had never been able fully to convince herself that Dmitry was alive. No doubt she would have given her life to have brought him back from the grave; but she knew that his murderers had spilt his blood to the very last drop, and however dear to her was the hope of his escape, she instinctively felt that it could not be realized. She had seen the fury of the people, thirsting for Dmitry's blood, exhaust itself upon the lifeless body of their victim; and if she had for a moment yielded to an involuntary illusion, too pleasing to be rejected without evidence of its fallacy, it was with doubt and dread. The man who now approached the Czarina, bore not the slightest resemblance to the handsome and noble Dmitry. His person was most repulsive; his countenance expressed none but the basest feelings; his squinting eyes constantly sought the ground, and the vilest passions were pourtrayed in a hideous leer, which he meant for a smile of condescension and encouragement. Marina started as she gazed at him, and her blood froze as he cast upon her a look of malignant triumph. His features were familiar to her, and yet she could not associate them with any fact present to her recollection. Her mind was bewildered, and she thought herself under the influence of a painful dream. She well knew the man, and her knowledge of him sent a thrill of horror through her frame, and yet she could not remember where she had seen him or who he was. While she was endeavouring to fix in her memory the name of the person who thus offered himself to her as Dmitry, he encircled her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, whispered these words in her ear:

"Fair Marina, recollect you not the remote inn of the Zulosz forest? You there deprived me of a bride, and a lovely one too; but I now find one more lovely—a more noble spouse. A thousand thanks!"

Marina, with a shudder, tore herself from the grasp of the ruffian, and threw herself into her father's arms.

"Take me hence," she cried, "or I shall die."

The Palatine led her into a tent; and as soon as she found herself alone with him, she gave way to the bitterness of her anguish, and was too much overcome to be able to explain the cause of her agitation, or who this man was. She wept bitterly, and nothing but stifled sobs burst from her lips.

"Marina," said her father calmly, "amid the many extraordinary events which have occurred, didst thou really believe that Dmitry had risen from his grave? Could thy credulity so far beguile thy judgment? No my child, thou couldst not have expected to meet thy slaughtered husband, now a saint in heaven. There is another cause for thy emotion at the sight of him who personates Dmitry."

"Oh!" cried Marina, "you know not the wretch who has dared to assume the revered name of my beloved husband and sovereign lord. He is a miserable Jew, the very refuse of human nature. He is the man from whom I rescued the young girl that afterwards married Chmielnicki. O God have pity upon me!"

The Palatine was stricken with amazement.

"But are you quite sure," said he after a long pause, "that he is the same individual?"

"I have no doubt of it," Marina replied.

"And I confess it," said a voice outside the tent, and a moment after, the impostor entered. "Yes, I am the Jew, Jankeli. You have recognised me, Marina. I believe people do not forget those whom they have injured, even were they the most degraded of human beings. As for you, Prince," he continued, turning towards the Palatine, "you know me not; but my uncle Egidi, the learned Rabbi, is not unknown to you."

The features of the wretch assumed a satanic expression as he proceeded.

"One day, my uncle put this talisman round my neck, and

told me to come to Russia, and proclaim that I was Dmitry, the son of Ivan the terrible. I accordingly arrived at Starodub, and said, 'I am Dmitry Ivanowitz, and am come to claim my father's crown from Schouisky.' The people received me well, all the neighbouring cities submitted to my rule, the boyards came and swore allegiance to me, and my soldiers multiplied. Then Prince Sapieha and Prince Rozynski arrived in my camp, and my army, doubled by the troops they brought with them, has become formidable. I am now at the gates of Moscow, and about to enter that city as Czar of Moscovy. Therefore, Marina, I am no longer *a miserable Jew, the very refuse of human nature.* I have now a crown to bestow. It is a magnificent gift, is it not? Marina, I lay it at your feet;—accept it from me."

"Never," cried the Czarina, vehemently.

"And why not?" said the impostor coolly, looking at Marina with a smile of hellish malice. "Your first husband was the impostor; I am the true Dmitry."

"When I married Dmitry," Marina replied, "my kinsmen, my friends, and a whole nation proclaimed him Czar of Moscovy; and besides ——"

"You loved him, did you not?" said Jankeli, interrupting her. "For my part, your love and your ambition are equally indifferent to me. Give me plenty of gold, for much I must have, and I will allow you to reign as you please, and love whom you please."

An expression of disgust and abhorrence stole over Marina's countenance. Jankeli only smiled, and continued:

"But you must hasten to acknowledge me, and that publicly. Your terror on seeing me has already produced a bad effect, which you must now counteract. Believe me, this course will be the most profitable to both of us. Give me gold, plenty of gold, and you may take the crown, and with it the power of vengeance."

As Jankeli uttered these words, the Palatine led Marina from

the tent, and showed her, in the distance, the royal city of Moscow, with its forty times forty cupolas.

"Marina," said the old Pole, "in that city is a throne which thou mayest ascend, and enemies whom thou mayest trample under foot."

The Czarina was deeply agitated: her heart beat at the thought of power and vengeance, and her eyes shot flashes of fire. Dmitry, the idol of her affection, was no more; there was a void in her heart which she now seemed ready to fill with a life of excitement and ambition. Her father's lessons in her early days came forcibly to her mind, and all the dreams of her youth arose before her in vivid reality. The blood rushed to her pale cheeks.

"What must I do?" said she to the Palatine.

"Embrace that man," he replied, pushing her into the arms of Jankeli, who had followed them.

The army, who saw her in the impostor's arms, uttered shouts of joy, which made the walls of the old Kremlin tremble. Nevertheless, it did not seal the doom of Moscow. Sigismund III. having resolved to interfere in the affairs of Russia, had entered that country at the head of an army, for the purpose of placing his son Wladislaus upon the throne of the Czars. He laid siege in person to Smolensko, and while he remained several months inactive before that city, the Hetman Zolkiewski marched towards Moscow, and having met Schouisky near Kluchin, completely defeated him, took him and his whole family prisoners, and sent them to Warsaw. He soon after entered Moscow, proclaimed Wladislaus Czar of Moscovy, and then endeavoured to treat with Jankeli, offering him, in the name of Sigismund III. a principality and *plenty of gold*. Zolkiewski had formed a just estimate of the Jew's baseness: the sordid wretch immediately accepted the offer, and a secret treaty was about to be signed, when it came to the knowledge of Marina. She immediately ran to the impostor, and said to him with deep anger, and a gesture of the most profound contempt:

"Vile wretch that thou art!—dost thou think I would

breathe the same atmosphere with thee, except it were on a throne? Thou shalt either reign or die."

Prince Sapieha and his soldiers supported the cause of Marina; but Rozynski declared for Sigismund. The two parties came to blows, and a sanguinary conflict ensued. In the midst of the strife, Jankeli betook himself to flight, and reached Kaluga. The brave Marina, whose father had returned to Poland, remained alone, in the midst of men who never placed any restraint upon their passions; yet she commanded their respect and love. Determined now to owe her greatness solely to herself, she went through the ranks, encouraged the soldiers, and succeeded in raising these undisciplined bands to the greatest pitch of enthusiasm in her favour. All swore to replace upon the throne of Moscovy, not Dmitry—the name was of no moment—but the husband of Marina Mniszech. She next discarded the dress of her sex, assumed the garb of a soldier, and throwing a quiver of arrows over her shoulder, sprang upon her horse, and galloped to Kaluga, where she seized the person of the impostor, forced him to resume the name of Dmitry, and brought him back in triumph to the camp.

"Base coward!" she said, as she led him to his tent, "learn to risk thy life for a throne."

Meanwhile, Wladislaus had been crowned at Moscow; and Zolkiewski set out to exterminate the impostor's army. After a succession of disasters and defeats, Marina, now a daring and heroic woman, and a model of courage to her followers, defended herself against a whole army, with a handful of men, in a convent which she had fortified. Zolkiewski, irritated at being thus stopped in his career of victory by a woman, prepared to storm the convent, and put to the sword every human being found within its walls. But Marina's time was not come: she determined still to live for power and vengeance. This resolution redoubled her strength, and she performed prodigies of valour. After driving back the assailants, she set fire to the convent, escaped with her followers, and, with the impostor,

whom she would not suffer out of her sight, shut herself up in Kaluga, which she strongly fortified.

The thirst of power, instilled into her mind from her very infancy, had now become a frenzy which nothing could assuage. It completely changed her woman's nature, and made her a separate being in the creation. The life of that contemptible Jew, for whom she entertained nothing but loathing and disgust, now constituted her most valuable treasure: for upon his imposture did her power rest. She proclaimed him the true Dmitry Ivanowitz, and watched over his safety with the greatest anxiety. Wretch as he was, he was the instrument to her ambition, and though she hated and spurned him, she evinced the most trembling eagerness to secure him from harm.

The determined purpose which filled her mind, being pursued with extreme vigour, brought numerous partisans to her standard, and in a short time she again found herself at the head of a considerable army. But an incident occurred which, in a moment, overthrew all her hopes.

She had succeeded in gaining to her cause several Tartar princes, and a numerous body of Cossacks. Jankeli, to whom she now allowed greater freedom, because she had no fear of his escape from her, had from habit identified himself with her proceedings and assumed a sort of authority in the army. Suspicious and mistrustful, because he was himself base and treacherous, he entertained doubts of the fidelity of Ourmamhed Khan of Kasimoff, who had just joined Marina's party. Without communicating his suspicion to the Czarina, he resolved to murder the prince, and with this view invited him to a hunting party. Having, under pretence of a private conference led the unsuspicious Tartar into a remote part of the forest appointed for the day's sport, he stabbed him to the heart, dug a grave, and buried his body. On his return to Kaluga, he stated that Ourmamhed having attempted his life, he had successfully defended himself, and that the Khan, fearful of the consequences of his base attempt, had fled towards Moscow.

Marina knew Jankeli too well to credit this story. His pallid cheeks and trembling limbs but too plainly told his crime, and she shrank aghast from the monster. But another scan had plunged into the murderer's thoughts and detected the foul deed. Prince Ourussoff, Ourmamhed's kinsman, convinced of the Jew's treachery, resolved to avenge the death of the Khan, and one day, when the wretch was in a state of complete inebriation, stabbed him at his own table, massacred the whole of his attendants, and immediately withdrew with his Tartars from Kaluga.

Marina being thus deprived of her best troops, was soon deserted by the remainder, and after wandering alone for a short time, fell into the hands of the boyards, who threw her into a horrible prison. Here, she was left to meditate upon the eventful scenes of her past life, and the overthrow of her most cherished hopes. Shut up in a damp and fetid dungeon, almost frozen to death, her clothes falling in shreds from her body, and with only sufficient food to keep her alive, she was reduced to such a state of bodily suffering that the instinct of nature broke her proud spirit, and she supplicated her enemies for relief. But they laughed her to scorn, and refused her the slightest alleviation.

Willingly would she have died, but death came not at her bidding, and she lingered on in cruel torture. The boyards at length resolved to put her publicly to death, and a day was fixed for her execution.

One night, as she lay upon the cold and humid floor of her prison, half dozing and half awake, starting every moment from the short slumber of weakness, seeing strange forms flitting before her eyes, and strange noises ringing through her ears, she was suddenly aroused by the sound of deadly strife close to her prison walls. The door of her dungeon was at last burst open, and a man rushed in. Throwing himself on the damp floor by her side, he kissed her hands and wet them with his tears. She was too weak to rise, and he lifted her from the ground. Marina looked at him, and uttered a shriek of joy.

"Oh! Providence," she cried, "I am saved!"

In her infancy a young Pole, named Zaroucki, had been her playmate. His regard for her, as a child, had ripened nto love as she grew up. He had offered her his vows before she knew Dmitry; but, though her heart did not absolutely reject him, the prediction of the weird woman, Korica, had wrought so powerfully upon her mind, that she replied:

"To offer me your obedience, you must be in a situation to command."

Zaroucki left her in despair, and was not heard of for several years. Marina herself had nearly lost all recollection of him. But with what delight did she now recognize her old playmate! It was just at the period when the executioner was about to torture and put her to death, that she heard a well-known voice which reminded her of the peaceable and happy days of her childhood. She found that Zaroucki still loved her, for she felt the tremour of his hands as he broke the chains which encircled her beautiful limbs. She wept with emotion; tears had long ceased to flow from her eyes, and they now refreshed her burning eyelids. Throwing herself into Zaroucki's arms, she said to him:

"I am ready to follow you; whither would you lead me?"

"I am now," he replied, "a Cossack chief. I have a numerous body of troops, consisting of men entirely devoted to me. Under their guard you have nothing to fear. I will take you to your native country, and to your father."

"I have no country now," she said in a melancholy tone of voice, "nor can I ever have a country, except where there is a field of battle—a throne—or a grave."

"Is this your feeling?" said the Cossack chief; "and are you willing to brave fresh dangers?—Then let me share them. Come among us, and be our queen. You will govern simple and even savage men, but blindly obedient to your commands. Your royal canopy shall be more splendid than that of any monarch of the earth, for the vault of heaven shall form it. Your throne shall not consist of a few boards covered with velvet—but repose upon the back of the noblest animal in the creation.

Your dominions shall have no limits, for they shall extend as far as our horses can carry us, and our swords strike. Come then, Marina—come and I will show you your new subjects."

Marina thrilled with delight at the thought of this strange and novel life. The excitement which it caused in her, brought back her strength, and she vaulted without assistance upon the back of a milk-white charger which had been prepared for her by Zaroucki's orders. She now found herself surrounded by a troop of men of bold and haughty bearing, who hailed her as their queen, and swore to live and die in her service. Marina's feelings were wound up to a pitch of ecstasy by this scene, and her beauty assumed a character of sublimity: she might have been taken for the goddess of armies. The rich and tattered garments of her former rank hung in shreds about her person, and in her feeble hand she waved a lance, directing the iron point towards Moscow. Her features, though thin and angular from her sufferings, were now flushed with hope, and still displayed the loveliness of extreme youth, whilst the fire of her eyes expressed the most determined heroism. She galloped forward in the direction she had indicated, making a sign to the Cossacks to follow her. All eagerly obeyed, and from that moment Zaroucki and his bold warriors became the blind slaves of a woman, whose insatiable ambition was further irritated by a thirst of vengeance. In a short time, Marina and her followers laid waste all the eastern provinces of Russia. Wherever they appeared, fire and sword marked their passage. The fever of Marina's resentment being somewhat assuaged by these excesses, she grew tired of her nomadic throne, and was anxious to fix it where it might take root and flourish. It was the dearest wish of her heart to reign, but in peace, and over a definite kingdom. Though first and foremost to brave danger, though a model of valour to her Cossacks, though long inured to a life of peril and hardship, she was nevertheless formed by nature to exercise the gentler attributes of her sex. From a graceful and lovely girl, misfortune had transformed her into a stern and daring warrior; but under

the helmet and the breastplate, still lurked a woman's heart, and she longed to exchange her life of war and bloodshed, for the splendour and pomp of royalty. With this view she planned the conquest of Astracan, there to found a new kingdom ; and Zaroucki, who knew no will but hers, directed his troops thither. The city of Astracan, though gallantly defended by Prince Dmitriewitz Khworotinin, was taken by storm, and the prince put to death by the irritated conquerors, who would not allow any resistance to the mandates of their queen. Here, Marina became once more a sovereign ; but she reigned over a province which she had herself laid waste, over a city which she had nearly destroyed, and over a people whom she had decimated. Nevertheless she reigned, and a smile of joy, unchecked by the tears of the widows and orphans she had made, once more played round her lips.

Soon after this event, Kosma Minim and Prince Pojarski, having resolved to free their country from its internal enemies, made an appeal to the patriotism and loyalty of the Russian youth. All obeyed their call and flocked round their standard. Marina and Zaroucki, as the most formidable, were the first attacked. Their resistance was desperate, and though overpowered by numbers, every check they received was almost a victory ; but at length, an immense host was brought against them, and they were utterly defeated in a pitched battle. With the remnant of their little army, they fled into the desert. Here, they wandered about, suffering every kind of privation, until absolute hunger forced their followers gradually to desert them, and they were left with only a few attendants. These also quitted them at last, after sharing with them the remains of their scanty provisions, which were barely sufficient to support life a few days longer.

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In the middle of the winter of 1612, on one of those days of intense cold, when even the sunbeams seem frozen in their passage through the atmosphere, two solitary human beings were

wending their way across one of the drea y steppes of Russia. A female with pallid cheeks and sunken eyes was painfully dragging her weary limbs over the frozen snow which, at each step she took, crackled under her weight. A man emaciated and care-worn supported her with one arm, whilst in the other he carried a lovely infant, blue with cold, and almost lifeless. Every now and then, he looked with tenderness at his companion, and turned away his head to conceal from her his horror and despair. Though sinking under his own sufferings, he seemed to feel but for her, and his infant charge. Her countenance was placid and resigned : it expressed strong though calm determination ; but whenever she cast her eyes upon the child, a tear fell upon her cheek, and immediately froze there. These two individuals were Marina and Zaroucki. The child was theirs, and its name was Dmitry. It was born, during a tempest, upon the brink of a mountain torrent ; it was a gentle bud which had shot prematurely forth on a day of sunshine, to be nipped by the frost ere it could open into blossom. The wanderers were proceeding towards the Oural mountains, through immense solitudes scarcely trodden by the foot of man. They had travelled in this manner many days ; the snow had served as their bed, the canopy of heaven as their roof.

On the day to which I refer, they had painfully walked forward many hours without speaking—for intense grief indulges but little in words. On a sudden they were overtaken by a snow storm. A furious wind arose, and whirled the white flakes in fearful eddies around them. They were so completely enveloped in snow, that they could not see ten feet before them ; and having lost the trace which guided them on their journey, they were forced to halt. The storm at length ceased, and they were about to resume their route, when, as the snow blew off, they discovered a body of horsemen close to them. Concealment was impossible ; they knew that numerous detachments of Russian troops were in pursuit of them, and they conjectured this to be one. They were not mistaken.

The horsemen, on perceiving them, uttered shouts of joy.

They were surrounded in an instant. Zaroucki drew his sword, but his hand was benumbed with cold, and he was unable to grasp the hilt. The soldiers laughed at his weakness, and all rushed on him at once. He fell covered with wounds; his warm blood smoked as it tinged the snow, and he expired casting a last fond look at her to whom he had sacrificed all.

During his death throes, he was able to perceive the savages binding the delicate limbs of Marina with their saddle-girths. There was an expression of hellish triumph in their countenances, for they belonged to the party of old Moscovites who had opposed the innovations of Dmitry. Their rough black beards bristled with hoar frost, and their sinister looks told Marina that she had no pity to expect from them. They interrogated her, but she made no other reply than a look of the most cutting contempt.

Suddenly a feeble and plaintive cry was heard. Marina started — it was her child — her little Dmitry. She however recovered her composure, and the poor babe escaped notice.

The commander of the troop began to converse in a low voice with some of his men. They were debating about what they should do with their prisoner.

"Let her die," said the chief.

"The reward will be great if we take her alive to Moscow," said another.

"She would never get there," observed a third; "don't you see that she is dying?" And as he spoke, Marina sank upon the snow close to Zaroucki's corpse.

At this moment, one of the horses having pawed the ground, it sent forth a hollow and lengthened sound, as if there was a large cavity below the surface. The chief smiled with the joy of a demon. He made a sign—his men understood him: with the hatchets which they carried at their saddle bow, they cut through the hardened snow and came to a bed of ice; this they also broke, and the water of the Jaick flowed above the opening. They were upon the frozen river. Having lifted up Zaroucki's body, they threw it into the stream, thrusting it

under the ice. They now turned to Marina, and seizing her with shouts of laughter informed her that her grave was dug, and ready to receive her. She made no reply: her soul was communing with its Creator, and she was then, no doubt, uttering her last prayer for the safety of her babe. The ruffians lifted her up, and after balancing her in their hellish sport, flung her into the water.

No sooner had she disappeared under the ice, than a furious whirlwind arose, and drifted the snow over the opening, as if to close it for ever upon the victims. The ruffians were awe-stricken; their shouts and laughter had ceased, and superstition had, for a moment, shed its terrors over them.

"It is now all over," said the chief, after a solemn pause; "to horse and depart."

The men had mounted their horses, and already set out, when a weak and plaintive cry struck the ears of the chief, who had lingered behind. It was uttered by the poor babe lying upon the snow, almost dead with cold and hunger.

"Hah!" said the chief, approaching the child, "thou cursed cub of a still more cursed dam, art thou still alive?"

The infant turned its large and innocent eyes towards the soldier, and lifted up its little hands. The chief raised it from the ground; it uttered not a cry; only a gentle moan escaped it, as the ruffian drew a horse girth with all his strength round its white neck. He then threw the corpse upon the snow, and galloped forward to join his companions. The sound of the horses' hoofs gradually died away, the solitude returned to its silence, and the frozen body of an infant remained as the only trace of this deed of blood.

Maurin del.

Lith. de Villain.

CHRISTINA,
Queen of Sweden.

From the original picture painted in oils by Bourdon at Fontainebleau in 1657.

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CHRISTINA,

QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

It is a difficult task to write the life of a woman to whom the world, by almost common consent, has given the names of *great* and *illustrious*, but who appears, from the anomalies in her character, to have been rather one of those insensate beings, ever restless and dissatisfied, who vainly endeavour to struggle against the dispensations of Providence, and thereby fail in attaining that happiness which might and ought to have been their lot.

Thus it was with Christina; though the fault is not entirely to be attributed to herself. Her early education had, no doubt, a powerful influence over the remainder of her life: her father, finding in her a precocity of extraordinary talents, wished to make her great; and, violating the laws of nature, he gave her the education of a warrior. The consequence of this was, the apparition of one of those singular phenomena which astonish but disgust mankind, and excite but little of human sympathy.

Christina, Queen of Sweden, was born on the 18th December 1626. Her mother was Eleanora Maria of Brandenburg; her father Gustavus Adolphus, one of the greatest captains of modern times, and surnamed by his victorious legions the "Lion of the North." He died young, amid his career of victory, whilst he was yet animated with that resolute daring which had made him surmount every obstacle, and would ultimately have led him to the conquest of all Europe. He left the crown of Sweden to a child; but he cherished the hope that this child would render illustrious the throne of his ancestors.

Christina was scarcely two years old when her father, having already discerned in her a decided will, and an almost martial temper, took her with him to all the camps and fortresses which he visited. One day at Colmar, when the guns were about to be fired, the governor, fearful that the infant princess might be alarmed at the report, mentioned it to the king. Gustavus hesitated at first, but he soon said with a smile, "She is the daughter of a soldier; let the guns be fired,—she must accustom herself to the report." When Christina heard the noise, she laughed aloud, and striking her little hands together, seemed to ask for a repetition of the firing. Gustavus Adolphus could not but love a child who gave such early indications of courage, and was one day to succeed him. From that moment he always took Christina with him to camps and reviews, whenever there was any military display; and he observed with delight the pleasure she evinced on such occasions.

"I will one day," he used to say to her, "take you to places where you shall be fully satisfied."

Gustavus Adolphus is a man to whom posterity has not done justice. We often admire the deeds of those Northern hosts who overthrew the Roman empire; but if we consider attentively what Gustavus Adolphus achieved in the space of a single year, opposed as he was to nations and generals of a much higher order of civilization and capacity than those with whom the Scythians and Goths had to contend, we shall feel less surprise at the victorious incursions of the latter.

The hero of Sweden died in the midst of his triumphs, and before he had time to bestow upon his child the education he had traced out for her. But his last injunctions were religiously observed, and Christina was brought up in that extraordinary manner which could only lead to an unsatisfactory result for herself. Particular care was taken to render her constitution as robust as that of the strongest man: she ate little, slept still less, and was inured to every species of privation and hardship. She frequently passed two whole days without

drinking, because water not agreeing with her, she was not allowed to drink it, and she could not reconcile herself to wine, or any fermented liquor. Mortifying herself of her own free will, she endured cold, heat, hunger, and thirst with equal resolution. She endeavoured to throw off everything belonging to her sex, and adopt the habits and ideas of a man. She entertained a deeply-rooted aversion and contempt for women; and this feeling was the more extraordinary because nothing had occurred to herself likely to inspire her with this hatred.

"I prefer men to women," she used to say, "not because they are men, but because they are not women."

The celebrated Oxienstiern, her father's minister, and one of the greatest and most virtuous statesman the world has produced—the great Gustavus himself, Cardinal Richelieu, Olivarès, Cromwell, Mazarin, the great Condé, and that host of fine geniuses of which the literature of every country at that time boasted, might indeed have inspired her with the desire of sharing the glory of men. But women had also their glory, and in repudiating the advantages of her sex, Christina still remained a woman,—but a woman deprived of the charms and fascinations of her nature, without being able to acquire any of the qualities of men, who looked upon her in no other light than a cruel and vindictive female, impetuous, tyrannical, and capable of every excess to which an inordinate ambition that she in vain endeavoured to conceal, could lead her. She herself admitted that she was a compound of good and bad qualities. Perhaps we must attribute to these causes the contradictory judgments passed upon her by her contemporaries. When her father ascended the throne of Sweden, the monarchs of that country possessed not greater despotic power than those of Denmark in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The four estates, composed of a thousand noblemen, a hundred ecclesiastics, a hundred and fifty burghers, and about a hundred and fifty peasants, passed all the laws of the kingdom. At that period

too, the titles of duke, count, and marquis were unknown both in Sweden and in Denmark. King Eric introduced them into Sweden about the year 1561. Eric did not, however, possess absolute power, and he proved a striking instance of the evil that may accrue from a desire of despotism when united with incapacity. He was son of Gustavus Vasa, and might reasonably have expected to be successful in the innovation he attempted; but, unfortunately, he only betrayed his weakness and want of talent. He was accused, deposed, and cast into prison; the throne was given to his brother John, who, in order to secure to himself the undisturbed enjoyment of it, had his brother publicly poisoned, and his body afterwards carried through the whole city with the face uncovered, so that no doubts might be entertained of his death. Thus, the new king prevented the possibility of any impostor laying claim to the throne at a future day. As a punishment for this fratricide, king John was condemned to make but one meal each *Wednesday.* It was the Jesuit Passevin who inflicted this penance in the name of Pope Gregory VIII. Though this sentence no doubt partakes of the ridiculous, it shows nevertheless that crime must always be expiated, and that there exists no sanctuary, not even a throne, that can insure impunity to the murderer.

The mildness of this punishment was intended as a lure to draw over king John to the court of Rome, and make the Swedish nation embrace Catholicism. But the exertions of the Jesuit Passevin to gain this end were fruitless. John, who did not like the Lutheran persuasion, endeavoured, but with no better success, to introduce the Greek religion among his subjects. Sweden was at that period plunged in darkness and ignorance. The university of Upsal existed, it is true, but it had only three or four professors, and these were without pupils. Arts and sciences were so little cultivated in that country that artillery was not known among the Swedes till after the time of Gustavus Vasa; and when, in 1592,

King John fell ill, not a single physician was to be found to attend him, and he died without medical advice.

Sweden, however, possessed at that period every element of prosperity. Sigismund, son of king John, had been elected king of Poland in 1587, five years prior to the death of his father. Sigismund, seated upon the throne of Sweden and Poland, might easily have conquered the whole of Moscovy, then without government or army. But he merely possessed himself of Finland and Esthonia; and this he did a few years after he mounted the throne. As he adhered to the Catholic religion, whilst the Lutheran was that of Sweden, the states deposed him, as they had done his uncle Eric. They placed upon the throne, Charles IX. another of his uncles, and the father of the great Gustavus Adolphus. It may easily be imagined that in a half-civilized country like Sweden at this period, such changes could not be effected without violent commotions. But if Charles IX. was not recognized by those foreign powers who were the allies of his nephew, he reigned, as legitimate sovereign in Sweden by the unanimous consent of the nation. His death took place in 1611.

Gustavus Adolphus had not reached his eighteenth year, which is the age of majority for the kings of Sweden and Denmark, when he succeeded to his father without the slightest opposition, and by his accession to the throne the destinies of Sweden were changed.

The first wars in which he engaged were unfortunate. All his endeavours to gain possession of Scania, then invaded by the Danes, proved ineffectual: he was forced to retreat, and to make peace with that power. But as soon as he had concluded the treaty, he again yielded to his warlike propensities, and not only attacked the Moscovites, but penetrated into Livonia, and making his cousin Sigismund flee before his victorious army, pursued him almost to his own capital. The emperor Ferdinand II. supported his ally Sigismund; and it was then that Cardinal Richelieu, availing himself, with his usual ability,

of the embarrassed situation of the Swedish king, entered into a treaty with him, hoping, with the aid of the Lion of the North, to strike a fatal blow at the power of the House of Austria. The councils of Sweden were at that period directed by Oxienstiern, a minister worthy, by his transcendant abilities, of treating with Cardinal Richelieu, but greatly superior to the crafty Frenchman in virtue and integrity.

Gustavus Adolphus, with a view of penetrating without obstacle into Germany, concluded a truce with Poland, by which he retained all his conquests ; and invading Austria, he soon, by his victories, shook the throne of Ferdinand II. almost to its foundation. The progress of the "Lion of the North" was a succession of victories : he re-established the elector palatine in his possessions, besieged Ferdinand in his own capital, and would probably have dictated laws to the surrounding potentates, had not death surprised him in the midst of his career. He was killed in 1632, at the battle of Lutzen, leaving the crown of Sweden to a child of six years of age.

The death of Gustavus Adolphus was a real calamity to Sweden. The loss of the battle of Nordlingen, in 1634, placed that country under the dependance of its former ally, France. Richelieu now realized his ambitious project of wholly directing the politics of Germany, hitherto swayed by the councils of the virtuous Oxienstiern, who, notwithstanding his talents as a statesman, did not possess the requisites of a warrior. The powerful arm of his valiant master would have been necessary for some years longer to have consolidated the influence his genius had exercised over the affairs of the North. Oxienstiern completed the triumph of the proud and wily prelate, by his presence at Compiegne ; thus doing homage, as it were, to the supremacy of Richelieu.

Meanwhile, Christina acquired with her years, knowledge and talent in a truly astonishing manner. At the age of fifteen she surprised even her ministers by the clearness of her views, and the vastness of her plans for the future prosperity of her dominions.

Lively and impassioned, her character was more that of a native of Southern climes, than of a young girl brought up in the icy North. All her projects were gigantic, and she ascribed the merit of them to her father, whose memory she literally adored. Ardent in all her resolves, she devoted herself to the study of the abstract sciences with the application and perseverance of a professor. Even before she was of age, she received at her court the most celebrated men of learning in Europe. Bochart, Grotius, Descartes, and several other master-minds were treated by her at Stockholm with a respect and distinction which often excited the envy and hurt the pride of the Swedish nobles. But Christina's mind was of a superior cast, and she heeded not the petty jealousies of her offended courtiers. One of the most important acts of her reign was undoubtedly the peace of Westphalia, by which the whole of Germany was restored to tranquillity. Her private chancellor, Salvius, who was her second plenipotentiary at the congress, contributed greatly by his abilities to the conclusion of that important treaty. Christina testified her gratitude to this distinguished negotiator by raising him to the rank of senator, a dignity conferred only upon persons of the highest lineage. In her address to the senate upon this occasion, she said :—

"Gentlemen, when good and wise counsel is required, we do not ask proof of sixteen quarters of nobility, we only think of the matter upon which we need advice. Salvius is deficient only in nobility of birth; but that man's birth is sufficiently noble who has never deserved reproach. For my own part, it is absolutely urgent that I should have men of talent."

When Christina became of age, she proved to the whole of Europe that her youthful soul possessed the energy and spirit of enterprise which had characterised her illustrious father. She governed her kingdom with infinite wisdom, and nothing in her conduct then denoted the insensate queen and ferocious woman which she afterwards became.

When she had reached her twentieth year, the states of the

kingdom humbly solicited her to choose a husband. As she listened to their address, she became violently agitated, and seemed to struggle with difficulty against her rising passion. She, nevertheless, returned an evasive answer; but a short time after, the states having renewed their request, Christina, in violent anger, asked them how they dared to address her upon that subject.

The chief member of the deputation replied, that the Swedish nation revered her for herself; but at the same time entertained the most profound adoration for the family of Gustavus Adolphus.

"It is, madam, that you may have sons who resemble you, who are the descendants of your great and royal father, and the pride of the Swedish nation."

"How do you know," exclaimed Christina, "that I may not give birth to a Nero instead of an Augustus?" She then added: "Do not force me to marry. I hate marriage, and should prefer selecting a prince to reign in my stead, to being your queen with the loss of my independence."

The states withdrew in silence, but their disappointment was manifest; Christina perceived it, and from that moment her resolution to abdicate was formed.

Puffendorf asserts that Christina was compelled to relinquish the throne of Sweden. But the assertion is not borne out by facts, and indeed this author contradicts himself a few pages farther on; for he says, that on the first words she uttered in the senate to announce her resolution of abdicating, the senators, in tears, threw themselves at her feet imploring her to remain upon the throne, and not abandon Sweden. But Christina remained inexorable: she assembled the states of the kingdom, placed before them, with great solemnity, the crown and sceptre, and abdicated in favour of her cousin Charles, Duke of Deux-Ponts. This prince was in every respect suited to the Swedish nation, which at this time was wholly warlike, and panting for military fame. The duke was crowned under the title of Charles X. Immediately after his accession to the throne he

marched into Poland, and, in the space of a few days, effected the conquest of that kingdom. But he lost it again as quickly. Being obliged to evacuate Poland, he made a retreat almost unparalleled in history, marching from island to island in the frozen ocean, till at length he reached Copenhagen. This extraordinary event produced an equally extraordinary result: that of a treaty of peace, restoring to Sweden the province of Scania, of which she had been dispossessed for three centuries past.

Christina, on her abdication, had stipulated the necessary arrangements to enable her to live in affluence wherever she might think proper to take up her abode; but what she principally desired was entire independence, the most uncontrolled freedom of action. Voltaire says, that in his opinion Christina would not have abdicated had she been Queen of Italy. I differ from this great writer.

I will now add but a few words more relating to Sweden. Charles XI. son of Charles X. was the first absolute monarch of that country, and his grandson Charles XII. was the last. It was only after the death of the latter, that the Swedish nation, which up to that period was wholly devoted to war, began to engage in the more profitable pursuits of commerce. An East India company was established, and the merchants of Sweden traded even with China and the Mogul empire.

A few days after this great action by Christina—for I cannot but designate as such the voluntary abandonment of a throne, she quitted Sweden, and in a very short time lost all the dignity and greatness of soul by which she had previously been distinguished. She now repented of having left her native country, and demanded of her cousin permission to reside in Sweden: but Charles very wisely refused. Christina then had a medal struck, with an inscription implying that Parnassus and the arts were worth more than a throne.

She soon after adopted a peculiar costume, which might have passed for that of a man, but a madman. Thus attired, she

travelled through Denmark and a great part of Germany, in order to reach Brussels. She there imagined that as her intention was to proceed to Italy, she should not, as a protestant, be well received in that country; she therefore resolved to change her religion. This was not the affair of one day, but of only a few hours. Christina having become a catholic immediately set out for Inspruck, where she publicly abjured the protestant faith. In the evening she visited the theatre, and the protestants, who placed no faith in the sincerity of her conversion, sarcastically observed:

"The catholics owe her, in all conscience, a comedy in the evening, in return for the one she entertained them with this morning."

Christina only laughed at these remarks. One day a manuscript was brought to her, in which her conversion was spoken of in terms of derision. After perusing it, she wrote in the margin, in Italian:—"Chi legge non lo scrive—Chi lo scrive, non legge."

Very shortly after her conversion, which again drew the attention of Europe upon her, Christina visited France. This was in the beginning of the brilliant reign of Louis XIV. That young and handsome monarch was fond of pleasure, and encouraged a display of magnificence in his nobles. Mazarin was still living, and Paris, restored to order and tranquillity since the termination of the troubles of the Fronde, was a most delightful residence for foreigners, especially, as may be well supposed, for a northern princess who might have understood civilization but had never seen it.

Whilst preparations were making to receive her in a manner worthy of the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, she went to Fontainebleau, and visited the finest country seats in the environs of Paris. It was there that Mademoiselle, who was exiled to Fontainebleau on account of her famous cannon-shot of St. Antoine, saw Christina, and wrote in her Memoirs a lively description of all the circumstances attending this visit

of the Swedish Queen. Mademoiselle, it is well known, attached great importance to the most trifling points of etiquette. She sent a nobleman to Fontainebleau, to the Queen of Sweden, to inquire how she would receive her.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Christina, "she shall be received as she pleases; and though much is granted to her quality, there is no species of honour that I am not disposed to allow to her person."

What the Queen of Sweden knew of Mademoiselle relative to the Orleans affair had entirely won her regard. Christina looked upon this princess as, at least, a Bradamante. The truth is, that both she and the ex-queen of Sweden were half mad; with this difference, that the northern princess was as cruel as a hyæna, whilst Mademoiselle possessed at least a feeling heart. Both had a mania, and in this again they differed: Christina had the mania of lovers—Mademoiselle that of husbands. Mademoiselle demanded to have the honours of the *fauteuil*, although her rank only entitled her to a stool in the presence of a crowned head. Christina admitted this pretension, but said, with a smile:

"Would she wish, likewise, to take precedence of me? For, with the temper I am told she has, she perhaps would not give way if we were to reach the door at the same moment."

It was at Essonne that Christina and the princess met. The particulars of this interview are so well given in the Memoirs of Mademoiselle, that I prefer quoting the passage.

"I was at Petit Bourg, at the house of the Abbé de la Revière, afterwards Bishop of Langre, when I received the queen's answer. Petit Bourg is only a league from Essonne. I was attended by Mesdames de Bethune, de Berthilliers, de Frontenac, and Mesdemoiselles de Vandy and de Segur, sisters of Count d'Escars. The Countess de Fiesque, who had gone to Paris, had not yet returned, which vexed me much. On my arrival, M. de Guise Comminge, who was there from the queen, and all the king's officers in attendance upon her, came to receive me.

The Queen of Sweden was in a handsome apartment atÁrsselin's, fitted up in the Italian style. She was going to have a ballet, and had therefore a great number of persons with her. The room in which she was, being entirely surrounded by benches, she could advance only two or three steps to meet me. I had heard so much of the singularity of her costume, that I was in an agony of fear lest I should laugh on seeing her. The officers and persons by whom she was surrounded having made way for me, I immediately beheld her. Her appearance surprised, but did not strike me as at all ludicrous. She wore a grey petticoat trimmed with lace and silver ; a close jacket of camlet, of a fiery red, with lace similar to that of the petticoat ; and round her neck a handkerchief of Genoa point, with a bow of red riband. She had a wig of fair light hair, with a ball of hair behind, such as women wear. In her hand she held a hat with black feathers. Her complexion is fair ; her eyes are blue, and extremely varying in expression : sometimes uncommonly mild, at others exceedingly harsh. Her mouth, though large, is handsome, and her teeth are beautiful. She is very small in stature, and her close jacket hides the defect of her figure. Upon the whole, she gave me the idea of a pretty little boy. She embraced me.

" ' I feel great happiness,' she said, ' in the honour of seeing you. I have passionately wished for it.'

" She gave me her hand and led me to the bottom of the room.

" ' You have a good disposition for jumping ?' she observed.

" I seated myself in the *fauteuil.* There was a door leading to a space where the ballet was to be performed.

" ' I have been expecting you,' said she. I wanted to excuse myself from staying to see the ballet, being in mourning for my sister de Chartre. She, however, begged me to remain, which I did. I amused myself with talking to the persons near me, Comminges, Servien, and Marshal d'Albret. The queen, speaking of my father, said, ' He is the only person in France

who has not sent to ask permission to visit me.' The Countess de Fiesque arrived with Madame de Monglais. I presented them to the Queen of Sweden, who said to me: 'The Countess de Fiesque is not a beauty to have created so extraordinary a sensation. Is the Chevalier de Grammont still in love with her?'

"When I presented M. de Bethune to her, she spoke to him of his manuscripts: she was evidently well pleased to show that she knew what was going on in France. After the ballet was over, we went to the play. During the performance she spoke very loud, praising the passages which pleased her, and not unfrequently making use of oaths. She leaned over her chair, and threw her legs on either side, sometimes even over the arms of her chair. In short, she put herself into postures which I had never seen before, except when executed by Jodelet or Trivelin. Her conversation turned upon a variety of topics, and she expressed herself in very agreeable terms. Sometimes she fell into a profound reverie, sighing deeply, and then she would start like a person suddenly roused from a sound sleep. She is a most extraordinary person. After the play, a collation of sweetmeats and fruit was served up, and then we went to see the fireworks on the river. During the latter display she constantly held my hand. Some squibs burst very close to us, and seeing me much alarmed she laughed: 'What!' said she, 'can a young lady be afraid who has been reduced to opportunities, and performed such noble feats?' She spoke in a low tone to Mademoiselle de Guise, who replied:

"'We must acquaint Mademoiselle with this.'

"Christina declared that her most ardent wish on earth was to be present at a battle, and that she would have that satisfaction before she died. She added, that she envied the Prince of Condé on account of all his achievements.

"'He is a good friend of yours?' she said.

"'Yes, madam,' I replied, 'and a very near relation.'

"'He is the greatest man in the world,' she observed; 'that cannot be denied.'

"When the fireworks were over: 'Let us go farther on,' she said, 'I would speak to you.' Having led me to a little gallery close by, she shut the door."

Mademoiselle here relates a long conversation which she says she had with Christina, who, as she asserts, seemed to take a great interest in her interminable differences with her father, and in her law-suits. I confess I feel great difficulty in believing this. Mademoiselle in continuation of her narrative, says:

"The queen observed to me, 'You must become queen of France, because you are the most beautiful, the most amiable, and the greatest princess in Europe. I will speak *to the Cardinal about it.*'

"Supper was then announced; I took my leave of the queen and returned to Petit Bourg. On the following day, I sent to inquire after her health, and received for answer that she would visit me in the course of the morning. As she was going to the other side of the water, and would have been obliged to come back in order to cross the bridge at Corbeil, she sent me a message with her excuses, saying that the king's attendants had been the cause of her not being able to come and see me, and that she was much grieved at this disappointment."

I have given the above description of Christina by Mademoiselle, because, being written by a person who saw and conversed with her, it bears the stamp of authenticity, and possesses, besides, an interest of time and place. Soon after this interview, Christina made her entry into Paris. The ceremony was very magnificent, and perfectly similar to that which took place on the entry of the Emperor Charles V. A very detailed account of it was given in the Gazette de France. The Parisians were greatly surprised at seeing the queen decline the use of a carriage, and prefer entering the first capital in Europe on horseback, unattended by a single female. From the account in the gazette, it appears that her costume was in every respect similar to that worn by her when Mademoiselle saw her at

Essonne. She passed the night preceding her entry, at Conflans, where the whole court went to visit her. During her stay at Paris she visited every establishment that presented any interest. She went to all the public libraries, and conversed with all the men distinguished by their learning, paying them the most marked attention ; in short, during a few days, she was truly the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus and the pupil of Oxienstiern.

Christina inquired after Ninon de L'Euclos, who resided in a small country-house, near Paris, and paid her a visit. This condescension was remarkable enough, inasmuch as she declined doing the same honour to Mademoiselle. She likewise attended mass at Notre Dame, and her conduct during the ceremony was anything but edifying, especially for a newly converted Catholic. During the whole time of the service, she talked incessantly to the bishops, and remained standing. The bishop of Amiens, to whom she confessed, stated everywhere that when the Abbé Le Camus, the king's almoner, who was in attendance upon Christina, said to her :

" Which ecclesiastic does your majesty choose to have for your confessor ?"

" Any one you choose," she replied,—" a bishop—select one for me."

The Abbé Le Camus went and fetched the bishop of Amiens. This prelate was in her oratory when she entered. She immediately knelt before him, and during the whole of her confession stared in his face. The bishop, however, said that she made a good confession, and that her sentiments edified him much more than her behaviour.

Having seen all the curiosities of Paris, she went to Compiegne to visit the royal family. She slept at Chantilly, where Cardinal Mazarin came to visit her. This was a mark of great respect, for Mazarin was in reality the sovereign of France. A few minutes after his arrival, two young men, plainly dressed and without decoration, arrived on horseback.

"Madam," said the Cardinal to Christina, "I have the honour of presenting to your majesty two young noblemen of high rank." Both instantly knelt and kissed her gown; she raised them, and embracing them both said laughingly:

"They certainly belong to a noble family." They were the king and his brother.

Christina conversed with them a long time. She found the king very handsome, and indeed at that period Louis XIV. was one of the handsomest men of his court.

In addressing the king, she used the term "my brother," which title she also gave to Monsieur. The two princes after their visit, immediately set off for Compiegne, travelling all night on horseback. On the following day they returned to the house of Marshal Lamothe-Houdancourt, in order to receive Christina. Their majesties waited for the Queen of Sweden on a terrace which divided the court-yard, and was filled with a crowd of courtiers and ladies, all splendidly attired. Christina alighted in the middle of the court-yard, and her appearance produced such an effect upon the Queen of France, that she remained for a moment speechless. Although her majesty had been informed of the extraordinary manners and appearance of Christina, she could not persuade herself that the being she saw before her was a woman, and that woman a queen. The marshal and his wife gave what was then styled a magnificent collation. The former had brought with him from Catalonia some very beautiful buffets of gilt silver, and other exquisitely wrought furniture. His young and lovely wife was covered with diamonds. From Fayel, the Queen of Sweden was taken to Compiegne, where every species of amusement was provided to please her. As she did not dance, she took but little interest in the balls and ballets, notwithstanding their splendour, although these entertainments were the favourite pastimes of Louis XIV. and his court. The French monarch, absorbed by his passion for Mademoiselle de Mancini, paid but little attention to a woman of Christina's appearance. During her

stay at Compiegne, the Jesuits of that place solicited her to honour with her presence the representation of a tragedy by their pupils. She went with the whole court, but during the tragedy did nothing but laugh at the unfortunate Jesuits, and turn them into ridicule; and, as a climax to the singularity of her behaviour, placed herself in all those postures which Mademoiselle describes in her relation of the interview at Essonne. The impression which such conduct must have made upon Anne of Austria, may easily be imagined.

The manners of the court of France, at this brilliant and urbane period, at last exercised an influence over the hitherto untractable Christina, who began to be attached to Paris; but unfortunately her conduct displeased the court so much that it was at length intimated to her, though in the mildest and politest terms, that her stay in France had been sufficiently prolonged. I believe, nevertheless, that the principal cause of her departure was her incessantly interfering in the love-affair betwixt the king and Mademoiselle de Mancini. She was continually repeating to Louis: "If I were in your place, and master as you are, I would immediately marry the person I love." This no doubt was repeated to Anne of Austria, as well as to the Cardinal, who, though Mademoiselle Mancini's uncle, was extremely averse to such marriage. This reason, and no doubt, her extraordinary and undignified manners, her habit of swearing, and her more than singular attitudes upon every occasion, was quite sufficient to induce the court to urge her departure.

Christina then resolved to proceed to Italy, and accordingly prepared for her journey. There is something so extraordinary in her last interview with Mademoiselle, that I think this subject in the hands of a skilful painter might produce a most interesting picture.

"I was at Paris," relates Mademoiselle, "when I learned that the Queen of Sweden intended to leave Compiegne. I thought she would pass through Paris and take the road to Burgundy, but she chose another route. I sent a nobleman to

offer her my respects. He informed me, on his return, that her majesty had expressed the most lively sorrow at being deprived of the pleasure of seeing me. On learning her intention of sleeping at Montargis, I formed a desire to see her once more, and having ordered horses, immediately set out for that place, where I arrived at ten o'clock at night. I was accompanied by Madame de Thianges and Madame de Frontenac.

"On my arrival, I alighted at the house in which the queen was. The attendants told me in Italian that her majesty was in bed. I pretended not to understand that language, and desired them to inform the queen who it was that requested to see her. After having repeated this several times, an attendant came to beg me to go up to the queen's apartment alone. I found Christina in bed in one of the rooms usually occupied by my female attendants, whenever I sleep at Montargis. One solitary candle was burning upon the table. Instead of a nightcap, Christina had a napkin tied round her head, and not a single hair was to be seen, as her head had been shaved a short time previously. She wore a close bedgown without a collar, and fastened in front with a bow of red riband. The sheets reached only halfway down the bed, over which was thrown an ugly green quilt. In this state, she certainly did not appear to great advantage. After saluting me, she expressed regret that I should have risen so early, and asked who had accompanied me. I told her Mesdames de Thianges and de Frontenac. She asked to see them, and after a little conversation I took my leave. Had she possessed any good-breeding she would have paid me a visit before her departure next morning; but that would have been expecting too much from a queen of the Goths.

"Next day I went to take leave of her, and found her looking very pretty. She was dressed in a new close jacket beautifully embroidered, and seemed in high spirits. She proposed to Madame de Thianges to accompany her to Italy, saying it was great folly to be attached to a husband, the most perfect of them being worth nothing. She inveighed bitterly against marriage,

and advised me never to take a husband. She could not bear the idea of having children. The devotions of the church of Rome next became the topic of conversation, and she expressed herself with great freedom on the subject. Her attendants then came to urge her departure, as they had a long journey to make that day. I attended her to the carriage, which she entered with Sentinetti, Monaldeschi, and a gentleman of the king's household named Leiflein. No sight could be more extraordinary than that of a queen without a single female attendant."

During her journey, she was addressed by the consul of a town, the name of which I do not now remember. This functionary was a protestant; he made a very good speech, and the queen expressed her satisfaction.

"But, Sir," said she, "you have not mentioned my abdication, nor my conversion."

"Madam," the consul replied, "my object has been to eulogize you, not to trace your history."

Christina smiled, and was not displeased at the candour of the reply. It is well known that she embraced the Catholic religion merely to enjoy more freedom in Italy. Here, we find her the same woman who took for her motto: FATA VIAM INVENIENT—*The fates shall direct my course.* The fact is, she had no religion at all. When the Jesuits of Louvain promised her a place in heaven, next to St. Bridget of Sweden, she replied sneeringly:

"I prefer a place among the wise."

It is a well-known fact, that on passing through Vienne, in Dauphiny, she received with marked displeasure the learned Boissac, who made her a speech upon God's judgments. Having taken up her abode at Rome, she soon grew weary of that city. Her mind was of too high a cast to sympathise with the narrow-mindedness of the Roman clergy.

"I do indeed, believe," she said one day to Burnet, "that the church is directed by the Holy Spirit; for since I have been at Rome I have seen four popes, and not one of them possessed of common sense."

Christina displayed uncommon taste for the fine arts. During her stay in Italy she made various collections of medals and statues. She studied chemistry, natural philosophy, and indeed everything that could feed her active and searching mind. In 1657 she revisited France, but the court were not pleased at her return. She again inhabited the chateau of Fontainebleau, where she perpetrated the frightful murder of Monaldeschi. The circumstances which led to this crime, for I cannot name it otherwise, are to this day involved in mystery. It is a singular fact that in the memoirs of Mademoiselle and of Madame de Motteville, both remarkable for their veracity, not a word is said respecting the motive, though both give all the particulars of this barbarous act. It is, however, difficult to assign any other cause than the most implacable jealousy awakened by some real or supposed infidelity on the part of her unfortunate lover. Monaldeschi had at first merely entertained vague fears and suspicions. He was walking in the streets of Fontainebleau when he received a summons to attend the queen. Meantime, Christina had sent to the convent of the Mathurins for a priest named Father Montuani, whom she ordered to receive the confession of Monaldeschi, and prepare him for death. Father Montuani cast himself at the queen's feet, and represented to her that she had no power over Monaldeschi's life.

"I am a queen still," exclaimed Christina, interrupting the priest; "the life of that man belongs to me, and I am free to dispose of it according to my pleasure. I therefore exercise my right: he must die!—go and prepare him for death. That is your only mission here."

Monaldeschi was waiting in the Galerie des Cerfs in the chateau of Fontainebleau. When he heard the queen's sentence, and was told that he had nothing more to expect in this world, his rage knew no bounds. Sentinetti and two other men rushed upon him to despatch him with their poniards, but they found him covered with a coat of mail. The unfortunate man had long expected to be attacked, but he little thought that he was destined to fall by the command of Christina. He rushed to

the windows—they were secured. He then drew his dagger and closed with his adversaries. But what could his single arm avail him against three men, one of whom was the rival he had supplanted? He fell, covered with wounds, and crimsoned the floor with his blood. It has been asserted that the queen herself, impatient at the continued struggle, came into the gallery, in order to animate the murderers by her presence. The body of the unfortunate Monaldeschi was placed in a coach and conveyed to the parish church, where it was privately buried, without any of the queen's attendants being present at the funeral service.

The court of France was indignant at this atrocious act perpetrated, in the French territory, by a foreign queen. Christina maintained that she had a right to exercise in France the same power she enjoyed in Sweden. It might have been answered, that in Sweden, as everywhere else, Monaldeschi ought to have had a trial, and that neither at Stockholm nor at Paris was a base murder to be justified. Cardinal Mazarin informed her of the king's high displeasure at her conduct, and at the same time conveyed to her the king's wish that she should quit France, where her presence excited a general feeling of horror. Christina was anxious to go to England, but Cromwell refused to sanction her residence in the country under his rule. She therefore went for the third time to Rome. Alexander VII., who then occupied the papal chair, a man of firm character, plainly intimated to her that he would not suffer in his dominions any act like that by which she had disgraced herself at Fontainebleau. Christina felt hurt at what she considered a state of dependance; and in 1666, on the death of Charles X. King of Sweden, she expressed a desire to return to her native country; but the states, unwilling to restore her to a throne which she had renounced, refused to receive her. She then fixed her residence once more at Rome, continued to cultivate the society of the learned, and to see foreigners of rank and distinction. She sometimes proved herself kind and generous even towards those who had injured

her. On the revocation of the edict of Nantes, Christina expressed her opinion in her usual energetic manner. In a letter which she wrote to the Chevalier de Tersen, French ambassador at the court of Sweden, she says:

"Do you know to what I compare France? To a patient attacked with a slight disorder, which might easily have been cured; but whose arm has been amputated in order to eradicate the disease, and his existence thereby endangered."

Bayle, who then edited a journal, inserted this letter, and observed, "that it savoured of *Protestantism*."

The great Condé died in the following year, 1685. Christina had always considered him the greatest man of his age. She wrote to Mademoiselle de Scudéri to engage her to compose a eulogy upon this distinguished warrior.

"His departure," she said, "announces to me that mine is not far distant. But I await the moment without defying or fearing it."

Christina died at Rome, on the 16th of April 1689, in the fifty-first year of her age. She ordered the following words alone to be inscribed upon her tomb. D. O. M. vixit CHRISTINA. Ann. LXII.

It was said of the regent of France, that all the fairies having presided over his birth, each endowed him with a gift, but there came one who destroyed all that the others had done. This allegory might much more truly be applied to the queen of Sweden. Christina herself owned that she was suspicious, passionate, ambitious, sarcastic, and irreligious. I may here add that she was cruel and haughty; and that when under the excitement of passion, she displayed the extraordinary union of the burning temperament of the South with the cool reflection of the North. D'Alembert said of her that the inequalities of her temper and tastes—the want of decorum in all her actions—the little use she made of her great knowledge in promoting the happiness of mankind—her extraordinary pride—her sarcasms upon the religion from which she had apostatized, as well as upon the one she had em-

braced—lastly, her wandering life among foreigners, who had no esteem for her, have justified, more than she was aware of, the shortness of her epitaph.

There is a work upon Christina, written, or rather edited by Arkenholz, librarian to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. It is in four large volumes, quarto, published at Amsterdam in 1741. This work, improperly termed memoirs, is nothing more than a collection of more than two hundred letters from Christina, and two little productions of hers, one of which is entitled: "Reflections on the Life and Actions of Alexander the Great." She loved to be compared to the Macedonian hero; but it would be difficult to say in what particular point the comparison holds good.

The title of the second of these productions is "Works of Leisure." It contains maxims and sentences, some of which are admirable. Here she expatiates upon tolerance, and upon the infallibility of the pope. These two subjects, however, seem much opposed to each other. In 1759 a collection of letters by the Queen of Sweden, was published; but the authenticity of those letters is rather questionable. In 1677 there appeared a satire against her, called her "Life." Her collection of medals, in folio, appeared in 1742. But the works from which a fair estimate of her character may be made, are the memoirs of her contemporaries. They all depict her as a woman capable no doubt of lofty feelings, but always carried away by the violence of her passions, and swayed in her decisions, even on the most important occasions, by the levity of her thoughts and impressions. She repudiated her sex for the sake of assuming the habits of one whose principles repudiated her. She was not an honest man, still less was she an estimable woman. Thus it was that she whiled away a life she might have rendered happy and illustrious, but which she transformed into an inglorious exile among foreigners who despised her. She wandered from country to country like an outcast, and, at not a very advanced age, died unpitied and unmourned.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

The life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, pregnant as it is with interesting incidents, would excite much less sensation at the present day, when ladies no longer hesitate to follow their husbands even to the most distant climes. But in the days of Lady Mary such was not the case; and when she announced her resolution to accompany her husband to Constantinople, whither he was about to proceed as Ambassador, her courage became the theme of almost universal admiration and astonishment.

Lady Mary Pierrepont was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston. She was born in 1690, and received a most remarkable education. At a very early age she had acquired a perfect knowledge of the Greek, Latin, and French languages. Being endowed with a more than ordinary share of beauty, she was sought in marriage by some of the most affluent members of the English nobility. Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. obtained the preference, and she was married to him in 1712, being then twenty-two years of age. In 1716, Mr. Montagu was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, and Lady Mary determined not to be separated from him. She would not, however, adopt the shortest and surest way of reaching the country whither she was proceeding, but chose rather to travel over land, through regions then but little known, and almost unexplored. She went through Peterwaradin, crossed the deserts of Servia, saw Philippopoli, Mount Rhodope, Sophia, and

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

From an enamel Miniature by Zink in the possession of Charles Colville Esq.

London published by Bull & Churton 26 Holles St. Cavendish Square.

various other places; and when she returned by sea, she visited the countries mentioned by Homer, crossing the plains of Troy with the Iliad in her hand. She followed the traces of Ulysses through the islands of the Archipelago, guided by the Odyssey, in which Homer describes those enchanting places with all the accuracy of a geographer; and in reading the interesting pages in which the Lady Mary relates her own travels, we often find a spark of that immortal genius which lighted up the soul of the Grecian bard.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu possessed uncommon facility in acquiring languages, and very soon attained a sufficient knowledge of Turkish to be able to carry on a conversation. It was then that she asked and obtained permission to enter the harem—a favour hitherto denied to every stranger—and was allowed to visit the Sultana Valide, widow of Mustapha, and mother of the reigning Sultan Achmet III. This signal favour became the subject of general remark; and it has been asserted that Lady Mary was more indebted to her personal charms for the sultan's departing in her favour from the general rule of his court, than to any respect shown to her rank as ambassadress. It was said that the Ottoman prince, on seeing a portrait of the fair Englishwoman, was so struck with her beauty, that he immediately ordered the harem to be opened to her; and it is added that he almost cast himself at her feet as her devoted slave. Be that as it may, nothing can be more truly delightful than the description which Lady Mary gives of her reception, not only by the dowager sultana, but also by the wife of the grand vizier. The gorgeous magnificence of some of the palaces in which she was received, surpasses all our notions of elegance and splendour; it reminds us of those scenes of wonder so beautifully described in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

Lady Mary was received by the grand vizier's lady. Two black eunuchs, magnificently dressed, led her through two ranks of young females of surpassing loveliness, the oldest of

whom was not more than twenty years of age. But when she beheld the mistress of these youthful beauties, the blooming bride of the vizier, their charms seemed suddenly eclipsed. The sultana won Lady Mary's heart by her engaging manners. Every kind attention was lavished upon the beautiful foreigner. They were seated in a pavilion, whence they could perceive the rays of the setting sun gilding the swelling waves of the Dardanelles. The evening breezes brought with them the rich perfumes of the jasmine and the rose, and the distant echoes responded to the songs of the Turkish rowers as they plied their light caïcques to or from Buyukdere.

The most costly refreshments were served up in cups of gold set with precious stones, and small napkins embroidered with gold and silver. During the entertainment, beautiful young females executed the most voluptuous, and at the same time the most decent dances. Lady Mary compares their music to the composition of the first Italian masters, and even asserts, that the voices of the young slaves were far more touching than those of the Italian singers. In reading Lady Mary's letters, we may fancy we are perusing a Grecian romance of olden times. She has rectified many false notions heretofore entertained respecting Turkish manners. She tells us that the Turkish women enjoy much greater freedom than is generally supposed. They are allowed to go, whenever they please, to the public baths, and by using this pretence can go out every day. As they are covered with a thick veil, which no man dares to raise, they may walk wherever they choose, and they thus enjoy more liberty than the women of any other country in Europe.

The Turks have a refinement and delicacy of feeling which the western nations of Europe have never given them credit for.

Lady Mary has translated the following Turkish song, which Voltaire has not thought unworthy of being retranslated by himself into French. These stanzas evince beautiful simplicity, intermingled with the figurative imagery of oriental poetry.

The circumstance of Voltaire having translated Lady Mary's version into French, gives additional value to the latter.

I.

Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
Indulging all the night her pleasing pain:
I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
There saw a face more beauteous than the spring.
Your large stag-eyes where thousand glories play,
As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

II.

In vain I'm promised such a heavenly prize;
Ah! cruel Sultan! who delay'st my joys!
While piercing charms transfix my amorous heart,
I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart.
Those eyes like, &c.

III.

Your wretched lover in these lines complains;
From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.
When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive?
Must I wait longer? Can I wait and live?
Ah! bright Sultana! maid divinely fair,
Can you, unpitying, see the pains I bear?

IV.

The heavens, relenting, hear my piercing cries,
I loathe the light and sleep forsakes my eyes;
Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies:
Sinking to earth, I sigh the last adieu;
Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.
My queen! my angel! my fond heart's desire!
I rave—my bosom burns with heavenly fire!
Pity that passion which thy charms inspire.

It was during Mr. Wortley Montagu's absence that Lady Mary visited the harem. It appears that he was displeased at the circumstance, and felt uneasy at the unusual favour granted to his wife. Remonstrance produced a bad effect upon a woman of such independent temper as Lady Mary, and the hitherto happy pair now became anxious for a separation.

On their return to England the separation took place. A pension of five hundred pounds a-year was settled upon Lady Mary, and she was allowed to travel wherever she pleased. She accordingly visited Rome and Venice, and afterwards every other part of Italy. She next went to France, where she resided some time at Nérac. On her return to England she published her travels to Constantinople, a work which has raised her to everlasting celebrity. Europe is indebted to Lady Mary for one of the greatest benefits conferred upon mankind—the introduction of the practice of inoculation. Having witnessed the beneficial effects of this practice in Turkey, where female beauty is so highly prized, she was desirous that her own nation should possess them. It was a remarkable thing to see a young female of thirty years of age struggling against old prejudices, the decided opinion of the faculty, and the superstitions of the times; but she triumphed over every difficulty, and ultimately conferred this immense benefit upon Western Europe. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu became the object of a most violent attack by Baron Tott, who resided a long time at Constantinople, on account of her letters written during her travels. M. Guys, of Marseilles, upon whose judgment the utmost reliance may be placed, took up her defence in the warmest manner; and his opinion cannot fail to be of great weight in such a controversy, if any doubts should still remain respecting the merits of Lady Mary's publication.

Her works consist of: first,—Letters written during her travels—secondly, a poem on the progress of poetry—thirdly, the Enchiridion of Epictetus, revised by Bishop Burnet, and published with his works. Lord Bute entrusted the editing of a new edition, from the original manuscript, to J. Dallaway in 1803, five vols. 4to. republished in Paris in the same year, in five vols. 12mo. but with the same title as the London edition, published by Sir Richard Phillips. This edition, as well as the copy published in Paris, is ornamented with two portraits: one of Lady Mary Pierrepont, 1710, who was then twenty years

old; and the other of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1720. As an introduction to this edition the editor has given a memoir of the author.

Lady Mary formed a literary friendship, which ultimately caused her more pain than it had ever afforded her pleasure. Being one day at a large party, she was remarked by a man who usually took but little notice of the fair sex. This man was Pope. Having considered her attentively, he inquired who she was. He was informed that she was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and that though only twenty-four years of age, she had already written an epistle from Julia to Ovid in imitation of this latter poet, and translated the morals of Epictetus. Pope was delighted with her, and immediately wrote the only verses he ever composed containing expressions of gallantry.

Lady Mary, proud of attracting the attention of such a man, granted him her friendship and esteem. For a long period, their intimacy remained uninterrupted; but Lady Mary, having formed a friendship for Lord Harvey, Pope became jealous, and not succeeding in obtaining from her the sacrifice of this new attachment, he vowed a hatred to her, which produced on both sides those reciprocal and bitter satires unworthy of both. Very shortly after this quarrel, Lady Mary set out once more upon her travels. She used to compare herself to the swallow,—saying she should die if she was prevented from wandering to foreign places, there to breathe another air than that of her own country, whither, however, she wished ultimately to return. She did return, and died in 1760, at the advanced age of seventy years.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu will always occupy a distinguished place in literature. Her descriptions are at once vivid and graphic; nothing can be more charming than her account of the warm baths of Sophia. How well she depicts the magnificence of the Turkish baths: the marble domes through which the light penetrates through the cupola, refreshing foun-

tains in the middle of the halls, and all round couches of marble covered with costly carpets and rich cushions. She is particularly happy in her description of the women in those rooms, who invited her to bathe with them. They were, she states, without any clothing, and the young female slaves, occupied in netting and perfuming their hair, were also in a state of nudity. And yet, she says, it is impossible to describe the air of decency, modesty, and simplicity conspicuous in all those women.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters will always be admired and appreciated at their true value by every person of taste. Lady Mary has been termed the Sévigné of England: this title is, however, misapplied. She has not the vivacity of style which distinguishes Madame de Sévigné, neither does she possess that lady's sensibility. Lady Mary's writings flow with a delightful elegance, not unmixed with a spirit of philosophy and freedom. Madame de Sévigné feels more than she reflects; others perhaps write that which they do not feel. I do not conceive that the writings of Madame de Sévigné would excite much interest if translated into a foreign language; but Lady Mary's seem to have been written for all countries without distinction.

Maurin del   Lith. de Villain

MARIE ANTOINETTE,
Queen of France.

From the original picture painted in oils, by Madame Lebrun which is at present at the Chateau de Versailles.

London published by Bull & Churton 26 Holles St Cavendish Square.

MARIE ANTIONETTE,

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

Is there a woman who does not feel a reverential awe at the name of this sainted martyr? Is there a Frenchwoman who would not glory in the task of recording the eventful life of the noble Marie Antoinette, her unhappy destiny, and the tragical termination of her sufferings, when her pure spirit, released from its earthly tenement, flew to its kindred sphere, and prayed for those who devoted her, in the prime of her days, to a cruel and ignominious death?

Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France and Navarre, was the daughter of the Emperor Francis Stephen and the Empress Maria Theresa, Queen of Bohemia and Hungary. She was born at Vienna, on the 2nd of November 1755. Her education, like that of all the other children of Maria Theresa, was most carefully attended to. This empress did not think that the duties of her exalted station ought to prevent her from fulfilling those of a mother. Marie Antoinette applied herself to her studies with an eagerness seldom found among the offspring of royalty, and made extraordinary progress in every branch of her studies.

The Countess of Brandeys, grand-mistress and governess of the young princess, used to delight in relating each day to the empress some new trait of goodness or wit in her young pupil. "Ah," exclaimed Maria Theresa one day, "do not talk to me of that child! too soon shall I be deprived of her. I have brought her up for others and not for myself."

It was the Duke de Choiseul, who, under the directions of Madame de Pompadour, negotiated the marriage between Marie Antoinette and the Duke de Berry, Dauphin of France. When the demand was officially made, the empress returned for answer: "I have brought up my daughter as destined one day to become a French woman. I entreat you to inform the king that he realizes my fondest hopes."

The Abbé de Vermont was sent as preceptor to the archduchess, in order to instruct her in the manners and usages of the family and court which were shortly to become her own.

The day before Marie Antoinette's departure, her mother, taking her into her private apartment, gave her the most admirable instructions to guide her future conduct in her adopted country. Amid the grief which their approaching separation caused the empress, she made, in her counsels to her beloved daughter, some remarks worthy of being recorded.

"I have made you study," said she, "those historians who have written upon situations similar to that in which you are going to be placed. You know the imprudences and misfortunes of the widow of Henry IV. Courtiers are cast in the same mould—they all resemble each other. Do not set any value on your external advantages except as means of pleasing the French nation. Be ever compassionate and merciful, even if you constantly find ingratitude. Let worth alone be the object of your esteem."

On the following day the empress bade a last farewell to her daughter. In spite of her firmness of character, her tears betrayed the anguish of her heart. The whole population followed the carriages of the archduchess to a considerable distance, and loaded her with blessings. One might have imagined that the Austrians foresaw the unhappy destiny of their young and beautiful princess.

All the cities of France through which Marie Antoinette passed, vied with each other in zeal for the reception of the young Dauphiness. Her beauty, her grace, and the charm of

her manners were everywhere admired. The young students of a town, I believe, in Champagne, thinking to surpass the others, addressed her in Latin. Their astonishment, and that of all the French who were present, may well be conceived, when they heard the Archduchess reply in the same language, and with classic purity utter the most impressive words.

"I answer in Latin," she said, "in order to conform to the language of your feeling address; but the French language is that which is most grateful to my heart, henceforward devotedly French. I quit with regret my kind parents, by whom I am beloved; yours behold and accompany you:—how happy are they, and how fortunate are you!"

The young princess was received at Strasbourg with great magnificence, but it was in this city that she was to be separated from everything connected with her country, in order to be *handed over* to France. This was a severe trial for a young girl of fourteen, thus suddenly severed from her early habits and youthful affections. Amid the festivities in her honour at the palace of the Cardinal-Bishop, her tears were seen to flow. In vain, to hide her sorrow, did she cast a listless glance at her gold spoon, as if she were admiring its exquisite workmanship: she could scarcely command words to address the aged Cardinal de Rohan, whose care it was to entertain her.

At Compiegne, Louis XV., accompanied by all his court and his numerous family, went to meet the Archduchess. It is well known, that ten months before, he had been on the point of demanding her in marriage for himself, but he abandoned the design in consequence of receiving secret information that he would meet with a refusal. Maria Theresa would never have consented thus to sacrifice her beloved daughter.

The interview was extremely affecting. Marie Antoinette, bathed in tears, cast herself at the feet of her future grandfather, and at the very first moment gained his affection and the love of several members of the royal family, by one of those spontaneous acts which give at once and for ever an insight into individual character. On the arrival of the royal party at St.

Denis, she begged, of her own accord, to be allowed to visit Madame Louise, who was then prioress of the Carmelites, and whose portrait she possessed. Madame Louise was much gratified by this amiable proceeding from so young a princess, and Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, who had been unfavourably disposed to the alliance, began to view Marie Antoinette with more impartial eyes.

The festivities on the occasion of the marriage were of a magnificence that seemed to revive the splendour of the reign of Louis XIV., but they were also attended with such dreadful misfortunes, that a fatality seemed attached to the young and royal couple. Immediately after the nuptial ceremony, the weather became overcast, and both Paris and Versailles were visited by a terrific storm, which entirely dispersed the inhabitants whom the public rejoicings had drawn together in immense crowds. The festival given by the city of Paris was also attended with a lamentable accident, and more than twenty thousand persons perished from the negligence of the lieutenant of police. Some miscreants, wishing to avail themselves of the confusion which such a scene could not fail to occasion, had thrown ropes across an unpaved part of the town where some buildings were erecting. These ropes caused innumerable falls, and the crowds, unable to disengage themselves, were precipitated in masses upon the ground, presenting the most appalling image of human suffering. The Dauphin and Dauphiness deeply lamented this deplorable event, which seemed the presage of their future misfortunes. Marie Antoinette at this period was only fourteen years and five months old.

Notwithstanding her extreme youth, her conduct was always admirable. She evinced perfect tact in her indirect communications with the King's favourite, whatever aversion she necessarily must have entertained for such a woman as the Countess Du Barry. She never allowed the slightest mark of disapprobation of the King's conduct to escape her in public. The party of the princesses, the King's aunts, who were opposed to her, attempted to draw from her some censorious expressions; but the only an-

swer she ever made relative to the frail countess was, "She is extremely pretty; I think her charming."

After the death of Louis XV. Madame du Barry was deprived of her whole fortune, and confined in a convent in one of the provinces. She, however, wrote to the new queen, who succeeded in overcoming the dislike of Louis XVI. towards her, and Lucienne was restored to her as well as part of her fortune. Madame Du Barry was indeed ever grateful for this act, and she perished by the axe of the guillotine for having worn mourning on the death of the King and Queen.

The following account of Marie Antoinette was given by the Duchess de Duras to a person worthy of belief, and from whom I myself heard it. This person asked if the Queen was a very intellectual woman?

"On important occasions," the Duchess replied, "the Queen always expressed herself with the propriety and dignity of her rank. In her domestic circle, she was mild and obliging, and always sought to draw out others. She disliked satire and ridicule, and one day in presence of myself and my mother, expressed her displeasure with great warmth to Madame de C * * *, a lady satirically disposed, who was making her remarks upon the whole of the court. 'Madam,' said the Queen, 'would you like to be treated thus during your absence.' The Queen afterwards mentioned this circumstance to my mother, and asked her advice. The Maréchale de Mouchy replied, that in her situation, which her youth rendered so delicate, it was advisable for her to act with extreme reserve when she did not appear in state ceremony. 'Read a great deal,' added my mother; 'your Royal Highness will learn and recollect a great deal, and will have thus at command topics of conversation, which will occur naturally, either during your rides, your walks, or your hunting parties.'"

Louis XVI. was also fond of study, but unfortunately the bent of his mind led him to learn those things which made him forget that he was a monarch. He wished to know how to make a lock, and knew not how to govern an empire.

Towards the end of 1778, the Queen became a mother. This event, so long and ardently wished for, filled the nation with joy. Marie Antoinette's brothers, the Archduke Maximilian and the Emperor Joseph II., came to visit her, and were then able to judge of the feelings of adoration which the whole French nation entertained for her. One evening they went with the Queen to the opera, where they arrived at the moment when the chorus in Iphigenia sings these words:

"Chantons, célébrons notre Reine."

The whole of the spectators testified their feelings at the allusion by the most rapturous applause. The actors were called upon to repeat the words, and the audience accompanied the singers. Marie Antoinette, deeply affected, could not refrain from shedding tears of gratitude and affection. Her brother, unable to contain his feelings, rose and exclaimed aloud, "Ah! what happiness it is to reign over such a nation!"

Subsequently to this period the Emperor cruelly retracted these words!

Three years after, the Queen gave birth to another son, and at the expiration of a like period she gave another prince to the French nation. This time, the love of the people seemed to have no bounds. When the Queen, according to the usual custom, went to return thanks at the church of St. Geneviève du Mont, the people wanted to take the horses from the carriage, and draw her through the streets of Paris.

This carriage itself was a masterpiece of taste and elegance. Instead of panels, beautiful plate-glass formed the sides of the vehicle, and was confined with slight rods of silver gilt inlaid with emeralds, diamonds, and rubies. The Queen herself was dazzling with youthful beauty and magnificence of attire.

When she reached the place now called "Place du Panthéon," the whole of the immense crowd that covered it fell on their knees, and expressed with shouts of joy their desire "to see the Queen walk." The captain of the guards

on duty came and informed Marie Antoinette of the wish of the people.

"Yes! yes!" she replied, deeply affected, "I will walk. Go and say that I will walk to the door of the church."

The ground was instantly covered with the most beautiful hangings of the Abbey of St. Geneviève. The Clergy, who had been waiting for the Queen at the entrance of the church, came to meet her, and she crossed the whole of the square on foot, amid the joyous acclamations of the people.

Marie Antoinette, after her first confinement, received from the King a present, which, though trifling in appearance, became afterwards the cause of the greatest distress to her. This was the gift of Trianon. The Queen was extremely fond of the country, and she loved above all things that freedom in which, in the sumptuous gardens of Versailles, she could not indulge. She found a peculiar charm in the rustic plantations of this delightful spot, and felt happy when Louis XVI. said to her—"Trianon is wholly yours."

It is indeed a most enchanting spot. On quitting the stately avenues of Versailles with their bronze and marble fountains, you could almost imagine yourself transported among the chalets of Switzerland, or the equally interesting scenery of Auvergne. But it was especially during the time it belonged to the Queen, that this romantic place appeared most lovely and attractive. A limpid stream kept the wheels of a mill in constant motion; a verdant and flowery lawn refreshed the eye. Lofty trees, both indigenous and exotic, presented a luxuriant foliage, realizing what is told of the solitudes of the new world. The trees and plantations were objects of the greatest care. The plantations in the park were most picturesque. The principal cottage represented a rustic dwelling of Zurich, or of the environs of Sallanches. The dairy, the mill, and the scenes around offered a beautiful picture of rustic simplicity. Every embellishment was admirable, and in perfect keeping with the scenery.

The Queen took with her but few attendants in her journeys

to Trianon. Everything relating to court etiquette was abandoned on leaving Versailles. In this chosen retreat she adopted the simplicity of a country life. She rose early, and with her few attendants used to eat milk and new laid eggs at the dairy. The day was spent in walking, conversation, and different kinds of employment. Thus did Marie Antoinette sometimes spend whole weeks in a way so congenial to her feelings that she then appeared perfectly happy. But this state of things did not last long. The great nobles, in their stately pride, demanded a preference which the Queen would not grant. Foiled in their demands, and envious of the favour shown to others, they had recourse to calumny, which seldom fails to accomplish the ruin of its victim. Marie Antoinette was soon apprised of these proceedings, but would not stoop to notice them. She already gave proofs of that loftiness of soul, which on another occasion prompted her to say: "I have seen everything, heard everything, and forgotten everything."

The diabolical efforts of her calumniators were not however thrown away, and the Queen, indignant at the reports spread relative to her excursions to Trianon, went there much less frequently, and in order that this peaceful spot should not fall into ruins, she established there ten families of peasants, who inhabited the place until her martyrdom took place.

Louis was crowned at Rheims shortly after he came to the throne. The utmost magnificence was displayed on this occasion. Marie Antoinette was seen only in the royal gallery, where she appeared so lovely that every eye was directed towards her in admiration of her youthful beauty, decked with a thousand sparkling gems. Who could then have anticipated that the object of so much love and admiration would one day fall under the revolutionary axe? Who would have thought that such a fate could befall her whom people watched for, whole days together, in the gallery of Versailles, merely to catch a single glimpse of her. I have lately heard from an individual formerly attached to her person, that when she dined in public, the crowd of people was so great that the body guards and

officers of the palace were compelled to send away immense numbers for want of room.

At this period things began already to wear a threatening aspect; but no presage of future misery can be compared to the singular and unfortunate event which prepared and was, in a manner, the first act of the dreadful tragedy which ended in her death. I allude to the affair of the necklace. It was this event, apparently so trifling in itself, that struck the first blow which made the throne of the Bourbons totter. It must, however, be confessed, that the incapacity of M. de Breteuil was the cause of nearly the whole evil, and Louis XVI., badly advised, completed the misfortune.

In the month of May 1785, Bohmer and Bossanges, the crown jewellers, showed the Queen a diamond necklace, which they valued at sixteeen hundred thousand francs, about 64,000*l.* Marie Antoinette admired the extraordinary beauty of the necklace, but objected to the price, and even observed, "I should prefer that the King bought a ship." Nothing more was said respecting the valuable necklace; but a few months after, the Baron de Breteuil, minister of Paris and of the King's household, was informed by Bohmer and Bossanges that they had sold a necklace for sixteen hundred thousand francs to Cardinal de Rohan Guémené, Bishop of Strasburg, who had given them in payment bills signed by the Queen. Circumstances having transpired to make the jewellers uneasy, they came to consult the minister upon the subject, and show the bills bearing the Queen's signature.

Monsieur de Breteuil instantly apprised the Queen of this circumstance. In the first moment of surprise Marie Antoinette was almost struck dumb; but having recovered her self-possession, she asked for the bills, and saw immediately that her signature had been forged. It had been imitated by a person ignorant of her manner of signing. The bills were signed, "Marie Antoinette de France." The Queen on this occasion lost her usual command of temper. Cardinal de Rohan had always been her enemy, and had endeavoured to prevent her marriage with

the King. She looked upon this circumstance as a plot formed against her, and deserving of the severest punishment. The Cardinal was arrested while proceeding in his robes to officiate as grand-almoner, on Easter-day. He was conducted to the King's closet, and in presence of the Queen and the ministers, he still maintained that he had in his possession letters from the Queen, requesting him to purchase the necklace for her. Marie Antoinette, giving way to her anger, rose from her seat, and advancing to the Cardinal, placed before his eyes one of the bills given by Bohmer, saying, in the most marked manner—

"Have you, Cardinal, been ambassador at Vienna, only to learn so imperfectly how a daughter of the house of Austria signs her name?"

The Cardinal cast his eyes upon the signature. Struck with the Queen's question, he began no doubt to suspect that he had been the dupe of an artful impostor, who had worked sufficiently upon his credulity to make him overlook a very clumsy imitation of the Queen's signature. He made no reply. On leaving the King's closet, he was conducted to the Bastille. On his way thither, he found means to give an order in German to a confidential servant, who immediately repaired to the Cardinal's palace, and burnt all the papers, relating to this transaction, which might have committed his master.

It must be owned that the conduct of the King and Queen was marked by the greatest imprudence, in causing the Cardinal to be brought to trial. The King ought to have been aware that in the actual state of excitement of the public mind, such an exposure could not but prove dangerous to the security of his throne. He ought to have paid for the necklace, banished the Cardinal, deprived him of all his offices, or done anything, in short, to avoid these proceedings.

* * * * * *

Two children were found begging in the village of Auteuil. The Marchioness de Boulainvilliers took pity upon them, and

finding that they were in possession of papers which proved that they belonged, in some way or other, to the race of Valois, she took them under her protection. Louis XVI. authorised them to assume the name and arms of Valois. The boy was provided with a commission in the army, the girl married a body-guard of the Count d'Artois, named De Lamothe.

This woman, the most intriguing character that ever existed succeeded in attracting the Cardinal's notice. At this period, he sincerely repented of the opposition he had shown to the Queen's marriage; for through Marie Antoinette's influence, which was now becoming all powerful, he thought he might realize his ambitious hope of obtaining office, and perhaps the presidency of the council. He used every endeavour to get into favour again with the Queen, who, however, did not disguise the feelings of aversion she entertained towards him. These particulars soon became known to Madame de Lamothe, who had obtained a knowledge of the offer of the necklace to the Queen, and her ingenuity suggested a plan which she set about executing immediately. Having gained the entire confidence of the Cardinal, a thing easy in itself—for it is well known that weak-minded men always go to extremes both in their confidence and in their mistrust—her next step was to induce him to accompany her to Versailles, where she was in the habit of going for the ostensible purpose of soliciting the Queen in her own behalf. The Cardinal even used to conduct her to the foot of the private staircase that led to the *petits appartemens*. One day she brought him a letter from the Queen, and the credulous prelate was so overjoyed on perusing it, that it almost bereft him of his senses. It contained a request that the Cardinal would lend the Queen sixty thousand francs, which she wished to apply to charitable purposes, and which she begged him to advance out of the funds of the Grand Almonry. The Cardinal, blinded by the most extraordinary delusion, gave the money to Madame De Lamothe, who, seeing with what facility she made him her dupe, no longer hesitated to lay her snare, the grossness of which did not open the eyes of the infatuated and

ambitious prelate. She now mentioned the necklace, and the desire which, as she stated, the Queen had expressed to obtain it. At length she brought letters from Marie Antoinette, which she no longer found any difficulty in fabricating, begging the Cardinal to purchase the wished-for necklace for her, from Bohmer and Bossange, and being unable to pay for it immediately, she begged him to endorse her bills to the jewellers. This pretended request was immediately complied with.

The Cardinal, however, in spite of his credulity, showed some slight mistrust after he had delivered this valuable ornament into the hands of a servant wearing the King's livery, who came to fetch it in the Queen's name. Throughout the whole of these proceedings, the Cardinal gave proofs of the most extraordinary blindness and weakness, and even of stupidity. It is truly inconceivable that he did not see through the shallow artifice, when a man-servant came as he said from the Queen to receive a necklace of such value; and his tardy hesitation was but another proof of the singular imbecility of his character. Madame de Lamothe, struck with the thoughtful expression of his countenance after he had delivered the trinkets, informed him that the Queen was desirous of thanking him personally, and that he was to go on the following night to the gardens of Versailles, where, at twelve o'clock, being an hour at which the Queen frequently walked in the park with the princesses her sisters-in-law, she would leave them for a moment and speak to him. The Cardinal, in a delirium of joy, banished all suspicion from his mind and under the action of excessive vanity, prepared for the interview. He dressed himself in pink silk, and was taken by Madame de Lamothe to the avenue of tulip-trees, then called the Queen's avenue. After waiting a few minutes, he saw a female figure advance towards him, whom he recognised as the Queen. It was her gait, her dress, the manner of wearing her hair, which was always very remarkable, and the peculiar perfume which Marie Antoinette always carried about her. She spoke a few words, in a very low tone of voice, and having allowed him to kiss her hand, the brilliant

vision disappeared, leaving the poor Cardinal on his knees, lost in ecstasy, which would have been quickly dispelled had he known whose hand he had just saluted with such profound respect.

The Cardinal himself gave all these particulars to the commissioners of the parliament, delegated to examine the affair. This iniquitous transaction very shortly became known. The Cardinal learned, with the whole of Europe, that he had been the dupe of designing villains: that the bills were forgeries, as well as all the pretended letters of the Queen, who never had the slightest intention of restoring the Cardinal to her favour; and in short, that the female who had spoken to him in the gardens of Versailles, was a courtesan paid for acting the part of the Queen. In the first moment of alarm, the Countess de Lamothe had sent this woman to Holland; but she was arrested there, and brought to Paris, where she made a full confession of everything, so far as she was concerned.

Madame de Lamothe persisted in denying her guilt. She asserted that she had often been admitted to the Queen, who did not even know her personally. She was unable to mention the name of a single officer of the chamber, nor even of the palace, nor of any lady attached to the household; but the public, always eager for scandal, believed everything, and the more so be-because Marie Antoinette made no public denial. Louis XVI., who did not seem aware that the Queen was a party concerned in the judicial proceedings, replied to her, when she requested that a detailed statement of the whole transaction should be published, "That it was beneath the dignity of a Queen of France to enter into explanations with the public." In that case the public ought not to have been allowed to institute proceedings implicating the Queen and the Cardinal. Silence and severity were the only means that should have been resorted to. It is thus that Louis XIV. would have acted; and then the King would have been justified in expressing himself as he did.

In 1781, a Madame de Villers, wife of a treasurer of France, had also forged the Queen's signature to bills for eight hundred thousand livres, which she had signed "Marie Antoinette

Queen." Madame de Villers was arrested. Her husband, a man of the greatest respectability, threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and promised to pay the bills. The King and Queen allowed no farther proceedings to take place, and pardoned the treasurer's wife.

By a judgment of the parliament of Paris, the Cardinal was condemned to pay the sixteen hundred thousand francs for the necklace. He was further banished from the country, and lost everything that could be taken from him. Madame de Lamothe was sentenced to be whipped and branded, as having committed forgery. In consideration of the name she bore, the sentence was executed in the interior of the prison. She was afterwards sent to the Salpêtrière. The Superior of that establishment, an ignorant and fanatical woman, looked upon the Countess as a victim of arbitrary power, and alone caused as much injury to the Queen by her active malevolence, as Madame de Lamothe herself had done during the judicial proceedings. When the Princess de Lamballe came from the Queen to offer the Countess her pardon if she would confess the truth, the Superior insolently refused the Princess access to the prisoner, saying, "she is not condemned to see you." A few days after, a rope-ladder was found on the walls of the prison, by means of which the Countess de Lamothe was supposed to have made her escape. A carriage and four took her in a few hours to Calais, whence she embarked for England. She there wrote a libel against the Queen, which M. de Breteuil was weak enough to purchase for a hundred thousand francs. Madame de Lamothe kept, however, a copy, and after the 10th of August, the pamphlet was circulated through every part of France, and indeed of Europe. One bookseller alone, named Batillot, sold upwards of ten thousand copies.

Such was the affair of the necklace. I have related it in detail, because I can vouch for the truth of my statement. The Queen's innocence in this iniquitous transaction, the authors of which had no other aim than to make a weak-minded man their dupe and accomplice, cannot possibly be doubted;

and yet the infamy which ought to have recoiled upon the perpetrators of the foul deed, seemed, on the contrary, to attach itself to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

The misfortunes which overwhelmed France were now about to begin. M. Turgot, M. de Calonne, M. Necker, the Abbé de Brienne or rather the Archbishop of Toulouse, by turns appeared upon the political stage. The first, who was the most virtuous of ministers, seemed by his brief career, to render his successors, with the exception of M. Necker, objects of public execration. The second was a madman, and the primary cause of the revolutionary tempest. M. de Necker was the only man who could have done any good, and guided the vessel of the state with the firmest hand in those troubled times. The Queen supported him, for her discerning mind saw the good he could effect. But what could be done with a man like Louis XVI., who refused a seat in his council to one of his ministers because he professed the Protestant religion? It is true, that as a kind of compensation, he granted him the *entrée* to his privy chamber. Such inconsistency and fanatic imbecility can scarcely be credited.

But the doom of France was sealed on the day the Archbishop of Toulouse appeared at the head of affairs. It was the Abbé de Vermond, formerly preceptor to the Queen, who, for the misfortune of the country, introduced him to the notice of Marie Antoinette. The popular excitement was every day becoming more dreadful, and a crisis appeared inevitable—for abuse had reached its climax. That awful moment required a man of superior stamp, whose powerful mind might have directed the social movement, so inevitable and so requisite; but, instead of a saviour, an individual appeared at the head of affairs little calculated to avert impending danger. This priest without religion, knew not when to be lenient or severe. Timid when circumstances required more than common energy, rash when prudential measures would have proved most beneficial, the appointment of Cardinal de Brienne was one of the greatest misfortunes that could have occurred in such times.

But Marie Antoinette saw the danger, and advised him to resign. She then asked for the recall of M. Necker.

"I was mistaken," said the Queen, with the greatest candour, to a person who repeated her words to me; "but I think I possess sufficient influence over the King to induce him to recall M. Necker, who will save the country."

The Assembly of the States-General now met, and that which might have saved France and the throne, was exactly what prepared the horrible catastrophe that shortly followed. Everything was tending towards a consummation which no earthly power could arrest. I again repeat it:—a firm and powerful hand was required to direct the movement. The first objects attended to were peurile forms of etiquette, which were shortly to become the cause of dreadful calamities. Thus, in the ceremony to be observed on the reception of the three orders, the most singular distinctions were reserved for the Tiers-Etat. It seemed as if they had been devised in order to insult that body in the most humiliating manner. The Clergy were received in the great closet of the King, the Nobles in the drawing-room, and the Tiers-Etat in the hall, or rather the anti-chamber, called the "Salle de Louis XIV." For the two first orders the folding-doors were thrown open; the Tiers-Etat had but one door opened, without which indeed they could not have passed. The Nobles and the Clergy were to salute the King with a profound bow; it was intimated to the Tiers-Etat that they were to kneel. The blindest infatuation seemed to preside over all these arrangements.

At this period, the Court ought to have gained over to their party a man powerful enough to crush those who outraged it, and who might have saved them. Every sacrifice ought to have been made to secure the co-operation of Mirabeau.

Marie Antoinette had become the object of the most slanderous libels, published in alarming numbers. She insisted upon being made acquainted with everything, upon reading everything, and she then foresaw all that would inevitably happen.

The day before the opening of the States-General, Marie

Antoinette, in a conference with the King, expressed herself with remarkable energy.

"Let us," she said, "find a remedy for the misfortunes of the state. Let no sacrifice be too great for us. Your crown and the fate of all our family are at stake. The Clergy offered me yesterday, through the young Archbishop of Toulouse and the Bishop of Uzès, half of their revenues; and they propose to you to raise loans upon the church property. The Order of Malta has made the same proposal. Sell your private domains—you have a right to do so. Henry IV. gave nearly the whole of his to the crown. Of what use can these domains be to us if we are to perish? Your apartments of the wardrobe are filled with immense riches, and the most costly jewels. Add to these the jewels of the crown. Sell everything. I will myself give up every jewel I possess. The incapacity or dishonesty of your ministers have led us into a labyrinth;—let us get out of it by our own energy. Let us save France by our own personal means, since unjust prejudice has deprived us of the public confidence. Sir," continued the Queen, deeply affected, "weigh well these matters. You are going to-morrow to open Pandora's box—a thousand evils will be the consequence."

The King's resolution was unshaken. "I have promised the States-General to the nation," he said, "and I must keep my word."

On the following day, May 5th 1789, the States-General were opened. The King and Queen were received with demonstrations of the liveliest affection, which seemed almost to indicate a happy termination of all the troubles of the royal pair. The Queen, overcome by the intensity of her feelings, shed tears in abundance, which being remarked by the multitude, cries of "Long live the Queen," were uttered long and loud. But, alas! this was the last smile that fortune gave to the doomed Marie Antoinette.

M. Necker was but too well aware of the hostile feelings entertained by the Tiers-Etat towards him. The Nobles and Clergy also disliked him. He was thus placed in an un-

favourable and difficult situation between the adverse parties. Meanwhile, the King remained passive, the government was reduced to half measures, the faction of the Palais Royal redoubled its intrigues, and the storm raged everywhere with violence.

Each succeeding day brought some fresh calamity. The plunder of the arsenal, the taking of the Bastille, the burning of the barriers, the defection of the French guards, the murder of Berthier, and that of Foulon, whom the populace hung at a lamp-post and then cut in pieces, were the preludes of the 6th of October.

It is almost always a misfortune to judge of one situation by another, and to expect the same results from the same facts. The Queen perhaps, wished to imitate her mother, when the latter, taking her son in her arms, showed herself like a heroine to the Hungarians devoted to her cause. Marie Antoinette thought that the same means might prove beneficial to her: but she deceived herself. She caused the regiment of Flanders to proceed to Versailles and there fraternize with the body guard. In this she committed one of those errors which decide the fate of an empire. The Queen walked round the tables with her son and Madame Royale. She was received with marks of attachment and no doubt of devotedness; but two days afterwards, thirty thousand men marched to Versailles and massacred the body guard. The particulars of that dreadful day are too well known to need repetition here. The Queen's life, the principal object of the fury of the murderers, was saved only by the courage and presence of mind displayed by Madame Elizabeth. The King, in order to quiet the excitement of the people, consented to quit Versailles and reside at Paris. From that moment his doom was sealed.

The Chatelet at Paris commenced proceedings relative to the excesses committed in the night of the 5th of October. The numerous witnesses examined, accused the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Aiquilon. The Queen, interrogated concerning what might have come to her knowledge, gave the noble answer which

I have already mentioned: "I saw everything, I knew everything, but I have forgotten everything."

The Duke of Orleans then set out for England. It was extraordinary that he should have undertaken this journey at such a time; but what was still more so, was his intimacy in that country with Pitt, the bitterest enemy of France.

As I am writing the history of Marie Antoinette, rather than that of the revolution, I will relate an anecdote of her, which the words I have just quoted recall to my mind.

Whilst she was Dauphiness, she had some cause of complaint against a major of the body-guard named M. de Pontécoulant. When she became Queen, he immediately resigned. Marie Antoinette, being informed of this, instantly sent for the Prince de Beauveau, and said to him: "Go to M. de Pontécoulant, and tell him that the Queen does not avenge the quarrels of the Dauphiness; and that she requests him to forget the past, and continue his services near her person."

On her arrival in Paris, she gave three hundred thousand francs to redeem the clothes pawned by the poor; but such was the popular frenzy which had been excited against her that nothing could allay its fury. Every action of hers, however noble and generous, only turned against herself—misfortune and violent death had marked her for their victim.

A man now appeared, whose name seemed to rank him among the defenders of the throne, but who placed himself at the head of its enemies—I mean the Marquis de Lafayette. I do not think that the part he took in the revolution was either foreseen or premeditated. At the college of Plessis, where he was educated, he was observed to be mild, retiring, thoughtful, and of a religious turn. Nothing in him announced that he was destined to be what he has since passed for—the chief of a party. My opinion is, that with him everything has been the effect of chance, nothing the result of calculation. I am confirmed in the view I take of this man by the judgment of individuals fully capable of appreciating his true character; for I was myself too young to form a proper estimate of his merits. Nor

have I had reason to alter my opinion. What is peculiarly remarkable in M. de Lafayette, is his perfectly mild and gentlemanly manners and conversation, the easy, lordly air which never left him in any of the situations, however trying, into which he was thrown during the revolution. Even in the midst of the factions of the 6th of October, during the most dreadful days of this great political convulsion, he was still the "Marquis de Lafayette." Even now, he preserves this courtly suavity of demeanour in his relations with men to whom it is quite unknown, even by tradition. The Marquis de Lafayette also fell into the mistake of appreciating passing events by the test of what he had seen in America. This mania of continually comparing America with France, and England with France, led to the most deplorable consequences. A person of no great mental endowments might have discovered that the docile and single-hearted Americans were easy to govern according to the will of their rulers. M. de Lafayette imagined that he could in the same manner lead the population of the Paris fauxbourgs; but more than once the infuriated mob, thirsting for blood and plunder, made him tremble at their vociferations. I know not whether I am mistaken in my opinion that, if, of late years, M. de Lafayette has passed in mental review the events of that awful period, there are days which he would willingly have obliterated from his memory. He is, however, an honourable man, as much so as any in France, and his philanthropic philosophy renders him deserving of universal esteem. But there are few men who, in recurring to the events of their past life, do not find one single cloud, hanging like a spot upon the brightness of their existence.

It was about this period that the throne received a shock from which it was not destined ever to recover: I allude to the emigration of the nobles. Louis XVI., deserted by his court, and exposed, with the Queen and his children, to the wild passions of men who probably did not at that time desire his death, but who, when they became the masters, wished to level everything,—saw no chance of avoiding a

dreadful death, but by flight. The Queen formed a plan, which was, that they should leave St. Cloud and proceed to Havre de Grace, and there embark for the Netherlands, then governed by the Archduchess Christina. Everything was prepared; but the Queen having demanded a list of the officers of the navy stationed at Havre, saw in it the name of Vice-Admiral Bare de St. Leu, a natural son of the Duke of Orleans. She refused to trust to him; and her plan, the best that could have been devised, was abandoned for that of Varennes.

Baron Goguelot, one of the Queen's secretaries, was sent to ascertain the safety of the route. Every possible precaution was taken, and the unfortunate royal family prepared to quit France.

The King and Queen were closely watched at the Tuileries, by persons attached to their household. Madame Campan has been accused, but wrongfully; she may have entertained some fears for her own safety and that of her child, but she never betrayed her royal mistress.

There was a person employed in the service of the baths and petits appartemens, named Madame Rochereuil, whom the Queen suspected. She was the more to be feared on that important night, because the royal fugitives would have to pass under her windows. This lady was ill; the day before the intended flight, the King and Queen visited her, and expressed great kindness towards her. On leaving her the King said—

"Madame de Rochereuil, continue your affection towards your unfortunate mistress; she is very unhappy, and stands in need of the attachment of her faithful servants.—You complain of your appetite, I will send you a *tourte* from my own table."

Madame Rochereuil was not guilty; but her opinions were of the new political school, which did not procure her the goodwill of her royal mistress. She knew it, and never appeared before the Queen without trembling. The King's condescension and kindness, therefore, surprised her more than it flattered her; and when she received the pastry, a suspicion first arose

in her mind that it was poisoned. Having given some of the *tourte* to a young dog she had with her, the animal almost immediately fell fast asleep.

Madame Rochereuil now suspected the royal flight was about to take place. At first she resolved to denounce the royal family, and actually rose for this purpose; but she could not bring herself to commit so base an act. She passed the evening in great agitation. At length the night came, every one retired to bed, and the most profound silence pervaded the palace of the French King. At half-past ten the Queen went down from the King's apartments, and half an hour was spent in the necessary preparations. At last, at eleven o'clock, the proscribed family descended the Duke de Villequier's staircase and quitted the royal abode.

Madame Rochereuil, who was on the look-out, recognised Madame de Tourzel, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royale; then the King, accompanied by a person of slender make, and lastly the Queen, holding by the arm of one of her body-guard. The royal fugitives succeeded in quitting the Tuileries without interruption; for Madame Rochereuil, overcome by her feelings, had not strength to alarm the inmates of the palace. At the entrance of the Carousel the royal party found a hired carriage, and the Count de Ferten acted as coachman. This nobleman has been often mentioned as entertaining, at this period, the most fervent admiration for the Queen. He drove the royal family as far as Bondy, where two berlines with post-horses were waiting for them, and they continued during the night their adventurous journey.

I shall here mention a fact relating to the Marquis de Lafayette.

The Queen placed unbounded confidence in a captain of the national guard, named Rouleaux. The day before the departure of the royal family for Varennes, she confided to him the whole of the plan, requesting him to observe the effect of their escape upon the public mind at Paris. Next morning, at nine o'clock, Captain Rouleaux called upon the Marquis de Lafayette,

whom he found in conversation with M. de Vergennes, brother of the minister, and the Marquis de Gouvion, his aide-de-camp. The people were forming into groups in the streets, and deputations of the national guard came to the commandant, exclaiming: "We must go in pursuit of the King."

"Good God!" exclaimed Captain Rouleaux, "I should like to know why we are to run after the King? If he is inclined to travel, let him do so; we can settle our affairs without him. For my own part, General, I think, with deference, that it would become the dignity of the patriots to take no notice whatever of the business."

Whilst listening to Captain Rouleaux, a singular expression of satisfaction played over M. de Lafayette's features. He pressed the captain's hand, and said in a whisper, that he was of his opinion.

Madame Rochereuil, or some other female of the royal establishment, had given the Marquis de Gouvion, a piece of the gown worn by Marie Antoinette on the day of her flight. This had been placed under a marble paper-holder upon Lafayette's mantel-piece; Rouleaux perceived it, and approaching softly, took it away with him.

The particulars of the journey to Varennes have appeared in all the newspapers, and in a multitude of memoirs; I shall confine myself, therefore, to two facts relative to the Queen. When the brutal conduct of the postmaster of Varennes had destroyed her last ray of hope, there still remained a mode of escape, which was by fording the river, as proposed by two officers of Hungarian hussars stationed at Varennes. They assured the Queen, in German, that they were certain of being able to save her. The alarm-bell, was sounding everywhere; the peasants, armed with scythes and pitchforks, were approaching on all sides.

"Return not to Paris," they said, "or you are lost."

"The King will not allow me to take my children with me," the Queen replied, "and I never will leave them."

The officers reiterated their earnest request. Although their conversation with the Queen was in German, the King under-

stood them, and begged them to desist and withdraw, for he had quitted Paris with regret.

The particulars of the King's return to Paris are well known. His departure was undoubtedly ill-judged; but to be dragged back to the metropolis by violence, and not allowed to re-enter that city of his own accord, was still more so. From that day the doom of the King was fixed, and his residence in the palace at Paris had already become an imprisonment. The King, the Queen, and Madame Elizabeth, underwent an interrogatory before commissioners from the Assembly. The Queen's answers were full of propriety and dignity, and couched in the most measured terms with regard to the persons who had accompanied her. Louis XVI., as a monarch, had no doubt committed many errors, but he was an honest man. On his return to Paris, he received the support of Barnave, the most gifted man in the Assembly since the death of Mirabeau. Barnave served the royal cause, because he thereby thought that the King could give a constitution to the nation, and that a new union might then be effected. The faction, which it is useless to designate in these pages, but which was the real enemy of the existing power which it sought to destroy — the faction, of which Chandelos La Clos was the active agent, raged with fury at the very idea of tranquillity being restored. The republicans were too sincere not to accept as a pledge of returning peace, the constitution which held out such hopes. This furious faction demanded that the King should be deposed. The famous proclamation or petition was drawn up and laid upon the altar of the country, in the Champ de Mars. Sylvain Bailly, the mayor, and General Lafayette repaired in all haste to the Champ de Mars with the national guard. The red flag was unfurled, and they fired at the agitators who had thrown stones and thereby commenced hostilities.

On the following day, the King went to the Assembly. He was dressed in a violet-colour coat with a small embroidery in silver, and wore only the cross of the order of St. Louis. He occupied the president's chair, ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, and

uttered an affecting and paternal speech, which made a deep impression. His voice almost faltered, and its tone was melancholy; but when he pronounced the oath of fidelity to the constitution, he did it in a firm and audible voice, and with an expression of the greatest sincerity.

In the evening, the Tuileries and the whole of Paris were illuminated. When it was found that the gardens of the palace were open as usual, they were soon filled, and the Queen could see from her windows the crowds that came to testify their joy. She frequently went out to walk upon the terrace, carrying with her little perfumed boxes filled with bonbons, which she distributed to the children who appeared to belong to respectable parents. If a secret influence, entirely foreign to the nation, had not interfered to destroy this return of happiness, Marie Antoinette would have been beloved as she had been a few years before.

At this period Monsieur, Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., took the title of Regent of the kingdom of France, because the King was, he said, a prisoner in his palace. Louis XVI., notwithstanding his usual placidity of temper, fell into a violent passion on learning this. He wrote to the Baron de Breteuil, who was then at Vienna, desiring him to state distinctly that he, the King of France, did not recognise such regency. The King concluded his letter with the following remarkable sentence —

"And should it please the Almighty to dispose of me, the Queen, my very worthy and much-beloved partner, would become the rightful Regent."

The Queen added—

"Monsieur le Baron de Breteuil, the King being persuaded that the regency of our brother would be attended with inconvenience, I add my recommendation to his orders. Our intention is not to oppose the wishes of Monsieur, but to prevent greater misfortunes; and it appears that this measure would convulse the whole of France. Pray, sir, be ever assured of the lively gratitude I entertain towards you, which shall never be diminished.

MARIE ANTOINETTE."

I will add, that the Queen used repeatedly to say: "All our misfortunes come from *Provence*."

To what can the fatal day of the 20th of June be attributed? Faults were undoubtedly committed, for the King at that period had regained a kind of popularity which was bringing the people back to him. It has been asserted that the constitutional guard was the cause of the dreadful excesses which were committed. This I do not believe: the soldiers composing that guard had been chosen by the mayor of the district, and the officers had been taken from the republican army. It must, however, be admitted, that the fury of the revolutionary faction knew no bounds, when it learned that the Queen had gained over this new guard to her cause, and that the young officers had sworn to die in her defence.

It was at this period that Dumouriez, whom Marie Antoinette had never entirely trusted, came and cast himself at her feet, and kissing the hem of her gown, begged her to induce the King to come to the army.

"We are more than twenty thousand warriors," said Dumouriez, "who would surround him in the field of battle; and we could supply the experience he stands in need of. Time flies apace, Madam, and the future assumes a menacing and terrific aspect."

"Do not entertain any hope on that score," the Queen replied; "the King has sworn to execute faithfully the constitution, and he will scrupulously adhere to his word. For my own part, I do not possess influence enough to make him change his resolution, and have, therefore, no alternative but to submit to his will."

A short time afterwards, the revolutionary faction,—I do not mean by that denomination the *republican* faction—at that time the republic had no *faction*, almost the whole of France was republican, but with moderation—(I give the *revolutionary faction* this appellation, because I do not wish to call it by another name)—the revolutionary faction wished to deprive the King and Queen of their last support. The constitutional guard

was disbanded, and the Duke de Brissac impeached. This arbitrary measure was the forerunner of the King's death.

It has often been asserted that Petion aimed at the presidency of the republic : I am disposed to believe it. He was an ambitious man, and a republican merely in words. He was totally unlike the Girondins, and even Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and many of those admirable geniuses who were an honour to the first Assembly. Petion had himself said to the King, during his return from Varennes, that France required a republic. He afterwards flattered the people, and neglected nothing which he thought would make him popular. Catiline flattered the Roman people as Robespierre flattered the Parisians. Petion had just leagued himself with Servan, Claviere, and Rolland, the three ministers who had themselves recently disbanded the King's guard, and brought twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris, on pretence of repulsing foreign invasion—whilst it was well known that they were there to drive away the King, and place the Duke of Orleans upon the throne. Marie Antoinette, in despair, supplicated the King to oppose his veto to this measure, and dismiss the three ministers and Petion. The Assembly immediately declared the country in danger, and that the ministers carried with them the regrets of the nation. The fauxbourgs rose up, seduced by the gold profusely lavished by a powerful personage ; they unfurled their banner, on which was inscribed :

"PETION OR DEATH ! RESISTANCE TO OPPRESSION !"

On the 20th of June, an immense multitude appeared at the gate of the Tuileries, requesting permission to plant a tree of liberty in the court-yard. The King gave orders to allow only forty persons to enter; but the gates were no sooner opened than the crowd rushed in towards the stables, and advancing to the great staircase seemed determined to besiege the royal apartments. The doors of the room belonging to the guards, being shut, the people endeavoured to beat them in with blocks of wood and bludgeons. At this moment four hundred noblemen, who wished to defend the King, made their

appearance in the gallery of Diana; but the monarch, instead of accepting their proffered assistance, thanked them for their zeal, and entreated them to withdraw. He was unwilling to irritate the multitude, and he really did not think that the people would do him any injury. As they continued to express their desire to defend his person, the King became angry.

"Gentlemen," said he, in an irritated tone, "your zeal can only tend to your destruction. I request you will leave my palace, and, if necessary, I command you to do so." "My friends," added he, turning to the national guard then on duty, "I beg you will make these gentlemen withdraw."

The noblemen retired on hearing this command. Several of them broke their swords. The venerable Marshal de Mouchy Noailles, being at that period nearly ninety years of age, alone refused to go. Having seated himself upon a bench, he declared his resolution of dying within the royal palace.

Meanwhile, the doors, violently battered, were giving way, and at last one of the panels fell in. The King, on seeing this, ordered that they should be opened. The immense hall of the marshals, was immediately filled with the mob, maddened by the resistance they had experienced. The conduct of the national guard of Paris was admirable. Colonel Acloque had taken care to have the guard on duty that day at the palace better composed even than usual, and during the revolutionary tumult the conduct of this officer was above all praise. The national guard surrounded the King, and the better to protect him, placed him in one of the window recesses. Marshal de Mouchy, seated upon a stool close to the King, kept his eyes constantly upon him, and whenever a pike or a poniard approached the royal person, the old soldier calmly and silently rose, and presented his breast to the threatening weapon, resolved to receive the blow aimed at his master's life.

An immense number of maddened women and inebriated men rushed into the Queen's apartments. The household servants had endeavoured to oppose their entrance, and nearly a dozen valets were lying on the floor covered with wounds. The

Queen, alarmed for the King's safety and that of Madame Elizabeth, and wishing moreover to join them, proceeded to the upper apartments. On her way thither she saw naked swords and pikes in the hands of men in the last stage of drunkenness, and in the most furious state of excitement.

This tumult of the 20th of June was not an act of the people of Paris; the perpetrators of these riots were the same who, a few days later, attacked the national guard in the Champs Elysées, on the 10th of August and 2nd of September. The Queen was not personally known to the rioters, which circumstance saved her life on this eventful day.

At length she found Madame Elizabeth, who had just answered to the name of Marie Antoinette, in order to save her sister-in-law. The Queen being recognized by the mob, which thirsted for her blood, was instantly surrounded by twenty ruffians with drawn swords. At this critical moment her life was saved by the most unexpected assistance. Two hundred national guards suddenly entered by the staircase of the Arcade. They surrounded the Queen and her children, and took them, with Madame Elizabeth, to the council chamber, where, placing them behind the immense table, they prepared to repulse any attack that might be made by the rioters. The conduct of the national guards greatly affected the Queen, and she gave vent to those tears which her extreme terror had hitherto prevented her from shedding. Extending her arms to her brave defenders she exclaimed:

"I do not wish to live, but I recommend my children, and my poor sister to your protection. How happy should we be—how happy would the King be, if all the inhabitants of Paris loved and appreciated us as you do."

At this moment, Santerre having entered the apartment, several national guards surrounded him and placed their swords upon his breast. The Queen uttered a piercing shriek, and rushed between the swords and his body. Santerre looked at her with great agitation.

"Madam," said he, "the people are good, they did not come

hither to harm you. If any have committed excesses they shall be punished, you may rely on it. I myself would wish to serve you—but you are badly surrounded, Madam ;—you will be led to commit faults ; your aristocracy will ruin you ; you are very badly advised."

This speech was, doubtless, not very respectful, but it was sensible, and above all, just. For it is a lamentable fact that the Queen, at that time, was still under the influence of that unfortunate occult government which proved the ruin of the monarchy.

It was only at seven o'clock in the evening that the palace was freed from the rabble and the royal family were able to assemble in the King's apartments, where everything had been broken and the rooms plundered. The apartments of the princesses were also completely ravaged. These excesses were but the forerunners of the 10th of August.

As soon as the King perceived the Queen, he threw himself into her arms, and burst into tears.

" Behold my deliverers," exclaimed Marie Antoinette, pointing to the national guards who had saved her.

" My brave friends," said the King, deeply affected, " I cannot express my gratitude to you. I will request M. Acloque to give me all your names, in order that I may acquit myself towards you as I ought to do. To begin, I beg the Queen will allow one of you to embrace her."

" Certainly ! certainly !" exclaimed the Queen, presenting her cheek in the most enchanting manner.

Madame Elizabeth followed her sister's example, and M. Hue, raising the Dauphin in his arms, for that amiable child was then only six years old, the youthful prince said of his own accord :

" Gentlemen of the national guard, I will beg M. Hue to teach me all your names, in order that I may never forget them, and that I may pray for you."

Madame Première, since Duchess of Angoulême, who at this period was only thirteen years old, was so struck with the

dreadful scene she had witnessed, that she could only shed tears in silence.

"My children," said Louis XVI., after having changed his linen behind the curtains of his bed, "if I am cut off before my time, never forget what the inhabitants of Paris have done to-day for your good mother and myself. You are destined to survive us, and I bequeath to you my gratitude—let it never be forgotten."

Next day Madame Elizabeth endeavoured to prevail upon the Queen to leave France, and proceed to Germany.

"You are the object of their especial fury," said that Princess; "I remarked it even more yesterday than on the 6th of October. When once you are absent, they may possibly be satisfied."

"I will never leave the King nor my children," replied the Queen with firmness. "My resolution is unalterable. If I am destined to die before my time, I will at least be found at the place where it is the duty of a wife and a mother to be."

The interval between the 20th of June and the 10th of August was truly alarming for the royal family. The Directory of the department had suspended Petion on account of the 20th of June, and afterwards the cry of "Petion or Death" was vociferated day and night under the walls of the palace. The confederated Marseillese, who had come to Paris, having been called thither by an occult though well known power, committed the most dreadful excesses. Three hundred national guards were killed in the Champs-Elysées, and murder stalked publicly through the streets. Such were the preludes to the 10th of August. When a king is not a warrior, he has but two lines of conduct to follow: to abdicate, or else to have a good army at his command, and an experienced general;—otherwise he is irretrievably lost.

General Lafayette had quitted the command of the national guard, in which Santerre had succeeded him, to assume that of the army of the Ardennes. On learning the occurrence of the

20th of June, he immediately hastened to Paris, and presenting himself at the bar of the Assembly, asked, with energy and dignity, what the representatives of the nation had done with the honour of France? He declared that the constitution had been scandalously violated, and demanded that the authors of this outrage should be brought to condign punishment. The *côté gauche*, on hearing this, loaded him with invectives, and he was forced to withdraw. In the course of the evening he asked to be allowed an interview with the Queen; but Marie Antoinette, who still entertained an unjust, and, in her situation, an unfortunate prejudice against him, hesitated to give an answer. The general, naturally hurt at this conduct, immediately quitted Paris where his life was not in safety.

General Lafayette committed perhaps an error in his abrupt conduct at the Assembly; it may, however, be considered a consequence of the frankness of his character, though it certainly is not a proof of his judgment. In the excitement of political commotions, it is imprudent to give vent to feelings of this description unless backed by an imposing force. Such conduct injures and endangers a cause.

On the 7th and 8th of August, the chiefs of the commune, Danton, Robespierre, Manuel, Brissot, Tallien, Camille Desmoulins, with their adjuncts, Panis, Billaud Varennes, Chénier (Marie Joseph) Marat, Freron, Legendre, and Lestournel, after dining at the Chancellerie of Orleans, assembled in committee, and by their own authority dissolved the municipality, declaring it "incapable of saving the country in its present dangerous state." Then, in the presence of the Legislative Assembly, which made not the slightest effort to interrupt their proceedings, they convoked the forty-eight sections of Paris. Petion was reinstated. The commune was all powerful, and the King remained silent during these occurrences.

On the evening of the 9th of August, it was known that the palace of the Tuileries was to be attacked on the following day at daybreak. The Queen called a council, consisting of M. d'Affray commandant of the Swiss guard, M. Bakmann second

in command, M. Marguerie an officer of the constitutional guard, the Count de Menou, the Baron de Viomenil, and several other devoted adherents of the royal family.

This time Louis XVI. preferred resistance to sanctioning the decrees which had been passed. It was, however, too late: the firmness which he now wished to show could now have no other effect than that of rendering the struggle sanguinary and dreadful for all parties.

At twelve o'clock at night the alarm-bell at the Hotel de Ville began to ring, and all the bells of the town soon answered this signal. The Queen went into the Dauphin's chamber; she kissed her son in his sleep, and proceeded to awaken the King. The whole family surrounded the ill-fated monarch, and every successive report brought with it new subjects of intense anxiety.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Petion arrived at the Tuileries.

"Sir," said Louis XVI. "you are mayor of Paris, and the alarm is sounded everywhere! Do you wish a renewal of the scenes of the 20th of June? Answer me—what means this tumult?"

"Sir," replied Petion, "the alarm is sounding against my will; but I will go to the Hotel de Ville, and order shall be restored."

The fact is that Petion found himself surrounded by devoted friends of the King, who, on the slightest signal, would have stabbed him to the heart. But Louis XVI. was not a man to command such an action.

"M. Petion," said the Queen, advancing towards him, "it is well known that the King is threatened with some imminent danger. You, yourself can have no doubt on, the subject. Your duty obliges you therefore not to leave him. Your conduct alone can prove that these outrages are repugnant to your feelings. You must sign an order for the restoration of tranquillity and obedience; but you, M. Petion, will remain with the King."

Petion signed the order, which was carried to the Hotel de

Ville by M. de Mandat, who had just been called to the commune, under pretence that a negotiation was to be attempted with the court. On his arrival at the Hotel de Ville, the people demanded Petion's order, but he refused to deliver it up. Upon this a hundred weapons were aimed at his breast; he instantly fell covered with wounds. His head was placed upon a pike and shown to the people, and cries of "Long live the nation! down with the veto!" rent the air.

At the same time the Assembly decreed that Petion was illegally detained at the palace, and summoned him to return to them. The King did not oppose the execution of this decree, and Petion was set at liberty.

At six o'clock in the morning, the Queen prevailed on the King to go into the gardens and review the troops stationed there. The greatest part of them received him with shouts of "Long live the King!" but these expressions of loyalty were not unaccompanied by some approbrious words; and from that moment the unhappy monarch could foresee the fate that awaited him.

On his return to his apartments, he found the council sitting, and the Queen presiding over it. No determination had hitherto been come to, and Marie Antoinette was strongly urging that some decisive step should be taken. At this moment, Ræderer, Procureur Syndic of the commune, entered the palace, and in the greatest agitation asked to speak to the King and Queen.

"The popular excitement has reached a pitch of frenzy," he said; "Several hundred men have gone to the Pont-Neuf, and taken possession of the guns. The royal family are lost if the King does not instantly join the Legislative Body."

"Ah! sir," exclaimed the Queen, "what advice do you give the King! There are undoubtedly in the Assembly a great number of honest and faithful subjects, but there are also many who thirst after our blood,—and these are the most numerous. Sir, I conjure you," continued Marie Antoinette, casting herself at the King's feet, "not to follow this advice. Remember that you are the descendant of Louis XIV. and

Henry IV. Do not disgrace these great names; do not abandon the sceptre they have bequeathed to you. Show yourself on horseback through all Paris, and the Parisians will restore you their esteem. I will myself follow you with my son in my arms."

"No, no," replied Louis XVI., "there is no further hope in staying here. I will proceed to the Legislative Assembly—that is our safest asylum. Let me be taken thither instantly. Such is my will."

"Then," exclaimed the Queen in despair, "before your departure, give orders to have me nailed to the walls of this palace."

Madame Elizabeth, the Princess de Tarente, and the Princess de Lamballe, supplicated the Queen to oppose no farther resistance to the King's will, for the monarch seemed greatly irritated.

"You will have it so," replied Marie Antoinette, endeavouring to suppress her tears; "I will obey the King; but I will follow him—we are all doomed to die."

The royal family then left the palace, to which they were never to return. The distance to the Legislative Assembly, was sufficiently great to make the journey a dangerous one, especially for the Queen, who was received everywhere with cries of hatred and with opprobrious epithets. The national guard, of its own accord, formed two lines on her passage, and thus protected her for the last time.

Twenty-five deputies came to meet Louis XVI., thanking him for placing his confidence in the national representatives. Several of them seemed not aware that those who destroy everything, are not those who grant protection. The deputies cried out from time to time, "Respect to the constituted powers! respect to the national representatives." The weather was intensely hot; and those who surrounded and protected the royal family could with great difficulty preserve sufficient space for them to breathe.

At this moment, a tall young man, with naked arms and

disordered dress, approached the Queen, and looking at the Princess de Lamballe, whom he mistook for Marie Antoinette, exclaimed in a rough voice:

"Where is the Queen?—show me the Queen! let me see her for the first time." And his eyes were fearfully fixed on Madame de Lamballe, whom the Queen gently pushed aside.

"Do not mistake," said Marie Antoinette, to the young workman, "I am the Queen; what is it, my friend, that you require of me?"

The young man, on beholding for the first time that mild and beautiful countenance, on hearing the accents of that voice, so pure, and so harmonious, seemed overcome by some indescribable sensation. He looked at the Queen for a while in silence, then turning to his companions—

"My friends," said he, "this is not a wicked woman; it is a pleasure to look at her. Madam," continued he, addressing the Queen, "tell the King to forego that villanous veto which vexes us, and all this tumult will cease."

The Assembly vouchsafed to open its doors, after having made the King and his family wait upwards of twenty minutes.

What occurred on that dreadful day, when so much innocent blood was shed, is well known, and the particulars would be out of place here. I will only say that the royal family remained three days in the cells of the Feuillans. The Princesses were deprived of all attendance, and had not even a change of linen. On the third day, Lady Sutherland, the wife of Lord Gower the British Ambassador, sent the Queen a supply of linen, expressing the strongest grief at her unhappy situation. The Queen refused the linen.

"I am really grieved to disoblige Lady Sutherland by my refusal," said Marie Antoinette, "but the assistance of England comes too late."

The Queen had not forgotten that when the Princess de Lamballe went to England, Mr. Pitt refused to interfere, saying:

"The Bourbons have brought their misfortunes upon themselves."

On the 13th August, the royal family were conducted to the Temple. On their way thither they saw, on the Place Vendôme, the statue of Louis XIV. thrown down. Louis XVI. turned his head away; Marie Antoinette looked steadfastly at the prostrate statue, as if to infuse new vigour into her soul.

"Madam," said Petion, who was in the carriage, "I can no longer answer for your life, if you do not assume an attitude more becoming your situation."

The Queen looked at this man, coward enough to insult her in misfortune, but did not deign to answer him.

The Temple was an ancient appanage of the grand priors of Malta, and belonged to the Duke of Angoulême. It was a noble structure, and consisted of the castle, and the donjon or tower. The royal family passed the first night in the Duke of Vendome's room, called the "gilt chamber." On the following day they were placed in the tower.

The massacres of September soon followed. Madame de Lamballe, the intimate friend of the Queen, was murdered, her body horribly mutilated, and her head, placed upon a pike, was carried to the Temple. But the people, obliged to remain outside the walls, could only agitate this frightful trophy. Fortunately the Queen was informed of the intention of the multitude, and avoided being a witness to this act of cannibalism, which, with the other horrors of those disturbed times, have left a stain upon the national character of the French that time itself can never obliterate.

The Queen, during her imprisonment in the Temple, gave numerous proofs of the firmest and noblest character ever displayed by woman. She occupied, with Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth, the upper story of the tower, the only inhabitable room in the place. It would be useless to relate the numerous acts of petty persecution to which she was exposed. Cruelty and folly could go no further, and the facts themselves would not now obtain belief, were they not attested by the per-

petrators of them. The frightful butchery of the 2nd and 3rd of September was scarcely consummated, when another sacrifice was required. The bringing to trial of Louis XVI. was already talked of. At this period there was no ground whatever for doing so. It was only after the King's confinement in the Temple that he communicated with the foreign powers, respecting his escape; and it was natural enough that he should do so. It was no crime to endeavour to escape from his oppressors. Besides, the Assembly had itself broken the solemn treaty of 1791: for, by the constitution, the King's person was sacred. But it was not the nation that pronounced judgment, any more than it participated in a thousand acts committed in its name and under its apparent sanction. Had Louis XVI. declined the competency of the Convention, and appealed to the people, he might have been saved.

But he acknowledged the jurisdiction of this tribunal, and from that moment his power was destroyed. He received the commissioners of the Convention, and spent four hours in signing a hundred and fifty-eight papers, which had been found, according to their assertion, in the famous iron closet. By this act he authenticated the documents. He made the commissioners sup with him that evening, and by such conduct virtually recognized the extent of their powers and the legality of their acts. He could now no longer assert that the judgment was illegal, though it might be, and certainly was, unjust. Louis XVI. was thus brought to judgment by an incompetent tribunal; the nation alone had power to judge him—the nation alone had a right to pronounce sentence upon him, in the same manner that it afterwards declared in favour of a new government, when nearly four millions of votes demanded the establishment of the empire.

During the proceedings against the King, he was subjected to a privation from which the meanest criminal is always exempt — he was separated from his family. It was only when about to be led to the place of execution that he obtained leave to bid them a last farewell. The royal family were assembled in one of the rooms of the donjon. The Dauphin ut-

tered the most piercing cries. The Queen, though bathed in tears, had sufficient fortitude to congratulate the King upon his prospect of being at length released " from his earthly prison to receive in heaven the glorious crown of martyrdom." But the feelings of the wife soon got the better of the courage of the sovereign : nature resumed her sway, and Marie Antoinette, when the King asked her forgiveness for any injury which his weakness and want of confidence in her advice might have caused, fell into a violent paroxysm of grief. She at last fainted, after an attack of the most dreadful convulsions. On recovering her senses, her grief was increased by the sight of her children. She fell dangerously ill, and owed her life only to her youth and the unremitting care of the most celebrated physicians of the day. Heaven seemed to spare her in order to give the world a striking example of misfortune.

Until the death of Louis XVI. the royal family had been allowed the attendance of their valet de chambre, Cléry; but, an hour after the execution, this faithful servant was taken from them, and the Princesses obliged to wait upon themselves. A labouring man, named Tison, became their only attendant.

A few months after the King's death, Marie Antoinette had an opportunity of escaping from the Temple. A municipal officer, named Toulau, had procured clothes similar to his own, by means of which the Queen and Madame Elizabeth were to leave the prison. But, at the moment of execution, this project, which had been perfectly well concerted, was abandoned by the Queen, because she would not desert her children. On the following day she wrote as follows to Monsieur Jarjayes, in whom she placed the most unlimited confidence :

" We have had a pleasant dream, that is all. However, I have gained by it, inasmuch as I have seen a new proof of your devotedness to our cause. You will readily conceive that the interest of my son is my only guide ; and happy as I should have felt at leaving this place, I cannot consent to be separated from him. Believe me, I feel the weight of your reasons

for my own interest, and that such an opportunity may not offer again; but I could enjoy nothing if my children remained behind, and this idea leaves me without the least regret.

"M. A."

On the 3rd of July 1793, a decree of the Convention was notified to Marie Antoinette, with a harshness which nothing could justify. It directed that the Dauphin should be taken from his mother, and imprisoned in a securer part of the tower. This history will be read by mothers, who will appreciate the Queen's feelings at such cruelty more forcibly than I can describe it. Her mind was excited to madness when she learned that her beloved child, whose early youth had been spent amid the most dreadful sufferings — whose frail existence required that unremitting care which a mother alone could bestow, was confined in a lonesome and damp apartment, under the care of a coarse and cruel man named Simon, who heaped upon the unfortunate child every indignity, every torture, which the most refined barbarity could invent. In her agony, Marie Antoinette descended to the most humble supplications in the hope of softening the rigour of the Convention.

"Let me only see my child," she said to the municipal officers who had the guard of the tower; "let me see him, even before witnesses, without speaking to him, without even kissing him."

The Convention remained inflexible. Nevertheless, on the 15th of July, two commissioners from the Committee of Public Safety came to the Temple to inform the Queen that she should see her son—that he should even be restored to her, if she would sign and send to the allied powers a proclamation, which should be posted up in Paris, intimating to the whole of Europe, that "she did not approve of their arming, and begged her defenders to withdraw their troops; a demand which she addressed to them as the widow of Louis XVI., and the guardian of Louis Charles, her only son." The Queen replied, that while she was a prisoner she could not raise her voice to command; that her son's majority would annul every-

thing she might say, as she had no right to dictate in his name.

The Queen was perfectly aware that such a step could have produced no other effect than to debase her in the eyes of Europe. On the 31st of July, Robespierre received a letter direct from Vienna, in which Marie Antoinette was accused of connivance with the courts of Germany. This letter was read before the two committees united, and the Convention issued forthwith a decree impeaching the widow of Louis XVI.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 2nd August 1792, the Queen was awoken, in order to be removed to the Conciergerie. She was allowed only a few minutes to bid adieu to her daughter and sister-in-law; but was not permitted to see her son!

When she came to the bottom of the staircase of the tower, she was told to stoop, the gateway being low. Being absorbed in grief, she paid no attention to the warning, and struck her head violently against the beam of the door.

"You are hurt, Madam," said one of the commissioners.

"In my present condition, what can hurt me in this world?" the Queen replied.

The clock struck two as they crossed the court-yard of the Temple. The Queen was placed in a hackney-coach with an officer of gendarmerie and three municipal officers. Fifty gendarmes, with drawn swords, escorted the carriage. On her arrival at the Conciergerie, she was received by the competent authorities, by Madame Richard the wife of the keeper of the prison, and by a young girl named Rosalie Lamorlière, who was there to wait upon her. The Queen was instantly conveyed to the dungeon she was destined to occupy, in which General Custine had just before been confined. It served at the same time as the council-chamber, and was situated at the extremity of a long dark passage, lighted day and night by two lamps. This apartment, received scarcely any light; it was seven feet high and fourteen feet wide. Even this gloomy place was not entirely allotted to the Queen's use. One part was reserved for two gendarmes, who were charged never to lose sight of her person. In the

course of the day this cell was fitted up for Marie Antoinette's accommodation. A common bedstead, two mattresses, a bolster, a blanket, a small foot-stool, a table, and two prison chairs, composed the furniture allotted to the Queen of France.

On entering the prison, the Queen cast a look of horror at the bare walls. Having recovered her self-possession, she hung her watch upon a nail in the wall, and proceeded to undress herself to retire to bed. Rosalie approached to offer her assistance.

"Thank you, my good girl," said Marie Antoinette, with mildness; "since I have had nobody to attend me, I have learned to wait upon myself."

Next day, an old woman named Larivière, eighty years of age, was sent to the Queen as her attendant. She was ordered to purchase some coarse stuff to mend the royal captive's dress. Under any other circumstances these details might appear trivial, but in this case their simplicity gives additional interest to the dreadful situation of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

On the 8th September, at eleven in the morning, Michonis, a municipal officer who wished to save her, entered the prison with a species of master-mason, whom the Queen immediately recognized as the Marquis de Rougeville, a nobleman of Rheims. He had been very active during the 10th of August, and Marie Antoinette knew him to be one of her most faithful adherents. She was thrown off her guard, and her agitation was remarked by the gendarmes, and a woman named Orel, who was always near her to watch her motions. Michonis pretended to give directions to the mason, and ordered him to examine the wall on the side of the court-yard. The mason approached Marie Antoinette, and let fall at her feet a red pink. She waited with patience for half an hour, before she picked up the flower which probably contained her fate. At length, she ventured to seize it, and in it found a slip of paper containing these words:

"We shall come through the subterraneous passages, and shall all wear pinks like this."

The Queen immediately swallowed the paper; but it was too late: she had been watched, and the rapid glance which had followed all her motions led to a suspicion of the plot.

The same night, September 8th, at eleven o'clock, the conventionalist Amar, his colleague Sevestre, and Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, entered the Queen's prison to examine her concerning the affair of the pink. The Queen said but little, and in the few words she uttered, she proved at once her generosity and her prudence. The three commissioners, enraged at not being able to obtain any information from their victim, made a general search, and at last found a paper pricked with a pin. This paper was an answer to that which the pink contained, but it was not till four months after that they were able to decipher its contents.

The Committees of Public Safety and General Safety received the report of the commissioners. They deliberated as if it had been a conspiracy tending to overthrow them. They could not discover the meaning of the mysterious flower—they in vain sought for an explanation of the paper pricked with a pin. In their impotent rage, they ordered the arrest of Richard, his wife, and Michonis. Richard was superseded in his office of keeper of the prison by Lebeau, keeper of the Force.

The Queen had preserved her watch during her imprisonment in the Temple. It was taken from her on the seventh day after her arrival at the Conciergerie. "This watch," said the Queen, to the commissioners who came to take it away, "was not purchased with French money: my mother gave it me the day I quitted her."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Heron, one of the most wicked men of that sanguinary period; "a gold watch is quite useless in a prison. The republic will return it to you when your business is settled."

The conventionalist Amar, with inconceivable brutality, tore from the Queen's fingers two gold rings and a diamond one. Her wedding-ring was one of them. No doubt they feared bribery, and indeed these rings were considered suffi-

cient to corrupt the keeper and all the turnkeys of the prison. Nothing is more ferocious than folly united to cruelty. The situation of Marie Antoinette now became dreadful, and she began to forego even hope itself. Hitherto, she had not been able to persuade herself that the foreign powers would desert her cause. The greater number of European thrones were occupied by branches of the Bourbon family. Spain, Naples, Portugal, Sardinia, the Duchy of Parma, Austria,—all these powers were allied by blood, and even closely related to a princess whose title of Queen of France could not but render her doubly sacred in their eyes. The King of Sweden was a chivalrous hero, who had promised her his support,—in time of peace it is true ; but this monarch appeared sincere and devoted. Everything seemed to concur to save Marie Antoinette ; but Great Britain stifled every sympathy in her favour. This power, still suffering from the American war, was deaf to pity. The houses of Austria and of Spain ought to have saved the Queen. She relied upon their interference, and had a right to do so ; but the cabinet of Madrid, governed by a favourite who had allowed his master to dishonour himself by deserting Louis XVI., could not be expected to come forward to save the widow and children of that ill-fated monarch. With regard to Austria, its motives must have been powerful indeed ; and I have no right to judge them. They are undoubtedly the same which in 1814 caused the father to desert his daughter and grandson.

The Queen, therefore, was justified in hoping that she might still be saved, either by the affection of her relatives, or by the law of honour, which rendered the sovereigns of Europe her natural protectors. But she was destined to be bereft of every hope, and on the 12th October 1793, the judgment of her late subjects was notified to her.

On the 12th October, two judges of the revolutionary tribunal entered her prison in a hurried manner, allowed her only a few minutes to put on a gown, and then began to examine her judicially. The nature of their questions made her easily comprehend that her fate was decided upon ; and when these blood-

thirsty men left her prison, she fell upon her knees to implore the protection of her Maker,—the only hope now left to her who had been the sovereign of one of the greatest empires upon earth, and who was the descendant of a hundred kings.

Since the affair of the pink, the two gendarmes had been withdrawn from the Queen's prison, and in their place a captain named De Bême was stationed there. This man, of German origin, was entirely devoted to the Queen, and had frequently found means of softening the severity exercised towards her. During the night, the respect he felt for her misfortune made him keep at the other end of the room. Fancying, the night after this interrogatory, that he heard groans, he called in a low voice to the Queen; receiving no answer, and hearing the same moanings, he ventured to approach her bed, and found her in dreadful convulsions. The only words he could obtain from her were—"Let me die! let me die!" He succeeded, however, in restoring her to a consciousness of her situation, and a copious flood of tears at length relieved her agonised feelings. At day-break she rose and walked about her prison until Lebeau entered.

About twelve o'clock a greffier, a judge, and two huissiers entered, and delivered to her a copy of her act of accusation. She listened to the reading of it in the most profound silence.

"Have you a counsel?" asked the judge.

"I know of none," replied the Queen.

The judge named M. Tronçon du Coudray, and M. Chauveau Lagarde.

"I do not know them," said the Queen; "but I accept their assistance."

After the judge's departure, she asked M. de Bême what kind of reputation the two advocates just mentioned enjoyed. M. de Bême's answer relative to one of them was particularly consoling to the Queen, and indeed the name of M. Chauveau Lagarde is one in which the unfortunate may always safely confide.

On the 14th of October, Marie Antoinette spent an hour in prayer, before her morning meal, which was brought to

her by Lebeau and Rosalie. She asked M. de Bême if she could have a confessor. This truly honest man assured the Queen that he was convinced it was impossible, because there were no priests remaining in Paris but those who had taken the oath.

"If that is the case," said the Queen, lifting her eyes towards Heaven, "I must no longer think of it. God alone shall receive my confession. On the eve of appearing before His tribunal, I may hope for mercy from Him."

This fact, attested by an estimable man, sufficiently proves the falsehood of the words attributed to the curé of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, and which it is impossible he could have uttered. It was reported, that he was with the Queen during the night of the 14th of October, and had found means to enter the prison in company with Mademoiselle Fouché. To add to the romance of the pretended midnight scene, it was asserted that one of the gendarmes received the Sacrament with the Queen.

M. Chauveau Lagarde, one of the Queen's defenders, and one of the most worthy men I know, published, in 1816, a pamphlet, in which he mentions all the particulars of his communications with his royal client.

He was, he says, at his country-house, when, on the 14th of October 1793, he was informed of his having been appointed, in conjunction with M. Tronçon Ducoudray, counsel for the Queen. The trial was to begin the next day, at eight o'clock in the morning. The time was extremely short. He immediately hastened to the Conciergerie in order to confer with Marie Antoinette. Until that moment he had never seen her except at a distance, and had never spoken to her. M. Chauveau Lagarde relates in the most affecting manner the deep emotion he experienced on seeing the unhappy consort of his late sovereign, in want of almost common necessaries, immured in an unwholesome dungeon, deprived of air and almost of light.

He read to Marie Antoinette her act of accusation.

"When I perused," says he, "this tissue of infamous falsehoods, I was struck dumb. It was the work of demons. The Queen seemed perfectly unmoved."

M. Lagarde went to the greffe to read the proceedings, or at least what then went by that name. Great was his surprise to find that it would require whole weeks to go through the papers, and only twenty-four hours were allowed. He returned to the Queen and informed her that it would be necessary to demand a delay in order to examine the different documents.

"To whom must the demand be made," inquired the unhappy Marie Antoinette, looking steadfastly at M. Chauveau Lagarde. He did not venture to reply. The Queen repeated the question. He then said in a low voice, "The Convention."

"Never!" exclaimed the Queen; "no, never!"

"You are not alone, Madam," observed M. Chauveau Lagarde, "in the act of accusation; and, besides, allow me to add, that I have to defend the Queen of France, the mother of Louis XVII. and the widow of Louis XVI."

The sacred names of mother, wife, and sister always find their way to a woman's heart: Marie Antoinette, without uttering a word, took her pen, and wrote to the Assembly demanding the delay required by her counsel. The demand was given to Fouquier Tinville at the same moment. No other answer was returned than that the trial would take place on the following day, October 15th, as previously announced, at eight o'clock in the morning.

Next morning, Marie Antoinette, dressed in black, and strikingly dignified in her appearance, stood before her judges. Hermann presided at the tribunal; Duplay, a carpenter, a friend of Robespierre, was foreman of the jury. Hermann affected mildness in his speech and manners. In opening the proceedings, he said, in a voice he wished to render impressive:

"Citizens, you are here assembled to assist in trying a woman whom you have seen upon a throne, and who now appears at the bar as a criminal. The tribunal, in its justice, recommends you to preserve order and tranquillity: the law forbids every sign of approbation or disapprobation." Then, turning to the Queen—

"Accused," said he, "state your name, your profession, and your age."

Marie Antoinette, on hearing herself called upon in this manner, could scarcely contain her indignation. She cast her eyes round the tribunal with an expression of mingled anger and contempt; but recollecting the precious pledges still remaining in the Temple, she checked her feelings.

"My name," she replied, "is Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne de Lorraine, widow of Louis XVI.; my age is thirty-seven years."

After the words "de Lorraine," she was going to add, "Archduchess of Austria;" but Hermann stopped her, saying, "No, no, not Archduchess; the republic does not recognize any such foolish titles."

Simon the cobbler, who was preceptor to the unfortunate heir of Louis XVI., appeared as a witness. The Queen trembled at the sight of this man; she knew his dreadful cruelty towards her beloved child, and her maternal feelings made her shrink from the gaze of her son's tyrant.

His evidence began with a jeer. He mixed up with the Queen's case the names of Petion, Toulau, and Lafayette; and, in order to render his declaration more probable, he asserted that he had heard everything from the young prisoner, his pupil.

Then followed the principal heads of accusation, containing the most monstrous charges. Marie Antoinette was accused of the ruin of the kingdom.

"You have signed receipts for immense sums," said Le Cointre, of Versailles; "they were found at Septeuil's house."

"It is false!" exclaimed the Queen; "I never signed any. Let them be produced."

"They have been mislaid," said Fouquier Tinville; "but it is of no consequence, we are going to hear respectable witnesses who have seen them."

Three men declared that they had seen receipts signed by the Queen, and the tribunal declared that the Queen had signed receipts for several millions of francs. Hermann, perceiving

that the public felt interested in the illustrious accused, immediately, with demoniac hypocrisy, called to his aid the usual cant of the period.

"You have forwarded immense sums to your family in Germany; you have despoiled France to enrich foreign nations."

"The imperial house of Austria," replied Marie Antoinette, "requires no foreign aid; its finances are in a more flourishing state, not only than yours, but than those of any power in Europe."

"And your victim, Madame de Lamothe?" resumed Hermann—"what reason can you give for having wished to ruin that innocent young woman?"

At this infamous question, the Queen fixed her eyes upon Hermann with an expression of such dignity that he looked abashed, and turned away his head. In this struggle of innocence against power and crime, the Queen seemed triumphant. The spectators were numerous, and, even among the most ardent republicans, many were present whose hearts were touched, and whose countenances betrayed their feelings. Hebert, substitute of the Procurator of the Commune, saw the danger, and, to obviate it, did not hesitate to make use of the most infernal and monstrous means.

"You have corrupted you own son," said this man; "you and your sister Elizabeth have initiated him into vice and debauchery—he has himself signed a declaration to this effect."

At this moment the Queen was standing, and in the most imposing attitude. On hearing this unexpected and horrible charge, she uttered a piercing shriek, and, without looking at the miscreant who seemed to forget he had ever a mother, exclaimed, addressing herself to the public who filled the room, and with an accent of virtuous indignation—

"I appeal to every mother here present whether such a crime be possible!"

After this effort her feelings overcame her. Worn out by the scene, and having taken no food since the preceding day, she felt completely overcome. In vain she implored a glass of

water—no one even stirred to confer the trifling boon. At last, Captain de Bême, unable to view such sufferings, brought her the wished-for beverage, and presented it to her with the same respect as if she was still at Versailles. He paid the price of his humanity with the loss of his liberty, and nearly of his life.

At four o'clock, the tribunal suspended its sitting for an hour, and Rosalie received orders to bring some soup for the Queen. This young girl herself related the circumstance to M. d'Aussonne.

" At about two o'clock," she said, " I heard some persons talking about the sitting; they said, ' Marie Antoinette will obtain her freedom—she has answered very well—they will only banish her.'

" At four o'clock, the keeper said to me, ' The sitting is suspended for an hour; the accused will not come down: they have asked for some soup; go up quickly.' I immediately took some good soup, which I had been keeping ready, and went up to the Queen. As I was entering the room, one of the commissioners of police, by name Labuziere, an ugly little man, took the soup out of my hands, and giving it to his mistress, a young female gaudily dressed, said to me—' This young woman wishes to see the widow Capet, and this will be a good opportunity for her.' The woman went away immediately with the soup. In vain I begged and prayed: Labuziere was all-powerful—I was obliged to obey. But what would the Queen think on receiving her soup from the hands of a stranger.

" At four o'clock in the morning, October 16th, we were told that the Queen of France was condemned to death. I felt as if I had been stabbed with a sword; I withdrew to my own room, and gave vent to my tears.

" At seven in the morning, the keeper, Lebeau, desired me to go to the Queen, and ask her if she wanted anything. On entering the prison, where two lights were burning, I perceived a young officer of gendarmerie seated in the left corner; and,

on approaching Madam, I saw her, dressed in black, lying upon her bed; her face was turned towards the window, and her head leaning on her hand.

" 'Madam,' I said trembling, 'you took nothing yesterday evening, and have taken almost nothing to-day—what would you wish to have this morning?'

"The Queen wept. 'My good girl,' said she, 'I want nothing more in this world; everything is at an end for me!'

"I took the liberty of adding, 'Madam, I have got a bouillon and some vermicelli soup; you must require something—allow me to bring you something.'

"The Queen continued to weep. 'Rosalie,' she said, 'go and fetch me a bouillon.' I went and brought it immediately. The Queen rose in bed, but took only two or three spoonfuls. I declare to God that she had no other nourishment.

"When it was daylight, that is to say, at eight o'clock, I went down to the Queen to help her to dress, as she had desired me to do. Her Majesty rose, and went into the small space I usually left between her bed and the wall, in order to change her linen for the last time. The officer of gendarmerie, who was a very young man, approached with the most revolting insolence. The Queen merely said to him—

" 'In the name of decency, sir, allow me to dress myself without a witness!'

" 'I cannot consent to it,' replied the officer, with brutality; 'my orders are, not to lose sight of you.' And he remained close to the Queen whilst she dressed herself for the last time.

"She put on a white undress, and covered her neck with a large muslin handkerchief, which crossed up to her chin.

"The agitation I experienced from the brutality of the gendarme, prevented me from remarking whether or not the Queen had the picture of the Dauphin. The day before she had raised her hair a little, and put two black bands to her cap in token of widowhood; but to go to the place of execution she wore a simple cap of lawn without any mark of mourning.

"I quitted her without daring even to take leave of her, for fear of causing her some unpleasant feeling. I went into my room to weep, and to pray for her."

Immediately after Rosalie's departure, the Queen knelt to pray. It was then nine o'clock, and she remained praying until thirty-five minutes past ten. The reporter then came and interrupted her devotions, in order to read her sentence once more.

At eleven o'clock, the executioner, Henry Samson, tied her hands with a violence which even his duty did not prescribe, and cut off her hair. At ten minutes past eleven, Marie Antoinette was seated in the cart which was to convey her to the place of execution. The court was filled with an immense crowd, and as soon as the cart began to move, cries of "Long live the Republic! Down with Kings!" were vociferated by the assembled multitude.

The Queen, with her hands tied behind her back, trembled with cold—it was the chill of approaching death! She cast a look of pity upon the surrounding populace, but her gaze was one of mute despair, which plainly indicated that all hope had fled, and the consciousness that death was at hand.

The accumulated outrages with which the ferocious rabble thought to embitter her dying moments were unheeded by the royal sufferer; and when, at the windows of some persons well known to her, she saw the tricolour flag displayed, as if her enemies were anxious to pour a last drop into the cup of gall which she was destined to drain to the dregs, she cast upon her inveterate persecutors a look of silent contempt.

In the Rue St. Honoré, almost opposite to the Oratoire, a young child, in its mother's arms, waved its little hand to the Queen. The person who told me of this fact, assured me that the Queen's eyes brightened up with transient emotion. This infant, no doubt, recalled to her mind the son of her love, which a second crime was about to render an orphan.

When the procession arrived in front of the church of St. Roch, the commandant of the cavalry ordered a halt, in order that

the populace, upon the steps of the church, might view the royal victim at their leisure, and heap the vilest insults upon the unhappy Marie Antoinette. During more than a quarter of an hour, the Queen was condemned to hear the vociferations of the mob, who assailed her with the epithets — "Messalina!" "Medicis!" and "Fredegonde!" During this last trial of her fortitude, Marie Antoinette, with half closed eyes, prayed for her unrelenting persecutors.

At length, after a march of an hour and a half, the procession arrived in the Rue Royale, in which were a triple line of soldiers and some cannon, as on the day of the King's execution. As the Queen reached the guillotine she shuddered — she now felt that she was about to take a last farewell of all she held dear on earth. When she perceived the awful preparations for death, her lips became livid, and seemed to quiver for a moment; but after a short prayer, she ascended the steps of the scaffold with precipitation, as if she had collected her remaining strength to accomplish this last act. She then knelt and exclaimed:

"Oh! my God! forgive my murderers! My dear children! adieu, for ever—I go to join your father."

When the sacrifice was consummated, the executioner struck two blows upon the severed head of the unfortunate Queen. It appears that the impunity with which men could then indulge in feelings the most revolting to human nature, made them thirst for new pleasures in blood and outrage.

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Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, and Queen of France, died on the 16th October 1793, at a quarter past one in the afternoon. She was then within a few days of her thirty-eighth year, having spent twenty-four years in France, which had become dear to her since her son was born to reign over it; and she herself would have remained Queen, but for the madness of men who, having too suddenly burst the bonds which for centuries had kept them enslaved, had let

loose upon the whole country the most uncontrollable and sanguinary passions.

Marie Antoinette possessed much of her mother's character. She was resolute and quick in decision. Her countenance portrayed the characteristics of her mind. A person who had frequent opportunities of judging her, told me that it was easy to read her thoughts upon her bold and beautifully formed forehead. Her appearance was majestic, and her complexion exquisitely dazzling. Her look and her smile, whether in displeasure or in approbation, left an impression seldom forgotten. Neither her eyes nor her teeth were handsome. The real charm of her countenance consisted in a soul-breathing intelligence spread over all her features. There never was a more perfect resemblance than between this young Dauphiness, so lovely and so graceful, and the Duchess of Burgundy. Like the Princess of Savoy, she was gay, lively, and apparently thoughtless; but in her youthful heart was hidden high resolution, and this it was that caused her misfortunes. Marie Antoinette was remarkably well informed. Her mother, Maria Theresa, had made the study of history the principal object of her education. She often expressed herself with great correctness of judgment upon grave and important questions; and frequently compared the situation in which she found herself with Louis XVI. to some analogous fact in history, endeavouring to draw an inference from the comparison. This was a fatal error. In order to obviate a difficult situation, we must only consult existing circumstances, and reason upon existing facts.

It has been said that Marie Antoinette was ambitious. This may be true;—but it could only have been after the misfortunes of 1789 and 1791. She then lost her usual cheerfulness of temper. She no longer thought of her lively evening parties: all her ideas were absorbed in political discussions. Her fears were excited by constant riots and insurrections; and being terrified by the massacres of Versailles and the Tuileries, she had, from the time they took place, no other aim than that of restoring

peace to her afflicted family. She felt most bitterly the evils which the irresolute conduct of Louis XVI. had drawn upon France. Decorated with the title of sovereign but without any power, Marie Antoinette could do no good, and was accused of all the evil committed. Her very goodness was detrimental to her; because the amiable familiarity of the woman of the world was opposed to the dignity of the sovereign, which she did not always preserve. In England, Marie Antoinette would have been an Elizabeth, or a Marguerite of Anjou: but in France her great talents were not available—for they met with constant opposition, and in the end were the cause of her ruin.

Her mutilated body was deposited in the churchyard of the Magdalen, and consumed in quick-lime. Was this unfortunate Queen such an object of terror to her persecutors, that her very lifeless remains must be doomed to perish?—or was it feared, that the fate of this royal woman might excite so deep a sympathy in the hearts of Frenchmen, that her enemies thought it necessary to obliterate, if possible, every trace of her existence? The French nation, so proud of its boasted goodness and urbanity, has, by this cruel act, cast upon its fair fame an eternal stigma, which, in the pages of its history, is written in indelible characters of blood.

MARY OF MEDICIS,

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

THE court of Fontainebleau was filled with huntsmen preparing their horses and hounds for the royal hunt. The sound of the horn vibrated in lengthened echoes through the forest. It was during the summer of 1599. The courtly nobles, impatient to commence the chase, but forced to appear actuated by no other will than that of their royal master, cast every now and then an inquiring glance towards the door of the Galerie aux Cerfs, where the King was in conference with Sully. On a sudden, a noise was heard proceeding from the gallery, as of persons in deep altercation, and the ready ears of the courtiers heard the following words pronounced by the King, in a tone of great anger—

"By the mass, sir, I believe you are mad!"

The looks of the assembled nobles evinced their secret joy. Sully, who never gave but to the necessitous and deserving, who never granted favours but to those worthy of them, was no favourite of the fawning courtiers who surrounded his master's throne.

An extraordinary scene had just taken place between Henry IV. and his minister. The King, at the very moment of mounting his horse for the hunt, as if he wished to put off to the last moment an avowal of which he secretly felt ashamed, had approached Sully, and putting a paper into his hand, desired him to peruse it attentively.

"Good God! sir," exclaimed Sully, after hastily reading it, "no great stretch of intellect is required to perceive that this is either a stupid joke or an act of madness;" and he immediately tore the paper to pieces.

"By the mass, sir," exclaimed Henry, "I believe you are mad!"

MARY DE MEDICIS,

Queen of France and Navarre.

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"Would to God I were the only madman in France!" replied the faithful minister, casting a look of devoted affection upon his master. The paper which had caused this altercation, was a promise made by the King to marry Mademoiselle d'Entragues in the course of the year.

When the King saw the paper written by himself, thus torn to pieces and strewed about on the floor, he fell into a violent rage, and stooping, picked up the fragments, in order to write another in the same terms, the form having been dictated to him. Sully in vain employed every argument that his devoted attachment to Henry could suggest; but the monarch, so feelingly alive at other times to the advice and even remonstrances of his friend and minister, was now so blinded by his passion that he refused to listen to any observations. Having picked up every morsel of the paper, he went into his closet, where M. de Lomenie gave him an inkstand, and he remained there a few minutes to write the promise over again. He then left the palace to join the chase, without speaking a word to him who dared to condemn this act of royal folly.

Sully was the true and tried friend of his King and country. He could not but foresee the danger of a marriage with a subject, at a moment when France stood in the greatest need of foreign alliance. Had the family from which Henry had chosen his intended consort been sufficiently powerful to have made it a matter of state policy to secure its adherence,—such as the house of Guise, for instance, Sully would not perhaps have thwarted his master's wishes. But there was real danger and even absurdity in elevating Mademoiselle d'Entragues to the throne of France.

When, after the death of the Duchess of Beaufort, Marguerite de Valois consented to a divorce from Henry, several alliances were proposed to the King, but not one pleased him.

"My good friend," he used to say to Sully, "I should like to find beauty, modesty, and virtue, united, in the woman of my choice, to great wealth and mental acquirements; but I am afraid no such woman exists. The Infanta of Spain, though

old and ugly, would suit me well enough, provided that with her I married the Netherlands. I will not marry a German princess—for a Queen of France, who was of that nation, nearly ruined the country. The sisters of Prince Maurice are Huguenots, and my choosing one of them would injure me with the court of Rome. The Duke of Florence has a very beautiful niece; but she is also of the same family as Queen Catharine, who has done so much injury to France and to myself personally;—I should be afraid of such an alliance. In my own dominions, there is my niece De Guise; she is of illustrious birth, elegant, and beautiful; a little coquettish, it is true, but mild, amiable, and witty. She would please me much; but I should fear her ambition, which would be directed towards the aggrandisement of her house and of her brothers. The eldest daughter of the house of Mayence, though very dark, would likewise please me; but she is too young. There is a daughter of the house of Luxemburg, another of the house of Guémenée; then there is my cousin De Rohan;—but she is a Huguenot, and the others do not please me."

Though Sully well knew that Henry's repugnance to the house of Florence was not without a cause, yet he anticipated great advantages from an alliance with Tuscany. He knew that the Princess Mary was extremely beautiful; and beauty exercised a sovereign sway over the King. He had portraits taken of Mary and the Infanta, and then showed them to Henry. The Duchess de Beaufort was still living at the time.

"Ha!" exclaimed the favourite, while she looked in all the consciousness of her own surpassing loveliness at the picture of the ugly and wrinkled Infanta, "I fear not this lady, but the Florentine alarms me."

After the King had left the gallery, without addressing a single word to Sully, the latter immediately set about negotiating a suitable marriage for his royal master. He wrote to Florence, and jointly with Dossat, accelerated the preliminaries. What was very extraordinary, the King not only made no

opposition, but even appointed the Constable and Sully his agents to confer upon the subject with Gioanni, whom the Grand Duke had sent to France for that purpose.

Sully, aware of the urgency of the case, and anxious to prevent what he termed his master's dishonour, carried on the negotiation with such celerity, that in the course of a few weeks everything was settled, and the articles drawn up and signed. Sully then undertook to inform the King of these proceedings. Henry was far from expecting so hasty a termination. When his minister came to him, he was occupied in fastening little silver bells to Mademoiselle d'Entragues' falcon. His anger against Sully had long since yielded to his friendship for him. On perceiving him he gaily exclaimed:

"Whence come you, friend Sully?"

"I come, sir, to make arrangements for your wedding!"

The King appeared thunderstruck. After a few minutes of silence, he rose and strode rapidly through the apartment, as was his custom when greatly agitated. He seemed under the influence of some overwhelming thought. Having at length recovered his composure, just like a man who has made up his mind to some serious event—

"Well," he exclaimed, striking his hands together, "so let it be then, as there is no remedy, and the good of my kingdom requires that I should marry."

Mary of Medicis, daughter of Francisco de Medicis and of Jane of Austria, was born on the 26th of April 1575. She was tall, beautifully formed, and had the most commanding appearance. Her mind was highly cultivated, her heart generous, expansive, and capable of great energy; but these brilliant qualities were obscured by defects which not only became the source of her own misfortunes, but also entailed the greatest calamities upon the French nation. She was presumptuous, rather than proud of her knowledge; vain, rather than proud of her lineage; and, above all, of an extremely obstinate temper. She was deficient in mildness, in that softness of manner which Henry was so desirous of finding in the partner of his throne.

The definitive treaty was signed at Florence on the 25th of April 1600, by Brulart de Sillery and M. d'Alincourt, who, until then, had been the King's agents at the court of Rome. The dowry of the Princess was six hundred thousand crowns, an immense quantity of jewels and precious stones, and beautifully-wrought and highly-ornamented furniture. The Grand Duke added to this rich portion a still more magnificent gift, which was a receipt in full for all the money which Henry IV. owed him. The King of France, unwilling to be outdone in generosity, settled a dowry upon the Princess of two hundred thousand crowns,—and Mary de Medicis died in the land of exile, eating the bread of charity!

Immediately after the signing of the articles, the Grand Duke paid to his daughter the honours due to the Queen of France. The magnificence of the house of Medicis was displayed on this occasion: the festivities were truly royal; one ballet alone, it is said, cost sixty thousand crowns. The young, lovely, and fascinating Mary was the chief ornament of the sumptuous banquet and the brilliant ball. A contemporary writer, and eye-witness, asserts, that on one occasion she wore a dress of carnation silk which cost upwards of two hundred thousand crowns. Her beautiful auburn hair was held together by more than a hundred bodkins of gold, each surmounted by some valuable precious stone, and thus composing a species of crown of the most dazzling brilliancy. During a whole month these rejoicings were kept up with the same sumptuous profusion.

The day after the contract was signed, M. d'Alincourt set out for France with the marriage contract and the Queen's picture. Henry, at the same time, sent M. de Frontenac to Florence, as the bearer of his first letter to Mary, and his portrait to the Grand Duke. De Frontenac was appointed first maitre-d'hotel to the Queen. Henry, at this time, was busily occupied in preparations for war against Savoy. Mary, in the meantime, applied herself to the study of the French language. At length, towards the close of the autumn, the King prepared to set out

for Lyons, and sent the Duke de Bellegarde, his grand equerry, to the Grand Duke Ferdinand, with his procuration to marry the Princess in his name.

The marriage ceremony was attended with festivities, the splendour of which surpassed even those that had taken place at the betrothing. Cardinal Aldobrandini, the Pope's legate, performed the nuptial ceremony in the great church of Florence; and, on the 13th of October, Mary left Florence for Leghorn, where she embarked, on the 17th, on board of a galley, beautiful gilt and ornamented with splendid and costly paintings. Sixteen vessels of the same description, though less magnificent, accompanied her. This pageant, which might almost be considered fabulous, calls to mind the celebrated voyage of Cleopatra down the river Cydnus.

Mary was received in all the towns of France through which she passed, with an enthusiasm proportionate to the love of the people for their king. At Lyons she waited more than a week for the King. On the 9th of December Henry reached the city at eleven o'clock at night, having travelled rapidly, with a considerable suite. The night was cold, and it rained very hard, "which did not prevent the King," says Sully, in his memoirs, "from keeping us an hour at the bridge of Lyons, because he would not be recognized. We were wet to the skin, and benumbed with cold; but the King wished to surprise the Queen, and forbade his name to be pronounced."

On entering the house in which the Queen resided, he was informed that the Queen was at supper. He then conceived the idea of seeing her without being observed, and entered the room where she was; but, in spite of his orders to be allowed to pass unnoticed, he was instantly recognized, and every one made way for him. He then withdrew, exclaiming,

"Faith, gentlemen, I did not think it was so difficult not to be a king!"

From the bustle in the apartment, Mary had perceived that something had taken place. She remained silent, but her blushes indicated that she had guessed the truth. She re-

mained but a short time at table, and, as soon as etiquette would allow, she withdrew to her chamber. Henry, who only waited for this, came to her door, and made the Duke de Bellegarde, his grand equerry, knock. The Duke made the Queen comprehend the object of his application, and the door was immediately opened. The Duke entered Mary's chamber, followed by the King, at whose feet the Queen cast herself. Henry immediately raised and warmly embraced her. He continued conversing with her some time with that winning grace he alone could give to words. He then asked her permission to retire to supper, and left her, delighted with him.

After supper, he sent a message to Madame de Nemours, the Queen's maid of honour, commanding her to present a request from him to her royal mistress, the substance of which was, that, there being no apartment provided for him, he begged the Queen would allow him to share hers. "To which the Queen replied," says the old chronicle, "that she had only come thither to please and obey his Majesty, in every respect, as his most humble servant."

Although the marriage had been perfectly ratified and solemnized, the King, nevertheless, according to Father Matthew, in his history of Henry IV., "wished his people to share in this great event, and that the rejoicings should be public; the ceremony was therefore repeated at the great altar of the church of St. John at Lyons, and the royal couple received the nuptial blessing from the Pope's legate."

The King, meanwhile, did not lose a single day in endeavouring to settle his differences with the Duke of Savoy. The treaty was already signed by the Pope's legate in the name of his Holiness, by Sully on the part of France, and by the Duke of Savoy himself; but the definitive ratification was continually delayed by the intrigues of Count of Fuentes, the Spanish minister. The King, at length, became vexed at being continually thwarted in a matter which he had treated with all the openness of his nature.

"He will not sign," said he to Sully; "well, be it so. But I can no longer await his will and pleasure. I must show my wife to the Parisians, who are clamorous in their wishes to see their Queen: I shall therefore set out, and you must accompany me."

The King left the Constable and M. Lesdeguiere on the frontiers, to be ready to act in case the Duke of Savoy should commence hostilities. Villeroy remained at Lyons with the other commissioners, to sign the treaty of peace, if the Duke thought proper to listen to reason, in accordance with his real interests; and one night, attended only by Bassompierre, Sully, and a few other courtiers, Henry IV. set out for Paris, where he arrived in a few days.

Meanwhile, the Queen had reached Nemours; and the King, taking sixty horses, went to fetch her, and brought her to Fontainebleau, where the royal couple remained six days, although it was only in the beginning of March. But, at this period, every place had attractions for Mary, who had not then yielded to the influence of jealousy.

The Queen had several Italians with her, two only of whom she could admit to her intimacy. One was Don Giovanni, a natural son of a member of the house of Medicis; the other was her cousin, a handsome youth named Virgilio degli Orsini, who having been brought up with her, had conceived a hope which could never be realized. This young Florentine loved his cousin, but his passion was not returned. This sort of attachment had nothing reprehensible at that period—it was styled, as in Spain, *galantear*, simple gallantry. A young nobleman, named Concino or Concini, and a young lady named Eleonora Galigai, had also accompanied the Queen to France. A few short years only were to elapse before these latter were both to undergo the most dreadful fate that hatred and cruelty could devise.

The municipal authorities of Paris were desirous of offering a magnificent entry to the Queen, but the King declined the pageant.

"We have other and more pressing wants," said he to the magistrates deputed to him; "the Queen my wife is not less grateful for your good intentions."

This, however, was not strictly true, and Henry himself was aware of it; for the Queen his wife was fond of pomp and pageantry, and in her taste for magnificence was a true scion of the house of Medicis. The King's command was however obeyed, and the Queen made an unostentatious entry. When she passed in her litter through the gate of the Faubourg St. Marcel, Sully, then Marquis de Rosny, fired a triple salute from the arsenal. The Queen proceeded along the exterior of the city to the hotel de Gondy in the Faubourg St. Germain. On the following day she went to the house of Zamel, who, it appears, enjoyed the honour of receiving all the wives of Henry IV. whether legitimate or not.

Next day Henry wished the Queen to dine with him at M. de Rosny's.

"He is my friend," said Henry to her; "you must love him for my sake."

"I will love him for his own sake," replied Mary, with a charming expression of countenance.

The Queen, accompanied by her Italian court, went next day to the arsenal, where Sully received her in the most sumptuous manner. The young Florentines, fond of gaiety and dissipation, were delighted with the cordiality of their reception. Henry himself appeared surprised at the lively and jovial manner of his habitually severe and grave minister. Sully, in his Memoirs, relates the events of the day in the following terms:

"Seeing that those lovely young women found my Arbois wine to their taste, I resolved to make them drink plentifully of it. I ordered the jugs to be filled, and when they asked for water to mingle with their wine, they were served with my Arbois wine. It was quite marvellous to see how they talked. The Queen, perceiving them in such high spirits, guessed that I had played them a trick."

Nothing in my opinion can be more singular than the contrast between this joyous scene and Sully's habitual gravity of demeanour.

The winter was spent in brilliant festivities. Henry wished to make the Queen happy, and thought to do so by lavishing upon her all those worldly pleasures, which soon satiate a heart already corroded by the canker-worm of jealousy. Mary was pregnant, and the King, who really loved her, paid her every attention that affection could devise; but after containing her feelings for some time, she gave them vent in bitter reproaches, which Henry was unable to brook, and the less so because he deserved them. The happiness of the royal couple was now at an end.

This year was, however, marked by an event which ought to have permanently reconciled the King and Queen. Mary gave birth to a son.

The court was then at Fontainebleau, it being the hunting-season. The King, eager to promote the Queen's enjoyments, varied each day the amusements offered to her. Sometimes he accompanied her to a hunt in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau, then to a fête champêtre, or to "The chaste and sincere loves of Theagenes and Chariclea," by Hardy the fertile. Sometimes a ballet would succeed the chase. When in the forest, the Queen was always in a litter, and every moment the King would come to her, squeezing her hand, and using the most affectionate language.

"My dear friend," he wrote to Sully, after the birth of his son, "do not bring any person hither upon business. We must not talk of business during the first week after the Queen's confinement; we shall have quite enough to do to amuse her."

The Queen was delivered of a son on Thursday, the 17th of September 1601. This event caused the most universal joy. Since the time of Francis II. there had been no Dauphin in France, and Henry was beloved by the whole nation. He was so elated that his joy seemed a perfect delirium. He

threw himself on his knees, shed tears, kissed the Queen's hands, then his son. Mary's labour had been long and painful; and the child was nearly exhausted when it came into the world. Henry invoked the blessings of Heaven upon its head, and putting his sword into its little hands, prayed with the utmost fervour that he might never draw that weapon but to defend the honour of his country.

"Come, my sweet friend," said he to Mary, "let us rejoice, for God has given us that which we so much desired."

He then ran, unattended, to the principal church of Fontainebleau. The crowd was so great that the King lost his hat; and what is very singular, he never perceived his loss.

A very remarkable fact is, that the Queen, wishing to have her son's nativity cast, not only did not find the King averse to it, but Henry, with his usual candour, owned that he desired it himself. Lariviere, first physician to the King, was ordered to do it. This man, taking advantage of his office of royal physician and astrologer, gave himself great airs, and refused for a time to speak, and when at last he was angrily commanded to do so, he complied with a very bad grace.

"At length," says Sully, "he did speak, but he spoke very ill. 'Your son,' said he to the Queen, 'will live the usual space of man's life, and will reign longer than his father, from whom he will differ in every respect, both in temper and disposition. He will follow his own caprices and opinions, and sometimes those of others. It is necessary now that I should say less than I think. All your cares will be frustrated,' said he, addressing the King; 'he will have descendants, it is true, but after him, things will go on worse and worse. This is all you shall know from me, and is more than I wished to say.'"

This prediction made the King very uneasy, according to Sully, who was himself a firm believer in astrology. With regard to the Queen, it was not astonishing that she placed faith in this pretended science, since it was generally believed in her own country.

In order to satisfy the Parisians, who expressed the greatest wish to see the Dauphin, the King had him carried through the streets of Paris in an open litter. The people appreciated this act of compliance with their wishes, and hailed the appearance of the infant heir with expressions of great joy. At the same time an infanta was born in Spain. She was destined to unite her fortune to that of Henry's son, who afterwards acquired the title of "the just:" a title most falsely applied to him, for he was one of the worst even among the wicked kings who have ruled France.

During the ensuing year, the famous conspiracy of Marshal Biron took place. I should not mention it here, but that it was the cause of the return to court of the Duke d'Epernon, and the beginning of his attachment to Mary. The Duke d'Epernon, fearing that his name might be coupled with this conspiracy, which extended all over France, voluntarily surrendered himself prisoner to the King, whose chivalrous nature was perfectly capable of comprehending so noble a proceeding. But the Duke's conduct made a deep impression upon the ardent mind of Mary. She thought a man capable of so noble an action not only proved his innocence, but gave the strongest evidence of a pure and lofty spirit. The Duke had that fascination of manner which characterised the dissolute but chivalrous court of Henry IV. He was endowed with every quality likely to attract and win the affections of a woman—more especially of a Queen. I do not mean to say that Mary ever forgot her duties as a wife; but the Duke exercised an unbounded influence over her. In return, he was sincerely and faithfully devoted to her, and proved it in every circumstance of his life.

Biron's conspiracy caused the ruin of many families. Nevertheless, the winter of 1602 was gay and brilliant. Each night, the windows of the Louvre, the great gallery of which was just finished, blazed with a thousand lights. The apartments were crowded with young and beautiful ladies, dressed in the most

splendid style of the day, and sparkling with diamonds and other precious gems. But in the midst of the most lovely of the courtly dames, among whom were the Princess de Conti, Madame de Mayenne, Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, Mademoiselle de Guise, and many others, blooming with youth and beauty, appeared Mary, more lovely than all, and with the lofty and dignified bearing befitting her high station. When she entered the throne-room, followed by a crowd of youthful beauties, Henry used to say to those near him—

"My wife, the Queen, is the most beautiful of them all."

At mid-lent, in the winter of 1602, a ballet was given for the entertainment of the Queen. It was of extraordinary splendour and magnificence. She herself played one of the principal characters, and her style of beauty, peculiarly adapted to the blaze of a well-lighted room, showed her charms to great advantage. This entertainment took place at the Arsenal, and the Queen so fascinated her husband by her beauty and grace, that his affection for her now became a passion. She had given a Dauphin to France; everything conspired to make her beloved, but her jealousy of the Marchioness de Verneuil had now assumed a character of bitter animosity, and it destroyed all her fair prospects of happiness. An incident which occurred a short time after, but which fortunately did not lead to the unhappy consequences which might have been expected from it, ultimately made these two women deadly foes.

The King and Queen were proceeding one day to St. Germain, accompanied by the Princess de Conti and the Duke de Montpensier. The cumbrous vehicle in which they travelled was overturned at the ferry near Neuilly. The King and the Duke de Montpensier jumped out through the carriage-door; but the Queen and the Princess de Conti narrowly escaped a watery grave. La Chategneraie, the Queen's equerry, dragged her out of the water by her hair, which fortunately was very long. The Marchioness de Verneuil, when speaking to the King of this accident, told him that she had felt much alarmed for his safety.

"But after all," added she laughing, "had I been present, I

should certainly, after you had been saved, have called out with much satisfaction, 'the Queen drinks.'"

Mary was informed of this joke, and felt greatly irritated. She complained bitterly to the King, who now plainly saw that he should never enjoy domestic happiness. The unmeasured terms in which the Queen continually expressed herself, rendered their quarrels long and violent, and they became so frequent, that even in the middle of the night Henry was often obliged to rise and retire to his own apartment, to seek a temporary relief from the ebullitions of Mary's anger.

Henry's life now became completely wretched. The Queen had given a second child to France, but these pledges, generally so binding, were here powerless. Sully plainly saw the ravages which domestic strife was making upon the noble features of his beloved master. At length the King came one day to the Arsenal, and taking Sully into the gallery of arms, the usual place selected for confidential conversation, he there unbosomed himself to the only man capable of sympathising in his distress. The Marchioness de Verneuil had become a perfect fury; and when the King left her to return to his wife, he found nothing but tears and violence. The Marchioness had never loved him. Haughty and ambitious, she had aspired only to the throne, and she now even entertained an aversion to Henry. By Mary, on the contrary, he was really beloved; but it was impossible to live in such continual strife.

Sully undertook to endeavour to pacify the Queen's jealousy, and render her more indulgent towards her royal husband. But what was his surprise, on learning from her, that she was informed of the King's most secret actions.

"I ask you, M. de Rosny," exclaimed the haughty Florentine, "whether it is proper that I should tolerate at my court a woman who pretends that she is the lawful Queen of France, and that I am the King's concubine—I, his legitimate wife, and the mother of his son?"

Mary paced the room with hurried steps while her eyes

flashed with contending passions. Sully, not understanding her meaning, begged an explanation.

"What!" she exclaimed, "do you not know?—This is impossible!"—and in a fury she called her favourite attendant, Eleonora Galigaï, and when the latter appeared, the Queen said a few words in Italian. Eleonora immediately brought a small box, from which Mary, drawing a paper, presented it to Sully, while her hand trembled with passion. He saw with astonishment thas it was an exact copy of the promise of marriage given by the King to Madame de Verneuil.

"It was in the very same year, nay, a few days before my hand was solicited, that this promise was written. It is an act," continued the Queen, shedding tears of rage and despair, "which would disgrace a nobleman, much more a King! No, this offence cannot be pardoned."

Sully remained silent;—he felt how culpable his master was.

"With regard to you, M. de Rosny, I do not accuse you of any participation in this scandalous transaction: I know you endeavoured to oppose it. But since the King has deputed you to point out my faults to me, tell him, that, far from repenting, I demand that the original of this promise be given to me in the course of two days, otherwise . . . . ."

The Queen then motioned to M. de Sully and to her confidant to withdraw. The unhappy wife, overcome by her feelings, wished to relieve herself by tears.

Sully could not but own that this time at least the Queen was right, and Henry himself acknowledged it. He instantly repaired to the Marchioness de Verneuil, and demanded, in a tone that showed he would be obeyed, the restitution of the promise of marriage.

But the despair and anger of Mary were nothing compared to the fury of the Marchioness when Henry intimated his desire to have the promise returned. She unhesitatingly told him that he might seek it elsewhere.

"But, Henriette," said the King, containing himself, "do

you forget that this paper is of no farther value now; what do you intend to do with it?"

"To keep it as a proof that you are a man without honour, and without faith," the Marchioness replied.

"Indeed! And you, Madam," rejoined the King, "what name do you give to the share which you and your relatives have taken in the conspiracies against my life? If, from regard for you, I annulled the sentence of death pronounced against your brother, the Count d'Entragues, can you not give me back a promise which is now of no value?"

"And if such be not my will?"

"I will compel you to do it."

The Marchioness smiled contemptuously.

"Indeed!" said she; "I am very glad, however, that our connexion is at an end; for now that you are old, you have become suspicious and tiresome. I am glad that I am at last free."

She then proceeded to speak of the Queen in such terms that the King forgot himself, and was about to strike her; but quitting her abruptly, he returned to the Louvre, where, however, another storm awaited him. When the Queen learned that he had not been able to make the Marchioness obey him, her tears and ravings knew no bounds. The King, fairly worn out by such quarrels, at length went to the Arsenal to seek a momentary consolation from Sully, to whom he confided the tale of his misery, and owned the weakness he was still guilty of; for his passion for the Marchioness remained unabated. He soon forgot her conduct, and only dwelt upon the charms of her conversation and the fascination of her manners, contrasting them with the haughty, unbending behaviour of the Queen.

"I find," said he, "in my wife's society, no charm—no amusement. She will not accommodate herself to my temper. When I return home and wish to converse familiarly, her cold repulsive manners force me to leave her and seek consolation elsewhere. My poor cousin, De Guise, is my only solace; she tells me of my faults without reserve, but with such grace and

good humour, that I cannot feel angry with her, and she always ends by making me laugh with her."

I have extracted these expressions from Sully's Memoirs, in order to show that Mary owed her misfortunes to herself. Had she acted otherwise, she alone might have been the object of Henry's love.

The quarrels of the King and Queen became at length so frequent and so distressing, that the health of the former was affected. Mary went so far as to take her meals alone in her own apartment, and even threatened to return to Florence. Sully then advised his master to adopt the only course he could follow, namely, to assume the mastery, and prevent the Queen from giving way in public to her passion; also to punish severely those who poisoned her mind with bad advise, and fed her jealousy. Galigaï and her husband were especially designated. But Henry shook his head, and replied, that he never could adopt rigorous measures against a person with whom he constantly lived, especially when that person was his wife. Sully now perceived that there was no chance of domestic happiness for his master. Nevertheless he went to the Queen, and prevailed upon her to live upon more friendly terms with the King. He thus succeeded in again producing, for a time, tranquillity in the royal household. But this kind of truce did not last long. Mary was insatiable in her demands for money; and new taxes were levied upon the people. At length the King's treasury being exhausted, Mary met with a refusal to one of her demands for money. On hearing this she exclaimed in a fury—

"What! shall it be said that the daughter of the Grand Duke of Florence, who brought a dower of six hundred thousand crowns, and the value of several millions in diamonds, is reduced to want what is necessary? I shall know how to force them to give me the money I require."

Next day the crown jewels of the Queen of France were pledged for a considerable sum. None of Mary's own jewels were thus disposed of. It was, however, necessary to redeem these jewels with funds from the royal treasury. The domestic harmony of the

King and Queen was thus again disturbed, and the Marchioness de Verneuil, on hearing of this circumstance, used every method which her fertile imagination could devise, to bring Henry back to her, in order that she might again triumph over her detested rival. She spread the report that she was about to be married to a man she loved; and then with that talent for intrigue which formed the basis of her character, she found friends who, with pretended scruples of conscience, took into consideration the promise of marriage given to her by the King, and actually went so far as to publish her banns with him. This last fact would be scarcely credited if not substantiated by testimony which it is impossible not to believe. In short, all this plotting and contriving of the Marchioness ended in her attaining her object: the King returned to her more enamoured than ever, and the mistress again triumphed over the wife.

Quarrels between the King and Queen again became as before of almost daily occurrence. Her Italian spies having one day informed her that Henry had been to Verneuil a short time previously, when he had told Mary that he was going to Fontainebleau, the Queen violently upbraided him. The King had been bled the day before, and the agitation produced by this quarrel caused the vein to open again. He answered with some bitterness, and Mary, unable to contain herself, rushed upon him with uplifted arm. Sully, who was present, fortunately placed himself between the royal pair, and arrested the intended blow. It was thus that the four first years of Henry's marriage were spent. His love for Madame de Verneuil increased every day, and Mary's jealousy became at length a passion which absorbed every better feeling. Henry committed, indeed, another fault, which nearly drove the Queen to desperation.

Marshal Biron's conspiracy had caused the blood of some of the first families of the provinces to flow upon the scaffold. Some, however, escaped, others were pardoned and again conspired against Henry: among the latter was the Count d'Auvergne, natural son of Charles IX. He was arrested. Several persons of quality were implicated. At the head of them was

the Count d'Entragues and his sister the Marchioness de Verneuil. The Queen on hearing of this lady's arrest uttered a cry of joy; but did she not know that a devoted lover forgives everything except infidelity, and that no other crime, however heinous, can induce him to destroy the object of a deep passion? The Marchioness was pardoned.

When she was arrested, she exclaimed: "I am indifferent about dying, or rather, I should prefer suffering death; for if the King went to that extremity, it would be said that he had sacrificed his wife—for I am the real Queen. I have only three things to ask of his Majesty: a pardon for my father—a halter for my brother—and justice for myself; for if justice were done to me, I should be at the Louvre instead of that banker's daughter?"

The King saw the Marchioness, who allowed him to kiss her hand, and condescended to accept her pardon. This monarch, so great, so glorious as a sovereign, became once more the slave of a woman who did not even reward him with her affection.

The court of Henry IV was certainly very singularly composed, and it is not astonishing that Mary of Medicis could not approve of all she saw. The principal personages were favourite mistresses, natural children acknowledged and rendered legitimate, and a first Queen of France, who, in 1605, came from her place of retirement, as if to disprove the assertion of the Marchioness, by saying, "I alone am Queen of France and Navarre."

When Margaret of Valois came to Paris, it was feared that Mary of Medicis would receive her ill; but Mary was amiable and courteous to Henry's former wife, reserving all the hatred her heart was capable of for the Marchioness de Verneuil. She even begged the King to show Margaret every attention, and treated her in every respect as a sister.

Notwithstanding her love of show and parade, Mary had a species of avarice which most sovereigns possess, but which she carried to excess. She would give orders upon her private trea-

sury without considering the amount, and she kept for herself the purse of gold counters which it was customary for the Minister of Finance to give to the Dauphin, or rather to his governess, Madame de Monglas, on New-Year's-day.

The Queen, far advanced in her pregnancy, was asleep in her bedchamber, which was filled with courtiers, according to the custom of the times. Henry gently awoke her, and bidding the courtiers retire, said in his usual joyous manner—

"Come, awake, my sweet sleeper; kiss me, and no more scolding. It would hurt you in your present state, and you know it will be a boy. Now, be good, and let New-Year's-day be celebrated by a good and earnest promise of always living amicably together."

The Queen promised everything, but according to her usual custom, turned the auspicious day into one of strife and bickering. She told Henry that she also must have her New-Year's present.

"By heavens! you shall have it love—what is it?"

The Queen leaned towards him, and in her most winning manner, replied: "The dismissal of the Marchioness de Verneuil."

The King rushed from the bed on which he was sitting.

"Why, how now!" exclaimed he with an oath, "are you singing always the same song. Do you know but one tune?"

Henry quitted the chamber, and during three days did not speak to the Queen.

Mary was delivered on the 10th of February 1606. The astrologers, whose predictions were at that time generally believed, had foretold that the Queen's life would be in much danger, and that she would have a son. But she was delivered of a daughter, and not the slightest accident occurred during her labour that could affect her health. This circumstance made the Queen grieve bitterly, for she passionately desired a son.

"Come," said Henry, in his usual light-hearted manner, "let us console ourselves; if our daughter does not obtain an establishment, she will not be the only one. Besides, if your mo-

ther had given birth to sons only, you would not now be Queen of France."

During this year, 1606, the quarrels of the royal couple became more and more violent. Henry proposed that Sully should be umpire in their dissensions; but Mary refused, much to the minister's satisfaction.

But what alarmed this faithful friend of his King was the new course that Mary had adopted. Without any talent for state affairs, the Queen took it into her head to be a politician. She supported with all her might the politics of Spain. The King took her with him on the expedition to Sedan, and there she sided with the Duke of Bouillon. She was very near becoming the protectress of Duplessis Mornay, who, at the time of the expedition, which he endeavoured to thwart, had formed the plan of a Calvinistic republic. All these follies deeply affected the King, who was informed of everything, and would have separated from her, but that he dearly loved his children, and she was their mother. When his son Gaston was born, the tie between him and Mary became riveted for ever. He carried his compliance with all her wishes so far, that at her request, when her sister the Duchess of Mantua came to stand godmother to the Dauphin, he gave her precedence before the princes and nobles of France, which greatly offended the latter. At the ceremony of the baptism, Mary appeared in all her splendour as Queen of France, as if there had been no king. It was so arranged in order to satisfy her taste for pomp and pageantry.

The Queen was sparkling with precious gems. The christening took place at Fontainebleau, because in that year a contagious disorder raged at Paris; and as the chapels of the palace were too small, the court of the tower was spread with the most costly carpets, and the ceremony performed there. Cardinal de Joyeuse, who was then the Pope's Legate, represented his holiness, as godfather to the royal babe. An extraordinary occurrence was the appearance of Margaret de Valois. A repudiated queen ought never to appear at a court from which she has been banished.

In the month of April 1608, Mary gave birth to a second son, who afterwards took the title of Duke of Orleans. She was then at Fontainebleau, where the King constantly resided. He was attached to the Countess Moret, whom he had settled in a house in the neighbourhood. The Queen was soon apprised of this new amour, and again the domestic strife was resumed with more bitterness than ever. Her temper now become so morose that she herself felt how much she rendered her own life and that of her husband unhappy. She saw the effect her jealousy produced upon Henry, whom she tenderly loved, and that she was making herself hated by the man she almost idolized.

"When I see him leave me," said she to her confidant, Galigaï, "with such an expression of indifference, and bid me farewell with such coldness to go to those hunting-parties, which are nothing but pretences to hide some base intrigue, I feel my heart ready to burst with grief. My sufferings are greater than death itself."

At length these domestic differences rose to such a height, that one day Henry abruptly quitted the Queen's apartment, vowing he would never enter it again. He went to the Arsenal and found some consolation in stating his grievances to Sully. The latter, perceiving the unhappy state of the King's feelings, attempted not to soothe him, but allowed him to give way to his sorrow freely, determined, after his departure, to see the Queen.

On reaching the Louvre, he found the royal apartments deserted. Mary was in her closet, and had given strict orders not to be disturbed by any one. But Sully was never included in these orders, and Eleonora Galigaï having informed the Queen of his presence, he was immediately admitted. He found Mary in a state bordering on frenzy, but thanking him for his visit she said—

"You come to see a wretched woman. I am, indeed, very unhappy. It is doubly fortunate that you are come, for I was writing to the King, and will show you my letter."

This epistle was couched in terms of bitterness. Sully, foreseeing the effect it would produce upon the King's mind, said with his usual candour—

"Does your Majesty, then, wish to return to Florence?"

The Queen looked stedfastly at him; she did not appear to understand his meaning.

"To Florence!" she at length replied; "do you think he would send me thither?"

"I am confident he would."

The Queen turned pale, and fell into a profound reverie. At length she said in a mild tone—

"M. de Sully, I will write another letter—will you dictate it?"

But when Mary took up her pen to write, she stopped, and mentioned to the Duke a circumstance which surprised him so much that he appeared quite confounded.

"Do you know," said she, "that I must inform the King of a circumstance I have hitherto kept from him. Several noblemen of the court have frequently addressed me in the language of love; every one does not see me with the same eyes as the King."

Sully could scarcely conceive that he had heard correctly; but the Queen having repeated her words, he exclaimed—

"Inform the King of that circumstance, Madam!—you surely do not intend to do so?"

"Why not?"

"Because, Madam, the King will believe that there is not a man in France who would dare to raise his thoughts to his Queen, if she had not cast hers upon him."

"Monsieur le Duke!" exclaimed Mary, rising with anger.

The faithful minister remained unabashed beneath the fiery glance of the imperious but innocent princess.

"I did not say," continued Sully, "that your Majesty had encouraged any one of these insolent courtiers who have dared to insult you: I have only stated what the King will think on reading such a letter."

Mary reseated herself, and taking her pen, desired Sully

to dictate what he pleased. The idea of returning to Florence greatly alarmed her.

As it generally happens when a person writes in the name of another, Sully dictated a trivial and unmeaning letter, to which Mary added a postscript, containing a mild expostulation relative to the Marchioness de Verneuil, and asking for her dismissal.

The King was exceedingly vexed with this letter, and the following day wrote to Sully as follows:

"I have received, my dear friend, a most impertinent letter from my wife—pray endeavour to discover the author of it, for I am convinced she did not write it herself. Whoever he may be, I will never see him again."

Although Sully was certain of his master's favour, this circumstance caused him much uneasiness, and he secretly cursed all lovers and jealous wives. Nevertheless, Henry, to whom he immediately owned that he was the author of the letter, freely forgave him, and soon forgot the circumstance.

One day the King came early to the Arsenal; he appeared thoughtful and agitated.

"My friend," said he to the Duke, "I wish to speak to you."

"Is it upon business of importance that your Majesty desires to confer with me?—for I have much to attend to; and as it is for your Majesty's service——"

"Of importance!" interrupted the King, striding through the apartment with hurried steps—"Yes, of the greatest importance. My dear friend, those two women will drive me mad; you must settle the business between them."

Sully followed the King to the gallery of arms.

"My friend," resumed the King, "you must absolutely get my wife to send away those Concini: tell her, as from yourself, that if she desires to satisfy me, she must obey me in this respect. Nothing can be more annoying to me than the influence which she has allowed those people to acquire over her. I have often reproached myself with not having followed the advice of the Duchess her mother, of Don Gio-

vanni her uncle, and my own opinion, and sent all those Italians back from Marseilles. Since Don Giovanni took upon himself to tell her so, you have witnessed her anger against him: she has at length forced him to leave France. His departure caused her the greatest pleasure on account of Concini, who was frightened to death lest Don Giovanni should poniard him, which would certainly have been the case. The Marchioness de Verneuil, in the hope of coming to the Louvre, has proposed several plans to me, such as to make Leonora marry Concini, by which means they might be sent away together to their own country, there to enjoy the great wealth they have amassed in France. But all this has tended to render the Queen more wary; and those people have become so arrogant and insolent, that they have even uttered threats against my person, if I dare to attack their adherents."

The King continued, in his anger, to relate all that Concini had done, and was still effecting, by his intrigues.

"I have been told," he said, "that this man, obscure and unknown, has behaved disrespectfully to your wife—that he has been to your house—and that, fearing to hurt the Queen's feelings, you have remained silent. Is this true, Rosny?"

"I behaved thus, Sir, on your account," answered Sully, casting a look of affectionate respect on his master: "since you have been unwilling to act as master, and yourself send all these Italians beyond the mountains, such conduct must be pursued, in order not to be driven to the extremity of fighting in the streets of Paris, as they did at Florence during the time of the Gibellines and the Guelfs."

"Ah!" exclaimed Henry, following the course of his own thoughts, "how vexed I was when I saw that man, that Italian, at the tilting-match at the Porte St. Antoine, tilt against the most noble, the most illustrious men of France, in presence of the Queen and of all the ladies of my court. I cannot express how angry I was when I saw him conquer my young and valiant nobles. You, my friend, must send

away these people; I shall esteem that service greater than if you had taken the Castle of Milan with your artillery. Something tells me that this man and woman will one day bring great misfortunes upon France."

" And now," continued the King, rather hesitatingly, " we must talk of the Marchioness. You must tell her, my good friend, that she is on the point of losing my favour. Others are endeavouring to win me, and if that were to succeed, she would be immured in a convent, and separated from her children. I am persuaded she no longer loves me; I know that she dares to speak of me with contempt, and prefers others to me. Besides, I also know that she seeks protection from the house of Lorraine. Her familiarity with Messieurs de Guise and de Joinville is particularly displeasing to me. Tell her, in short, that the principal cause of my displeasure is her scandalous conduct towards the Queen."

The King's complaints afterwards led to many reflections upon the events that shortly followed. Sully could not but approve of Henry's resolution to be obeyed, but he also plainly saw the impossibility of succeeding, from the very fact of his commands being transmitted by another person. The Concini would clearly perceive that they were feared, since it was not deemed prudent to attack them openly. Sully, therefore, only partially succeeded in restoring momentary peace to his master's mind.

The longest calm that Henry enjoyed was immediately after the birth of Gaston of France, which event took place at Fontainebleau, on the 26th of April 1608. This birth gave the King great delight, and he evinced such affection for the Queen, that her heart was touched, and she seemed at length anxious to make him happy. Mary at this time found an unexpected cause for joy and satisfaction. The Marchioness de Verneuil became deeply enamoured of the young Prince of Joinville. He paid her his addresses, and the fair Marchioness looked forward to marrying the Prince; but the latter, suddenly and without any apparent motive, withdrew his suit. The real motive,

however, was his love for Madame de Villars, who was indeed the most lovely and witty, and, at the same time, the most virtuous lady of the court. This infidelity did not affect the Marchioness so much as the circumstance that her being forsaken was publicly known; but the most unfortunate part of the business was yet to come.

At this period it was fashionable among young men of rank to offer some sacrifice to their mistresses. Madame de Villars demanded of her lover the letters of the Marchioness de Verneuil, to whom she bore the most inveterate hatred. The moment she was in possession of these documents, she showed them to the King. Henry was indignant at this proof of perfidy in his fair mistress, and instantly flew to his friend Sully at the Arsenal, to relate what had passed, adding a number of anecdotes which Sully knew better than himself. Had he then urged his master to get rid, once for all, of the Marchioness, Henry would no doubt have gained domestic happiness; but Sully endeavoured only to pacify the King.

"But, Sir," said he, "you surely will not condemn the Marchioness unheard?"

"If I listen to her," replied Henry, "she will certainly prove to me that I am in the wrong. Nevertheless, I will see her, and show her the proofs of her perfidy."

The Marchioness de Verneuil was too much accustomed to such quarrels to be alarmed at the King's anger. She maintained that the letters were forged, and that the Prince of Joinville had only wished to perform an act of vengeance. She appealed to Henry himself—was he not aware of the character of the Guises? In short, Henry, who had not anticipated the sort of defence she would make, left her, not only appeased, but more deeply enamoured than ever.

Notwithstanding the turn which this affair had taken, Mary was satisfied: her rival had been humbled, and that was all she could expect. Besides, for a few months past, the Queen appeared to take more interest in state affairs; she conversed more frequently with the ministers. Father Cotton, a Jesuit,

and Henry's confessor, seemed more especially the object of her predilection. A Jesuit, at all times, is desirous of enjoying the confidence of a Queen, and a sort of *religious intimacy* soon took place between Mary and Father Cotton, which might no doubt have proved beneficial in any other place but Henry's court.

At this period, the King's whole attention was directed towards eradicating in France, and especially at his court, that policy to which the Concini had been gained over by Spanish gold. He endeavoured to make the Queen adopt his views. He was also desirous of attaching the Protestants to France, and Mary clearly announced that she would persecute them as Queen Catherine had done.

But the current news of the day ought to have made Mary shudder at the very name of Spain. Numerous reports of conspiracies against the King were prevalent at Paris, and it was generally believed that the prolonged stay of Don Pedro of Toledo was connected with some dark plot. A general uneasiness seemed to pervade the whole community. The court itself was changed, and it was evident that even the council was swayed by foreign influence. Everything bore a sombre aspect, and seemed to indicate that some great misfortune was at hand. But the most striking change was in the King. Henry, naturally lively, frank, and open, became morose and silent, continually seeking solitude; and when, in his conversations with Sully, he unbosomed himself, it was only to talk of his approaching death.

Sully, however, was not long in ascertaining the true cause of the King's despondency: it was love which caused the disorder that seemed to threaten Henry's life. Mademoiselle de Montmorency was the object of this new passion, and when she learned it, she said to Sully:

"You see, it is not my fault if peace is not an inmate of this palace."

Concini, Vinto, Guoi, and Gioanini, excited the Queen by their perfidious counsels. Aided by the gold of Spain, they

spread the greatest distress throughout the country whose treasure they were consuming. At first they cautiously and stealthily proceeded, but as they gathered strength, they gradually became bolder, and at length, like the serpent, they closed upon their prey when they had decoyed it within their folds. History has nevertheless proclaimed that Mary was ignorant of all these proceedings.

Henry, notwithstanding his undaunted courage, was strongly tainted with the superstition of his age. The numerous predictions, under every form, and in every language, which Spain had caused to be spread, announcing his death at fifty-eight years of age, made him involuntarily tremble at the fate which seemed to hang over him. The judgment of Providence ready to be executed appeared to haunt him everywhere, and he often mentioned this agonized state of mind to Sully, who plainly saw and deplored his master's wretchedness.

There was a woman named Pasithée, who had long dwelt in France, but was then in Spain, and corresponded regularly with the Queen. This creature had induced the Queen to insist upon the ceremony of coronation. Since that demand Henry had no peace until he promised it should take place, although he was about to engage in a war, and it appeared not only useless, but even injudicious.

"I have no inclination to have the ceremony performed," said Henry to his faithful minister, "and if my wife persists in her demand, as likewise in her wish for the return of that enthusiast, we shall surely quarrel."

But Mary still persisted, and at each refusal, a paroxysm of jealous fury, directed against the young Princess of Montmorency, proclaimed the discord that reigned at the Louvre. Meanwhile, she gave another proof of her obstinacy, by obtaining for the Duke d'Epernon, her attendant and favourite, the entrée of the palace in his carriage, under pretence of gout; and also the privilege of being carried by his own servants to the Queen's apartments, where he used to play at cards with her at all hours of the day. His advice was as dangerous to Henry as that of the

Florentines, and had he been so inclined, he might no doubt have prevented every thing that occurred.

It was then that the famous affair of the Prince of Condé took place. Two thousand crowns given by the King for the wedding suit, diamonds to the value of eighteen hundred livres, the most costly plate,—all this was strong evidence to the nation of the passion entertained by the King for the bride. The Prince of Condé and the Queen made so much stir at court that the King became offended. The Queen's anger knew no bounds, and the Prince loudly talked of vengeance.

On the 30th November 1609, the King was playing at cards at the Louvre with Marshal Bassompierre, D'Elbève, and a few others, when intelligence was brought that the Prince of Condé had just fled on horseback, taking his wife with him. The King said to Bassompierre in a low and faltering voice:

"Bassompierre, I am a lost man. Condé has taken his wife with him for the purpose either of murdering her in a wood, or of conveying her out of France—take care of my money, I must go and obtain farther particulars."

Henry then left the apartment. A few minutes after, he commanded the Marquis of Praslin to fetch Sully. It was then midnight. When Sully arrived he found the King in the Queen's chamber pacing up and down in silent agitation. M. de Sellery, M. de Villeroy, M. de Gêvres, M. de la Force, Lavarenne, and some other noblemen, were present; all were standing against the wall and scarcely even dared to whisper to each other.

"Well," said the King to Sully, with a short and tremulous accent, "he is gone, and has taken all with him!—Well, what say you?"

"That your Majesty cannot be surprised at it."

"I knew you would say that; but what is to be done?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"What do you mean by nothing?" cried the King, angrily.

"Sir, there are diseases the only remedy for which is quiet, and this is one of them."

"No, no," said the King, with a singular expression, "I will have satisfaction of the petty prince who shall dare to give an asylum to one of my fugitive subjects, who is at the same time first prince of the blood royal of France. Praslin shall set out instantly for Brussels, shall he not?" continued Henry, taking the Queen's hand.

"Yes, certainly," replied the Queen, who could scarcely conceal the joy she experienced under an expression of pity which she endeavoured to assume.

Mary had adopted the plan of dissembling with the King, an advice given to her by the Duke d'Epernon, and which had produced this apparent reconciliation. Leonora Galigaï, on the contrary, always instigated the Queen to open and violent measures; but the Duke, with more sagacity and prudence, calculated the chances of future success.

The Marquis de Praslin repaired to Brussels, and the Archduke replied by appealing to the law of nations, which he no doubt would have been the first to violate had it suited his purpose. Henry then determined to carry off the Princess of Condé, and the Marquis de Coeuvres was sent to Brussels for this purpose. But the Queen, who had lately gained Henry's confidence by appearing to sympathize with him on this occasion, sent a courier to the Marquis of Spinola at Brussels, who immediately placed the Princess in the Archduke's palace. The plan thus failed, and the negotiations with the Archduke were resumed with increased activity. Henry was at that time preparing for war, and it has been asserted that his real object was to deliver the Princess. But this is not true: Henry had a higher aim, though it is possible his passion for the Princess accelerated his departure.

At this juncture, Mary, instigated by her wily counsellors, and prompted by her own ambition, became more and more urgent in her entreaties to be crowned Queen of France, and declared regent during the King's absence. Henry, at length, overcome by her repeated solicitations, granted both requests. The unbounded joy which she felt was marked by such a display

of love and affection towards her husband, that it is impossible to conceive she could have had any part in the frightful murder perpetrated soon after.

The King now took the necessary measures for his departure, and at the same time settled the mode of government during his absence. The Queen was declared Regent, but could conclude no act without the co-operation of her council, composed of sixteen members. These were Cardinal de Joyeuse, du Perron, the Dukes of Mayenne and Montbazan, Marshals Brissac and Fernacques, Messrs. Chateauneuf, de Harlay, de Nicolaï, de Chateauvieux, de Liancourt, de Gêvres, de Meaupeau, de Pont-Carré, and two others. The powers of this council were also very limited.

Meanwhile, preparations for the ceremony were carried on with great activity at St. Denis. The Queen, blinded by the excess of her joy, did not perceive the extraordinary melancholy of the King; but it did not escape the affectionate solicitude of Sully. Henry being pressed by this faithful minister to declare its cause, owned that the secret terror he felt had its origin in the prediction that he should die at the first public festivity. Independently of this prediction, made to the King himself, accounts were received from all quarters of conspiracies against his life. A week before he was murdered, a courier passing through Liege for Germany, announced that he was the bearer of the intelligence of Henry's death. A letter was found upon the altar of the high church of Montargis, in which it was said, "that at length the King was to die." And every one, even the friends of the intended victim, remained silent and inactive! It is impossible to account for this seeming indifference to the safety of a monarch beloved, nay, adored by his subjects.

But the most extraordinary thing was the presentiment which continually haunted the King himself. It pursued him even during his sleep; and this intrepid and undaunted warrior trembled at the unknown hand raised against his life. All the memoirs of the day mention the King's repugnance to the

Queen's coronation. On the 10th of May he repaired to the Arsenal, and seating himself upon his favourite low chair, remained some time without speaking.

"How I dread this coronation," said he at length. "I know not how it is, but something tells me I shall meet with an accident." Then rising in the greatest agitation, he exclaimed: "I shall die in this city! I shall never leave it. —THEY WILL KILL ME. Ah! cursed coronation, thou wilt cause my death!"

"Good God! Sir," said Sully, "if the thought of this business torments you, break it off. If such is your wish, it shall be quickly done. The war—your intended departure;—say but the word, and the coronation—everything in short shall be put off."

"Yes," said Henry, "let me hear no more of the coronation. I shall at least feel my mind easy."

"Well, then," returned Sully, "I will send to St. Denis to put a stop to the preparations."

"Good; but," added the King with a sort of hesitation, "my wife is singularly bent upon this coronation. She must herself be made to feel the necessity of our determination."

Sully repaired to the Louvre, but at the first word upon the subject, the Queen rose from her chair, and haughtily asked if it was really the King who had thus retracted his word; "and nothing," says Sully, "could induce her to consent to the coronation not taking place." The minister's entreaties lasted THREE ENTIRE DAYS. Henry, on learning the ill-success of his mission said:

"Well! let us hear no more of it. God's will be done!"

At length the ceremony of the coronation took place in the church of St. Denis. The pomp displayed upon this occasion surpassed everything hitherto seen even in France, where the magnificence and splendour of public festivals were carried to an extent unknown in other countries. The Queen, covered with diamonds, and habited in the mantle of royalty, appeared more beautiful than ever. Her stately person struck every one with feelings of reverential love; and the King himself, who

witnessed the ceremony from one of the galleries, said, that he had never seen any one so beautiful as the Queen his wife.

Cardinal de Joyeuse officiated. Every thing went off admirably, and when Henry returned to the Louvre, his dismal forebodings had left him. His attentions to the Queen were most affectionate, and he repeatedly declared to her, that if she were not his wife, he would give all he possessed to gain her love.

During the succeeding night, Henry was suddenly awakened by the Queen who was violently sobbing. On inquiring the cause of her grief, she told him, still trembling from the effects of her dream, that she thought that as they were descending the staircase she heard a scream, and on rushing forward, found that Henry had just been stabbed by an assassin.

"God be praised!" exclaimed the King, "it is only a dream."

This incident was sufficient to renew the terrors which haunted the King's mind, and which the splendour of the recent ceremony, and the return of peace to his domestic circle, had momentarily banished from his thoughts. He now involuntarily recollected what others had also remarked: that Mary's shield, instead of being argent according to the arms of the house of Medicis, had been painted, through ignorance, of a "chesnut colour, a sign of widowhood;" and that instead of palms, the painter had surrounded it with "Franciscan girdles entwined, another sign of widowhood."

On the Friday morning Henry rose early, and his forebodings seemed to distress him more than ever. The Queen entreated him not to go out that day. M. de Vendome, who entered at this moment, added his entreaties to those of Mary. But Henry seemed anxious to conquer his gloomy anticipations.

"Come, come," said he gaily, "you have been consulting the almanack, or else you have seen that foolish old cousin of mine, De Soissons. I tell you he is an old fool, and young as you are, you are scarcely wiser. Let us talk no more nonsense,

but go and offer up our thanksgivings for the events of yesterday."

He went to hear mass at the Feuillants, where the monster Ravaillac was waiting for him, and would undoubtedly then have executed his dreadful project, had not M. de Vendome, on entering the church, placed himself by the King's side.

Henry returned to the Louvre, and after dinner endeavoured to seek some repose; but sleep had fled from him, and on inquiring the hour, he was told it was four o'clock. He then ordered his carriage, intending to go to the Arsenal, where Sully was confined by illness. Ravaillac was at the bottom of the great staircase, and hearing the King give his orders, said in a low voice:

"I have thee now. Thou art indeed lost."

As the King was getting into his carriage, M. de Vetry begged permission either to accompany him, or to give him his guards; but Henry refused both. He asked the day of the month. One servant replied the 13th, another said the 14th. The King smiled sorrowfully:

"Between the 13th and the 14th!" he muttered, and immediately gave orders to proceed.

Sully was expecting the King at the Arsenal, when he heard the Duchess his wife utter a piercing shriek, and exclaim:

"The King has been murdered!"

It was indeed but too true. The country had lost its father.

The Queen was in her closet when she received the dreadful tidings. She rushed out in despair, and meeting the chancellor who was coming to her, she cried:

"Ah, sir, the King is dead!"

"Your Majesty will pardon me," replied the chancellor; "in France the King never dies."

The Duke d'Epernon, that haughty favourite of Henry III, who still wished to command under another reign, now approached the Queen. He no longer appeared an infirm man who could scarcely move without assistance: he had now dis-

carded his infirmities, assumed merely to deceive the penetrating eyes which surrounded and observed him.

"Madam," said he to the Queen, in a haughty and commanding tone, "banish all uneasiness — you are regent." And taking with him two hundred noblemen, and a whole company of the regiment of the guards, he repaired to the Petits Augustins, where the parliament had assembled in haste, and forced it to ratify the Queen's regency; thereby recognising the right of that body to nominate a regent, whilst in fact such right can belong only to the States General representing the nation. The parliament declared Mary ABSOLUTE REGENT, without a council of regency; and on the following day she went "to the parliament with her son, to have the decree acknowledged and confirmed."

Though Mary of Medicis was acknowledged regent, she was not sovereign of the kingdom. She surrounded herself with men odious to the nation, and not only removed Sully from all participation in public affairs, but even took no pains to disguise the hatred she bore him. She now committed every error that could tend to the misery of France and to her own destruction.

Wholly wrapped up in the Concini, she allowed them to do what they pleased, and their cupidity was boundless. The Duke d'Epernon, nurtured in sedition, brought disorder and confusion into the state; and in the course of a few months, Mary lavished upon her rival favourites and creatures the riches which the prudence and skill of Sully had amassed for the benefit of the nation. France was very soon taught that the prosperity and glory of a country may depend upon the virtues of one man.

This became evident during the first year after the death of Henry; and at a later period of French history, in 1815, the same thing was proved. The princes who had been protected by Henry IV were slighted; the kingdom was torn by civil dissension and religious factions, and France declined in power. The country was again laid waste by revolted troops headed by haughty and discontented nobles.

Mary's capacity was not of a nature to qualify her for government, especially at such a turbulent period. She gave herself up entirely to the councils of Concini and his wife, who, indeed possessed talents far superior to those of their sovereign. She assembled the States General, which was a measure of great imprudence at that time, when the supreme power had been delegated by them, and they could therefore annul her regency and appoint another. The States General, however, instead of adopting the measures which circumstances required—instead of impressing upon the Queen the necessity of governing in a manner worthy of her dignity, occupied themselves with unmeaning frivolities, and ended their session by confirming a decree of the parliament, which recognised the absolute independence of the crown.

The most extraordinary measure of this assembly was the Tiers-Etat demanding a renewal of the law which declared that no spiritual nor temporal power had or could have a right to dispose of the kingdom, or to release subjects from their allegiance, and that the opinion that kings might be killed was impious and detestable.

This proves the good-nature of the States General.

France now became a prey to intriguing foreigners. Concini, certainly the most able, was invested with almost supreme power by Mary, who raised this unworthy favourite to the dignity of Marshal of France, though he had never been a soldier. The Parisians, with their usual levity, contented themselves with throwing ridicule upon this monstrous abuse of power; but the indignation of every virtuous citizen and friend of his country was roused to the highest pitch.

The nobles of France, disgusted with the Queen's measures, rose in open revolt. The Prince of Condé, son of the prince of that name who had gained the battle of Coutras with Henry IV, was imprisoned in the Bastille. When this became known to the Guises, they, who had hitherto been the inveterate enemies of the Condés, leagued themselves with that family. The Duke

of Vendome, son of Henry IV., the Duke de Nevers, Marshal de Bouillon, and a great number of the most powerful nobles of the kingdom, raised an army and marched towards Paris. Marshal d'Ancre (Concini), certain of the Queen's support, levied at his own expense seven thousand men, marched against the malcontents, and by unparalleled good fortune succeeded in keeping them in check and maintaining his power.

Concini had however a dangerous rival in the Duke d'Epernon, who exercised over Mary the ascendency of a strong mind. He acted like one conscious of his power, and who offers his protection. His influence was such that Henry himself had always shown great caution in his conduct towards this haughty noble. After the King's death, the Duke d'Epernon by his sole power made Mary regent; and setting Concini and his wife at defiance, he disgusted the Queen by his haughty and insolent bearing. His conduct was near kindling a civil war. The Protestant nobles shut themselves up in their towns, and the people every where seemed preparing for rebellion, when a foolish quarrel between two soldiers was near bringing the nobles and parliament in collision. Such an event could not have occurred under a King like Henry and a minister like Sully: but the weakness and incapacity of the Queen were ill calculated to prevent these outrages.

A soldier of the regiment of guards had killed one of his comrades in a duel. The Duke d'Epernon, who was Colonel-General of the infantry, had jurisdiction to try the offender; but as the men had fought upon a domain belonging to the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Près, the Abbot, jealous of his prerogatives, claimed the sole right of administering justice in this case. He had the man arrested by his bailiff, and in order to obtain the requisite evidence, his officers seized the body of the slain soldier. The Duke d'Epernon asserted his right; the Abbot refused to accede to it, and was the more determined in his refusal because, as a churchman, he could not deny himself the pleasure of trying a military offence! Upon a second refusal of the Abbot, the Duke, little accustomed to resistance to his will,

broke open the prison and carried off the prisoner, together with the dead body. The Abbot complained to the Regent, who imprudently supported the Duke's pretension. The parliament summoned the Duke to appear at its bar, and the Queen dared no longer to interfere.

Though the Duke d'Epernon conceived himself insulted, he did appear, but attended by five hundred armed gentlemen. When the judges saw him thus escorted, they withdrew; but in so doing were obliged to pass through a double line of young officers, who smiled sarcastically as they passed, and tore their gowns with their golden spurs.

The Queen did not venture to blame the Duke, neither did she dare to support him against the parliament. By the advice of Concini, who thought that cunning could effect that which Mary's fear prevented her from attempting, she issued a proclamation under the royal signet, forbidding the parliament to continue its proceedings, and commanding the Duke to attend in person at its bar, and make a suitable apology. The Duke repaired to the parliament, attended with a more numerous retinue than before, and assuming a most deferential bearing, bowed his head to the ground and said:

"Gentlemen, I beseech you to forgive a poor captain of infantry, who during the whole of his life has applied himself more to act well than to speak well."

This example shows that in those days laws were not made for the powerful. The Duke d'Epernon always set them at defiance. About the same time the Duke, indignant at seeing the Chancellor du Vair assume precedence of the peers of France, one day took him by the arm, and making him suddenly turn round, harshly addressed him in the following terms:

"Stand back, Sir! a plebeian ought not to forget himself."

The Duke d'Epernon now formed a privy council for Mary, composed of the Jesuit Cotton, the Pope's Nuncio, Concini, whom it was impossible to exclude, and himself. This council, composed of men, all of whom were suspected of being accessory to the horrible murder of the 10th of May 1610, did Mary an irrepar-

able injury, as she was already implicated, in the opinion of the nation, in this diabolical act. She was no doubt innocent; for it is impossible to conceive that the wife who had a few hours before lavished every expression of tenderness upon her confiding husband, could have been an accomplice in his murder.

Meantime, Mary removed Advocate-general Des Juteaux from the office of preceptor to her son, Louis XIII. Henry IV had confided the care of the Dauphin's education to this enlightened magistrate; but it was the policy of Concini and of the Duke d'Epernon to reign as long as possible in the name of the Regent, and the health only of the heir to the throne became an object of their solicitude. The cultivation of his mind was abandoned to those who knew but too well how to fulfil their master's wishes. Louis was suspicious, melancholy, timid, and totally devoid of generous qualities. Utterly incapable of application, his education was entirely directed to frivolous pursuits. Music, painting, and hunting, were his only studies, and his amusements consisted in playing the horn in the Tuileries gardens, beating the drum, building small huts, which he called fortresses, and catching birds. Such were the occupations of Louis XIII, and his mother remained an unmoved spectatress of the degraded state of the future King of France. Weak in his intellects, he gave himself up to favourites; but inconstant in his attachments, he not only abandoned them without cause, but ruined them, and even sometimes had them hanged, without appearing affected at their fate. He had some transient love passages, which may appear surprising, when the gloominess of his temper is considered.

His mother countenanced this infamous education, thinking that she reigned in his place, whilst in reality she was governed by Concini and the Duke d'Epernon. These two men divided between them the millions amassed by Henry during the prudent administration of Sully. All offices, places, and honours were bestowed upon the creatures of these unworthy favourites; and when Louis, after he became of age, demanded any appointment for his protegées, he met with a refusal in these terms:

"I have promised it to Marshal d'Ancre."

Louis had also a great infirmity. He stammered very much, which increased his natural timidity; and yet no king ever held so many "beds of justice." But it must be added, that after the first sentence he invariably said—

"I have ordered my chancellor to explain my intentions to you."

Louis XIII was brought up to fear and even hate his mother, and more than once he showed the real state of his feelings towards her. But Mary did not perceive the gathering storm: she was satisfied with seeing him occupied at some trivial game, and left him, to play herself at the greater game of royalty, in which, however, though ignorant of it, she played only a subordinate part.

Among the King's favourites, was a young foreigner, named Charles Albert de Luynes, from Avignon, who had gained Louis's good graces by his dexterity in training magpies to catch sparrows, which was the King's favourite pastime. This young man gave way to the ambitious hope of supplanting Marshal d'Ancre, and saw that the only chance he had of succeeding, was to make Louis reign instead of his mother, and assume that power to which, being of age, he was now entitled.

The Marshal, to oblige the King, had given to M. de Luynes the government of Amboise, and the latter saw no better method of furthering his design than to get Concini assassinated, and the Queen banished. It was not difficult to persuade the King to perform this act of severity towards his mother, whom he hated; and the plan once formed, Louis the Just, so called for no other reason than because the sign Libra appears in the almanack at the head of the month of February, signed the order for the murder of his prime minister.

On the 17th of April, 1617, as Concini was passing the permanent bridge that led to the drawbridge of the Louvre, in his way to the Queen, he was attacked by Vitry, captain of the King's guard, who shot him with a pistol. Duthallier, Vitry's brother, inflicted upon him several wounds with his sword, after

he had ceased to exist. They immediately cried "Long live the King!" as if a great victory had been obtained; and Louis XIII appearing at the window said.

"Thanks to you both—I am now truly King."

He gave to Vitry the baton of Marshal of France, vacant by the death of Concini, who was secretly buried at St. Germain l'Auxerois. The people having learned this, assembled at ten o'clock at night, and excited, no doubt, by the recollection of the late Marshal's crimes, dug up his body, dragged it through Paris by torch light, tore out the heart, and, not satisfied with this, they actually roasted part of the flesh upon charcoal and ate it! The remains of the mutilated corpse were suspended upon a gibbet. Concini's widow was also arrested and not allowed to communicate with any one.

The Queen was confined to her apartment and deprived of her guards. The bridge which led from her closet to the Tuileries garden was broken down by order of M. de Luynes. She heard the vociferations of the populace trampling upon the lifeless body of her favourite, and she every moment expected the same fate. Some of her attendants having come to say that they knew not how to break the news of Marshal d'Ancre's death to his wife, Mary exclaimed in a rage:

"Does she not yet know it? I have cares enough of my own. If you cannot tell it to her, then sing it to her. I warned them of their fate. Let me hear no more of these people."

Leonora Galigaï, Marchioness de Concini, was accused of Judaism, witchcraft, and sorcery, and condemned to be beheaded and burnt on the Place de Grève. The new favourite, de Luynes, who coveted the immense wealth of the Concini, ordered the parliament, without even giving himself the trouble to consult the King, to proceed against the late Marshal and his widow. But Concini's body could not of course be found, on account of the atrocities already mentioned, which harmonised well with those of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and that of the 2nd and 3d of September 1792, but were by no means consistent with the character of mildness and humanity so loudly

claimed by the French nation. With regard to Leonora Galigaï, it is impossible not to pity her. She was an unworthy favourite, no doubt, and enriched with the wealth of the nation. In prosperity, she was proud, supercilious, and full of caprice. But these are not crimes to be punished with a horrible death. She was, however, accused of witchcraft, found guilty, and burnt. Her property and that of her husband were confiscated and bestowed upon M. de Luynes.

The Queen's departure was already determined upon, when the death of Concini took place; but it was necessary to obtain the King's consent. The new favourite soon convinced the youthful monarch that the good of the state required his mother's exile to Blois; but it was resolved that this exile should have the appearance of a voluntary departure, and that Louis should take leave of his mother before witnesses. The very words they were to say to each other were arranged beforehand and learned by heart. The sufferings of the proud and haughty Mary were intense. She submitted, however, to the despotism of her son, and when she appeared in the King's chamber, she commenced the preconcerted dialogue by "Asking pardon of the King, her son, for not having governed his kingdom accordding to his pleasure during his minority," and concluded by "assuring him that she was his very humble subject and servant." The King, in his turn, repeated the lesson he had got by heart, which consisted only of a few words. He expressed "his satisfaction of her administration of public affairs," thanked her for the care she had taken of the kingdom, and assured her that he "should always remain her devoted son." After this they separated, the son to return to his birds, the mother to proceed to her place of exile. Mary shed not a tear during this extraordinary interview, although her heart was full even to bursting.

After the Queen's departure, De Luynes assumed the entire management of the state, and though quite destitute of talent, governed with a rod of iron. France had never yet been subject to so severe a yoke. Concini had been raised to the rank

he was killed at the siege of Montauban, on the 15th of December 1621.

Mary's triumph was now complete; but whilst she thought her power the most secure, an influence which it had been impossible for her to anticipate, and which had grown up under her own immediate protection, soon showed itself in its true colours. Richelieu, feeling his immense superiority over the Queen, was unwilling to divide with his weak-minded protectress that authority which was the object of his ambitious hopes, and having gained the King's favour, he became the enemy of her to whom he owed everything.

She felt the Cardinal's ingratitude more deeply because she had been obliged to use every means in her power to conquer the aversion which Louis XIII at first entertained towards him. The relaxed morals of the prelate particularly offended the young monarch, who was indignant that a prince of the church should disguise himself as a cavalier for the purpose of indulging in love adventures. To overcome her son's dislike, Mary had recourse to the influence of La Vieuville, who at that period exercised the greatest influence over Louis, to obtain for the Cardinal a seat in the council: M. de Monschal, Archbishop of Toulouse, states that Richelieu swore friendship and fidelity to La Vieuville upon a consecrated Host. The Queen wrote to Louis to thank him for having obtained for her favourite what she wished.

"The Cardinal," she stated, "will only appear now and then at the council board."

The first few months after Richelieu's admission into the council passed without anything remarkable; but the Cardinal, hitherto humble and retired, soon appeared in his true character. Louis, weak both in body and mind, incapable of applying himself to business, needed a prime minister who took upon himself the cares of government. Had Mary possessed talent, she might, perhaps, have succeeded in determining the King in her favour; but the transcendent abilities of the Cardinal obtained an easy victory over the weak and vacillating policy of an ambitious but shallow-minded woman, who

wasted her energies in artifice and intrigue, whilst her powerful adversary consolidated his influence by real services, the nature and extent of which the King had just sufficient judgment to appreciate. The revolt of the inhabitants of Rochelle was one of the causes of Richelieu's elevation, by affording him an opportunity of displaying the resources of his comprehensive mind, of which he gave an instance in the first peace concluded with the Huguenots.

The Cardinal's enemies now began to attack him on all sides, especially since the Queen had imprudently declared against him. Gaston, the King's brother, and the young Queen, Anne of Austria, were among his most inveterate foes. Richelieu, at first, appeared to take little notice of the cabal against him; but, watching his opportunity, he soon wreaked vengeance upon his adversaries. The Duke de Montmorency was deprived of his rank of admiral, and doomed to expiate with his life his opposition to the revengeful prelate. Two sons of Henry, who had resisted his authority, were imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes. Ornano and Chalais paid the penalty of their rashness for joining in the plots against the cardinal-minister: the former was beheaded—the latter died in the prison of Vincennes. The Count de Soissons, implicated in the conspiracy, fled to Italy. The Duchess de Chevreuse, who had refused to listen to the Cardinal's love, also fled from Paris; but, being pursued by the guards, she saved her life by swimming across the Somme. The King's brother was treated as a criminal. Anne of Austria, being summoned before the council, was obliged to sign a declaration confessing her guilt.

Richelieu's power and vengeance struck terror into those opposed to him. Louis XIII lived in continual fear of his brother, his wife, and his mother; for the Cardinal had the art to make him believe that his death was intended by the conspirators. Louis, nevertheless, began to feel the iron yoke of his minister; but the latter knew how to keep him in subjection by threatening to throw upon his shoulders the whole burthen of public affairs, which his natural indolence made him fear.

During the expedition to Rochelle, in 1628, the Cardinal, in

order to soften the Queen-mother, had her appointed Regent. This act was sufficient to win back her regard, which was, however, but of short duration. After the reduction of that place, the Cardinal returned to Paris, and found the factions of the two Queens and Gaston bent upon his destruction. From this time a war of extermination was declared between the two parties, which could only end in the overthrow of one of them.

On the 21st of November 1629, Mary resolved to set the Cardinal at defiance, and deprived him of his office of superintendent of her household. Richelieu immediately complained to the King, and easily succeeded in proving to Louis that this insult was directed against himself. The result of the conference was the patent of prime minister, written entirely in the King's own hand. The salary was left in blank, that the Cardinal might fill it up with any amount he pleased. The triumph of the ambitious prelate was now complete. Six fortresses which he held, secured him against his enemies. He had his own guards, and the splendour of his retinue far surpassed that of the King's.

The affairs of Europe at this juncture gave the Cardinal an opportunity of rendering himself truly useful to his country, and of consolidating his own greatness. The policy of the court of Savoy assumed a doubtful course. Richelieu, in spite of the sarcasms which he knew the two Queens uttered against him, resolved to go in person and commence hostilities against that country. The King, in his instructions, gave orders that the Cardinal should be obeyed, exactly as if he were "the king himself." Richelieu accordingly assumed the duties of Constable, and having under his orders two marshals of France, entered Savoy, and in two days took possession of Pignerol and Chamberi. The King then joined the army, accompanied by the two Queens, who thinking the opportunity had arrived of humiliating their enemy, seemed only to have come to grace his triumph. But Louis was obliged to return to Lyons in consequence of an attack of contagious fever. The minister, leaving the Duke de Montmorenci to keep Mantua in check, proceeded

to Lyons, to watch the cabals and intrigues which the dying state of his master could not fail to occasion. The Queen-mother had already formed the project of marrying Anne of Austria to Gaston, after the demise of his brother.

On Richelieu's return to Paris, he discovered the existence of a formidable league against him, formed by the two Queens and the Spanish ambassador. Mary of Medicis had a second time deprived him of his office of superintendent of her household. His favourite niece, the Duchess of Acquillon, was forbidden to appear at court. In short, by dint of complaints and solicitations the Queen-mother at length succeeded in obtaining from her son the removal of the Cardinal from the government. The details of the scenes which then took place will show the extreme weakness, not to say imbecility, of the King. Louis felt how much the fate of France depended upon Richelieu, and yet nourished a secret hatred against him. With the habitual meanness of little minds, he detested him on account of his superiority. Whilst the Queen-mother was still in conference with her son, whose word she had just obtained for the removal of the Cardinal, the latter entered the apartment by a secret door. The King immediately withdrew. The Queen, convinced at length of her triumph, cast a withering look at her fallen enemy, and left the room without uttering a word. He now saw that he had gone too far in defying his benefactress; he felt regret, but his heart was incapable of remorse.

Richelieu now made preparations for his departure, and placed his immense wealth in safety. Had the Queen appreciated the power of that man she might have consolidated her triumph, by preventing any farther interview between him and the King. But the Cardinal, having resolved to make a last effort, repaired to Versailles, where Louis was staying on account of the festival of Martinmas, and appearing before the weak-minded monarch, soon regained his former ascendency.

"I devote myself to your glory," said the wily prelate, "and you shamefully abandon me to those who are more your enemies than mine."

The imbecile Louis, overcome by the Cardinal's reproaches,

begged his forgiveness, entreated him to stay, and signed the order for the imprisonment of his mother in the castle of Compiegne, where she was awaiting the result of her ill-concerted plans. This day, known in history as the "day of dupes," is perhaps the event in Mary's life which placed her incapacity in the most conspicuous light, and at the same time established more firmly the disputed ascendency of the Cardinal.

The King had abandoned him through weakness, and through weakness replaced himself under his sway. Richelieu now exercised a terrible vengeance upon his enemies. Marillac was tried and condemned in the Cardinal's own palace. Gaston, a son of the blood royal, was obliged to fly to avoid imprisonment. The Queen-consort was a prisoner in the Louvre, the Queen-mother a captive at Compiegne. Nothing was heard of but torture and executions. Richelieu thus showed Europe, that if he was exposed to insult he well knew how to revenge himself.

Mary of Medicis was still confined at Compiegne, under the guard of Marshal d'Estrées. Maddened by the failure of her plans, she presented a petition to the parliament of Paris. Her son Gaston also presented one, which the first president, Le Gay, read to the King, previously to laying it before the parliament. He stated that he had fled from France "only because Cardinal Richelieu had attempted to have him assassinated." The King tore it in pieces, declaring it was false and calumnious. Had it been read in the great chamber, the parliament would have been constituted judges between the presumptive heir to the throne and Cardinal de Richelieu. Mary's petition began as follows:

"Mary, Queen of France and Navarre, supplicates and says, that Arnaud du Plessis, Cardinal de Richelieu, endeavours to destroy the health of her son by all sorts of artifice and malicious devices, drawing him by bad advice into war, obliging him to appear in person in the midst of armies afflicted with contagious disorders, exposing him to intolerable heat, and filling him with extraordinary apprehensions against his most faithful friends and servants, with an intention, on the part of the said Cardinal, to appropriate to himself a great part of the state."

It ended thus:

"The said Queen supplicates you to remonstrate upon the scandal caused by the violence which is and may be exercised by an ungrateful servant against the person of the said Queen, against the honour due to her marriage and to the birth of the King. That above all, Mary, Queen of France and Navarre, says, that since the 23rd of February 1631, she has been arrested and confined as a prisoner in the castle of Compiegne, without having been accused or suspected. She therefore demands justice against the said Cardinal, who disposes of the wealth of the state in violation of all the laws. And she calls your attention to other facts which are known to you, and are publicly known to the whole kingdom. By acting as prayed you will do justice. MARY."

But in this, as in every other circumstance of her life, Mary could not keep within the bounds of prudence necessary to contend with a man like Richelieu. Her complaints were scarcely attended to because they were too violent; and besides, they contained many falsehoods as well as truths. By her clamours, she destroyed the interest she might otherwise have raised.

As an answer to these complaints, Richelieu made the King create him Duke and Peer of France, and Governor of Brittany, as a reward for his successes in Germany, Italy, and Flanders. Richelieu's glory was that of the French nation; this was the real cause of his faults being overlooked.

The situation of Mary of Medicis became now one of danger. The Cardinal no longer mentioned her; but his very silence prognosticated the fate he reserved for his former benefactress. Private intelligence was soon conveyed to Mary that her life was in jeopardy; and on the 18th of July she received a note, bearing no signature but the handwriting of which she recognized, warning her of the peril which threatened her if she remained any longer at Compiegne. She therefore resolved to quit France immediately. The note was from Anne of Austria. The danger was therefore certain, and Mary resolved to spare her weak and infatuated son the crime of parricide; for his arm directed the blow.

On the 18th of July 1631, at ten o'clock at night, Mary of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, fled from Compiegne

through a secret gate which led to the forest. She was accompanied by some of her maids of honour, and by Lamarure, lieutenant of her guard; and she left behind all her friends in captivity, unable to do anything for them except recommending them to her son, to whom she wrote. But what could be expected from a son who thus abandoned his own mother to the vengeance of a vindictive priest?

Mary arrived at Avesnes on the 20th of July. The Marquis de Crevecœur, governor of Hainault received her as a sovereign allied by friendship to his master, and immediately sent forward the Baron de Quépé to Brussels to inform the Archduchess Isabel of the Queen's arrival. Isabel came to meet her at Mons, rendered her every honour due to her station, and offered her the entire disposal of the Catholic Low Countries. She then conducted her to Brussels, where Mary enjoyed for a time the pomp and splendour which gave such irresistible charms to power. But it was not in Richelieu's character to let his vengeance slumber. On learning that Mary preferred humbling herself before Spain and Austria to making her peace with him, he vowed to persecute her to the last day of his life. He seized her dower and her estates in France, and to give a colouring to this spoliation, he accused her of having bribed one Father Chantelouse, a priest of the oratory, to murder him.

Mary very soon felt the effects of the Cardinal's threats, and was obliged to leave Brussels. She then proceeded to Holland; but the difference of climate and customs induced her shortly to quit that country, where indeed she was not secure from the persecutions of her vindictive enemy. She then came to England, hoping to find at least a safe refuge at her daughter's court; but here the influence of the revengeful prelate was again felt: he was everywhere hated, but everywhere feared. Mary received the honours due to her rank, but all assistance was refused her. Obliged at length to quit England, and unable to go to Spain or to return to Holland, on account of the Cardinal's influence in those countries, she found an asylum at Cologne, where she could at least terminate her wanderings. But here the unfortunate Queen was attacked with the disorder which

put an end to her life, and Mary of Medicis had scarcely pecuniary means sufficient to afford herself proper advice and treatment. Such sufferings might have sufficed for the hatred of any other enemy but Richelieu: his vengeance could only be satisfied by the entire destruction of his enemy.

Mademoiselle Lafayette, maid of honour to the Queen-consort, was now the King's mistress, and Anne herself favoured this intrigue in hopes of obtaining Mary's return. Father Caussin, the King's confessor, was in the confidence of Anne of Austria, and directed by his councils the conduct of the young favourite who was in the interest of the two Queens. It was not long before Richelieu became aware of this new plot against him. Mademoiselle Lafayette, alarmed at the discovery, entered a convent, and the confessor was banished to Lower Brittany.

Mary, on learning the failure of her last hope, fell dangerously ill; but she still retained sufficient courage to take a part in the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, which, if it had succeeded, would have amply avenged all the cruel affronts she had received. But the unhappy woman was not only deprived of health, but her pecuniary resources began to fail. This Princess, who had brought a marriage portion of six hundred thousand crowns, and diamonds and jewels worth three millions more—who had founded two hospitals, and several charitable institutions, was dying in a foreign land in a state of indigence. And this Princess was the mother of the King of France, and three of her daughters had married kings! In the winter of 1642, she again experienced an attack of dropsy; but her sufferings were long and acute, and on the 3rd of July 1642, after a long delirium, Mary of Medicis was released from all earthly pain. She died five months before Cardinal de Richelieu, and nine years before her son.

Louis was returning from Tarascon, where he had been to see the Cardinal who was dangerously ill, when he learned the death of his mother. He showed signs of the most lively grief, and caused a magnificent service to be performed for her in the church of Tarascon. Mary's remains were conveyed to France to be interred at St. Denis.

Mary of Medicis was weak, jealous, ambitious, and fond of power and splendour; but was devoid of talent, and totally incapable of governing. Justice compels me to add that she had a noble and benevolent heart, and a cultivated mind. She was a generous patroness of the arts, and in this respect was a worthy daughter of the Medicis. She bestowed a pension of five hundred crowns on Malherbe, richly rewarded Rubens and Labrosse, and founded several useful institutions. Notwithstanding the civil wars which desolated France under her reign, that urbanity, which during two centuries has been the characteristic of the French, began then to distinguish this nation.

It is difficult, in reading the history of Mary of Medicis, to decide which was the most unhappy of the three—the Queen, her son, or his minister. The Queen, long an outcast and a wanderer, died poor in a foreign land. Her son, the sovereign of one of the finest kingdoms in Europe, found the cares of royalty too much for him. Of a sickly constitution, and a gloomy and suspicious disposition, he stood in fear of his wife and mother. His cold and selfish heart never felt the blessings of love. Louis XIII, despised by the nobility, who looked upon him as the vain shadow of a monarch, detested by the people, who thought the curse of heaven was upon him because he was childless, was reduced to envy the fate of the meanest of his subjects. Richelieu was, perhaps, the most unhappy of all. Hated and feared, he was constantly obliged to guard against conspiracies to take away his life. The Cardinal, probably, never enjoyed a quiet night's rest during the fourteen years of his administration or rather of his reign. He was ungrateful, tyrannical, ambitious, implacable, cruel, and brave. But it must be admitted that he was great and even sublime in his projects for the good of his country. He restored dignity and energy to the royal authority, which had become an object of contempt through the imbecility and baseness of his predecessors. He was the first who waged war against the Protestants as enemies of the state. During thirty years, they threatened the very existence of the throne by their factious spirit. Richelieu attacked them as a statesman, and not as a religious fanatic; the warfare was at least regular, and they had no longer to fear the stake or the scaffold.

Richelieu has been justly accused of despotism; but the times in which he lived must be taken into consideration. It was necessary, above all, in restoring tranquillity to the kingdom, and making the French nation respected abroad; it was also necessary in order to crush the factious spirit of the turbulent aristocracy which threatened to invade the King's authority; and he had no other means of succeeding, than strong and decisive measures. Imprisonment, banishment, and even death were the only weapons with which he could combat the haughty and turbulent spirit existing among the nobles of those days.

The only one of Richelieu's acts that can admit of no excuse, is his unrelenting persecution of his benefactress. Mary of Medicis, it is true, through her incapacity and restless spirit, twice placed France on the brink of ruin; but Richelieu might have constrained her by the mere force of his powerful mind: he ought to have removed her from all participation in public affairs; instead of which, he himself made the King appoint her regent during the siege of Rochelle.

The miserable state in which the widow of Henry IV terminated her eventful life, will ever be a stain on the memory of this great statesman. When the remains of the exiled Queen arrived in France, public sympathy was roused in her favour, and the nation forgot that, a few years previously, she had been accused of plotting, with the Duke d'Epernon, the execrable murder of the most beloved of kings. Are we then to consider Richelieu an instrument in the hands of Providence for the punishment of so frightful a crime? This must remain a mystery which human penetration can never fathom; therefore let the unhappy Mary of Medicis have the benefit of this uncertainty.

THE END.

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